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THE

WORKS

OF

JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D: D.S.P.D.

WITH

NOTES HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY

J. HAWKESWORTH, L. L. D.

AND OTHERS.

In EIGHTEEN VOLUMES.

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DEAN SWIFT's

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER DXL.

DR SWIFT TO LADY ACHESON.

An April-fool Letter.

1732.

A GENTLEMAN called here laſt night upon ſome buſineſs, who took Mr——'s houſe yeſterday at dinner, in his return from Wicklow. He tells me that Mrs —— was brought to-bed yeſterday morning at five o'clock of half a child, juſt as if it were divided in two equal parts. It had one eye, half a noſe and mouth, one leg, and ſo from top to bottom. They could ſee it was a boy, or rather half a boy: It was dead-born; but ſhe is very well. It was thought that this was the cauſe of all her cholics. Mrs Brent tells me ſhe has known the like more than once. I am glad the poor woman had her mother and ſiſter with her.

Are you not undone for want of Monky? How are you? Does your milk agree with you?

We ſhall ſee you no more at church until Monky returns. Adieu, &c.

I mend a little.

Saturday morning.

LETTER DXLI.

LADY ACHESON'S ANSWER TO DR SWIFT.

1732.

I AM greatly ſurpriſed at the account you give me of poor Mrs ——; but ſince it was ſo, I am heartily glad ſhe has got rid of it. Mrs Morris's gout ſeized her all over on Thurſday, ſo that ſhe keeps her bed. None of them know any thing of this matter: They ſent a boy yeſterday to Delginney (I will not mention this thing to them till he returns) to let them know ſhe was not able to go to the country. I am ſorry that you mend but a little: This bad weather has increaſed my cough; the milk agrees very well with me. I will be at your church to-morrow. I am your's, &c.

Saturday morning.

LETTER

LETTER DXLII.

TO LADY BETTY GERMAINE.

MADAM, *Jan.* 1732-3.

ALTHOUGH I have but juſt received the honour of your Ladyſhip's letter, yet, as things ſtand, I am determined, againſt my uſual practice, to give you no reſpite, but to anſwer it immediately, becauſe you have provoked me with your Lady Suffolk. It is ſix years laſt ſpring ſince I firſt went to viſit my friends in England, after the Queen's death. Her preſent Majeſty heard of my arrival, and ſent at leaſt nine times to command my attendance before I would obey her, for ſeveral reaſons not hard to gueſs; and, among others, becauſe I had heard her character from thoſe who knew her well. At laſt I went, and ſhe received me very graciouſly. I told her the firſt time, that I was informed ſhe loved to ſee old perſons; and that, having ſent for a wild boy from Germany, ſhe had a curioſity to ſee a wild Dean from Ireland. I was not much ſtruck with the honour of being ſent for, becauſe I knew the ſame diſtinction had been offered to others, with whom it would not give me much pride to be compared. I never went once but upon command; and Mrs Howard, now Lady Suffolk, was uſually the perſon who ſent for me, both at Leiceſter-houſe and Richmond. Mr Pope (with whom I lived) and Mr Gay, were

then great favourites of Mrs Howard, eſpecially the latter, who was then one of her led-captains. He had wrote a very ingenious book of Fables, for the uſe of her younger ſon, and ſhe often promiſed to provide for him. But, ſome time before, there came out a libel againſt Mr Walpole, who was informed that it was written by Mr Gay: and although Mr Walpole owned he was convinced that it was not written by Gay, yet he never would pardon him, but did him a hundred ill offices to the Princeſs. Walpole was at that time very civil to me, and ſo were all the people in power. He invited me and ſome of my friends to dine with him at Chelſea. After dinner, I took an occaſion to ſay, what I had obſerved of princes and great miniſters, That if they heard an ill thing of a private perſon, who expected ſome favour, although they were afterwards convinced that the perſon was innocent, yet they would never be reconciled. Mr Walpole knew well enough that I meant Mr Gay. I afterwards ſaid the ſame thing to the Princeſs, with the ſame intention, and ſhe confeſſed it a great injuſtice. But Mr Walpole gave it another turn: For he ſaid to ſome of his friends, and particularly to a Lord, a near relation of your's, That I had dined with him, and had been making apologies for myſelf It ſeems for my conduct in her late Majeſtys reign, in which no man was more innocent; and particularly more officious to do good offices to many of that party, which was then out of power, as it is well known.

known. Mrs Howard was then in great favour, and openly protected Mr Gay; at leaſt, ſhe ſaw him often, and profeſſed herſelf his friend: But Mr Walpole could hardly be perſuaded to let him hold a poor little office for a ſecond year, of commiſſioner to a lottery. When I took my leave of her Highneſs, on coming hither, ſhe was very gracious; told me the medals ſhe had promiſed me were not ready, but ſhe would ſend them to me. However, by her commands, I ſent her ſome plaids for herſelf and the princeſſes, and was too gallant to hear of any offers of payment. Next ſpring, I came again to England, was received the ſame way; and, as I had many hints given me that the Court at Leiceſter-fields would endeavour to ſettle me in England, (which I did not much regard), the late King died. I went, by Mrs Howard's commands, to kiſs their new Majeſties hands, and was particularly diſtinguiſhed by the Q—n. In a few weeks, the Q—n ſaid to Mrs Howard, (alluding to one of Mr Gay's Fables), that ſhe would take up the Hare; and bade her to put her in mind, in ſettling the family, to find ſome employment for Mr Gay: But, in the event, it proved only an offer to be a gentleman-uſher to a girl of two years old, which all his friends (and I among the reſt) adviſed him not to accept; and accordingly he excuſed himſelf with the utmoſt reſpect. This I and every body elſe were ſure muſt have been a management of Mr Walpole. As to myſelf, in a few weeks after the King's death, I found my-

ſelf not well, and was reſolved to take a ſtep to Paris for my health, having an opportunity of doing it with ſome advantages and recommendations. But my friends adviſed me firſt to conſult Mrs Howard: Becauſe, as they knew leſs of courts than I, they were ſtrongly poſſeſſed that the promiſes made me might ſucceed, ſince a change was all I deſired. I writ to her for her opinion; and particularly deſired, that ſince I had long done with courts, I conjured her not to uſe me like a courtier, but give me her ſincere advice: Which ſhe did, both in a letter and to ſome friends. It was by all means not to go: It would look ſingular, and perhaps diſaffected; and, to my friends, enlarged upon the good intentions of the court towards me. I ſtaid; my health grew worſe. I left Mr Pope's houſe; went to a private lodging near Hammerſmith: And, continuing ill, I writ to Mrs Howard, with my duty to the Q—n; took coach for Cheſter, recovered in my journey, and came over hither: Where although I have ever ſince lived in obſcurity, yet I have the misfortune, without any ground except miſinformation, to lie under her Majeſty's diſpleaſure, as I have been aſſured by more than two honourable perſons of both ſexes; and Mr Gay is in the ſame condition. For theſe reaſons, as I did always, ſo I do ſtill think Mrs Howard, now my Lady Suffolk, to be an abſolute courtier. Let her ſhew you the character I writ of her, and whereof no one elſe hath a copy: And I take Mr

Pope

Pope and Mr Gay, who judge more favourably, to be a couple of ſimpletons. In my anſwer to the laſt letter which my Lady Suffolk honoured me with, I did, with great civility, diſcharge her from ever giving herſelf another trouble of that kind. I have a great eſteem for her good ſenſe and taſte. She would be an ornament to any court: And I do not in the leaſt pity her for not being a female miniſter, which I never looked on as an advantageous character to a great and wiſe lady; of which I could eaſily produce inſtances. Mr Pope, beſides his natural and acquired talents, is a gentleman of very extraordinary candour, and is conſequently apt to be too great a believer of aſſurances, promiſes, profeſſions, encouragements, and the like words of courſe. He aſks nothing, and thinks, like a philoſopher, that he wants nothing. Mr Gay is, in all regards, as honeſt and ſincere a man as ever I knew; whereof neither princes nor miniſters are either able to judge or inclined to encourage: Which, however, I do not take for ſo high a reach of politics as they uſually ſuppoſe. For, however inſignificant wit, learning, and virtue may be thought in the world, it perhaps would do government no hurt to have a little of them on its ſide. If you have gone thus far in reading, you are not ſo wiſe as I thought you to be. But I will never offend again with ſo much length. I write only to juſtify myſelf. I know you have been always a zealous Whig, and ſo I am to this day: But nature

ture hath not given you leave to be virulent. As to myſelf, I am of the old Whig principles, without the modern articles and refinements.

Your Ladyſhip ſays not one ſyllable, to inform me whether you approve of what I ſent you to be written on the monument, nor whether you would have it in Latin or Engliſh. I am ever, with true reſpect, and high eſteem,

MADAM,

Your Ladyſhip's, &c.

The friend I named, who I was afraid would die, is recovered; and his preferment is by turns in the Crown and the Primate, but the next vacancy will not be in the Crown's diſpoſal.

LETTER DXXXI.

DR SWIFT TO MRS PILKINGTON.

MADAM, *Deanry-houſe, Jan.* 1. 1732-3.

I SEND you your bit of news-paper with the verſes *, than which I never ſaw better in their kind. I have the ſame opinion of thoſe you

* Mrs Pilkington, when ſhe was about ſixteen, having been teaſed by her brother to write ſome verſe as a ſchool-exerciſe for him, aſked him what ſhe ſhould write upon: Why, ſaid he pertly, what ſhould you write upon but the paper? So taking it for her ſubject, ſhe writ the following lines; which, four years after, were printed in one of the London news-papers. Vide Pilkington's Memoirs, Vol. I. p. 83.

you were pleaſed to write upon me *, as have alſo ſome particular friends of genius and taſte, to whom I have ventured to communicate them, who univerſally agree with me. But as I cannot with decency ſhew them, except to a very few, I hope, for both our ſakes, others will do it for me. I can only aſſure you I value your preſent as much as either of the others, only you muſt permit it to be turned into a pen, which office I will perform with my own hand, and never permit any other to uſe it. I heartily wiſh you many happy new-years; and am, with true eſteem, Madam, your moſt obliged friend and ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER

O ſpotleſs paper, fair and white!
On whom, by force conſtrain'd, I write,
How cruel am I to deſtroy
Thy purity, to pleaſe a boy?
Ungrateful I, thus to abuſe
The faireſt ſervant of the Muſe.
Dear friend, to whom I oft impart
The choiceſt ſecrets of my heart;
Ah! what atonement can be made
For ſpotleſs innocence betray'd?
How fair, how lovely didſt thou ſhew,
Like lilly'd banks, or falling ſnow!
But now, alas! become my prey,
No floods can waſh thy ſtains away;
Yet this ſmall comfort I can give,
That which deſtroy'd, ſhall make thee live.

* Mrs Pilkington having heard that Dr Swift had received a paper-book, richly bound and gilt, from the Earl of Orrery, and a ſilver ſtandiſh from Dr Delaney, ſent him an eagle's quill with the following verſes upon his birth-day, Nov. 30. 1732.

Shall

LETTER DXLIV.

DR SWIFT TO THE EARL OF ORRERY.

MY LORD, *Jan.* 1732-3.

IT is ſome time ſince Mrs Ball gave me, inclоſed and directed to me, your Lordſhip's verſes, in your own hand, with the alterations you were pleaſed to make, for which I have long deferred my acknowledgments; and if I were to follow the courſe of my own nature, the delay ſhould be longer: becauſe, although I believe no man hath a more grateful ſenſe of a real honour done him than myſelf, yet no man is in more confuſion how to expreſs it. Although I had not the leaſt hand in publiſhing thoſe verſes, (which would have ill become me), yet I will not be

Shall then my kindred all my glory claim,
And boldly rob me of eternal fame?
To ev'ry art my gen'rous aid I lend;
To Muſic, Painting, Poetry, a Friend.
*'Tis I celeſtial harmony inſpire,
† When fix'd to ſtrike the ſweetly warbling wire.
I to the faithful canvas have conſign'd
Each bright idea of the painter's mind;
Behold from Raphael's ſky-dipt pencils riſe
Such heavenly ſcenes as charm the gazer's eyes
O let me now aſpire to higher praiſe!
Ambitious to tranſcribe your deathleſs lays:
Nor thou, immortal Bard, my aid refuſe,
Accept me as the ſervant of your Muſe;
Then ſhall the world my wond'rous worth declare,
And all mankind your matchleſs Pen revere.

† *Quills of the harpſichord.*

be ſo affected as to conceal the pride I have in ſeeing them abroad, whatever enmity they may procure againſt your Lordſhip, for publicly favouring one ſo obnoxious to the preſent powers, and turning their hatred into envy; which laſt, as it is more tormenting to the owners, will better gratify my revenge. And of this advantage I ſhall make the proper uſe, leaving your Lordſhip to ſhift for yourſelf, without the leaſt grain of pity for what you may ſuffer.

In the mean time, I beg you to accept my moſt humble thanks for the honour done me by ſo excellent a performance on ſo barren a ſubject; by which words I wiſely anticipate the cenſure of all thoſe who love me not: In ſpite of whom it will be ſaid in future ages, That one of Lord Orrery's firſt eſſays in poetry, were thoſe verſes on Dr Swift. That your Lordſhip may go on to be the great example, reſtorer, and patron of virtue, learning and wit, in a moſt corrupt, ſtupid, and ignorant age and nation, ſhall be the conſtant wiſh, hope, and prayer of, my Lord, your moſt obedient, obliged, and humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER

LETTER DXLV

MISS KELLY TO DR SWIFT.

Jarvis-ſtreet, ſix o'clock, Friday evening, Feb. 2. 1732-3.

SIR,

I DANCED ſo long laſt night, that I have not been able till this moment to thank you for the goodneſs you ſhewed me this morning. Be aſſured the favours you beſtow on me are received with the greateſt pleaſure, and I only am ſorry that it is not in my power to convince you that nobody can ſet a higher value on your friendſhip than I do.

Indeed I have an implicit faith in your medicine; for if only deſpiſing the poets can hinder its proving effectual, I muſt certainly receive from it all the benefit I deſire; for really I am quite of the other ſide, and am a ſincere admirer of all the good poets, but am more particularly attached to the beſt. What I ſhall do to convince you of the truth of this I cannot determine: But ſurely the care I ſhall always take to mend upon your reproofs, will, in time, let you know that nobody can deſire more ſincerely to pleaſe you than, Sir, your moſt obliged and moſt faithful humble ſervant,

F. A. KELLY.

I am half aſleep, ſo don't be angry at theſe blots.

Being

Being out of caſh at preſent, I ſend you my note, which I hope will ſatisfy you.

I acknowledge to be indebted to the Reverend Doctor Swift, Dean of St Patrick's, the ſum of 0 l. 1 s. 1½ d. *per* value received this 2d day of Feb. 1732-3.

FRANCES ARABELLA KELLY*.

LETTER DXLVI.

J. BARBER, LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, TO DR SWIFT.

London, Feb. 6. 1732-3.

Queen Anne's birth-day:
The bells all ringing.

BELIEVE me, Sir, and it is with great truth I ſpeak it, that there is not a perſon in the world I would ſooner oblige than yourſelf; and I ſhould be glad to have it in my power to ſerve Mrs Barber in the way you mention; but it is odds it may not be in my power, for many things may fall that her ſpouſe is not fit for; as, all places relating to the law, he can have no pretenſions to. There are a dozen perſons in my houſe, called Lord Mayor's officers, who wear black gowns, and give from eight to nine hundred pounds for their places, which at firſt they make about ſixty pounds *per annum* of, and riſe,

* This promiſſory note is printed to the letter. It certainly is an anſwer to ſome whim or other of the Doctor's.

in time, to three or four hundred pounds; but they are generally young men. Theſe places, I ſuppoſe, ſhould any one fall, would not be thought good enough. There are many other places in my gift. We have had Mayors gone through the office who have not got one hundred pounds, and others have got ten thouſand pounds: It is all chance. I have gone through the fourth part of my year, and have got only about two hundred guineas, by the death of one of the city-muſic, and a porter to Guild-hall.

But ſuppoſe a place ſhould fall worth fifteen hundred, or two thouſand pounds, that he may be fit for, one third of the purchaſe goes to the city, and muſt be paid before his admiſſion; the other two-thirds are mine: But I cannot put a leſs price than was paid before, becauſe the laſt price is entered in the city-books.

I know you love particulars, and thus you have the caſe as it ſtands.

You will give me leave to add a word or two, which I do in confidence, That I have been, for many years, plagued with a ſet of ungrateful monſters, called couſins, that I tremble at the name; and though I give yearly penſions to ſome, and monthly and weekly to others, all won't do, and I am inſulted and abuſed by them, and can't help myſelf.

Now as Mrs Barber and her family deſign to ſettle here, and ſhe has done me the honour in moſt places to call me couſin, I hope it will not be expected I ſhould have the care of them. I

have

have very ill health; and any additional care that way would hurt me very much; but for doing her and her family any good offices, I ſhall never be wanting.

I muſt now beg leave to return you my thanks for your affectionate and kind wiſhes. The honour, I own, is very great I am in poſſeſſion of, and I am ſenſible I am placed aloft, and that all my words and actions are ſcanned; but I will not be diſcouraged, and hope I ſhall get through with honour. One motive for making me think ſo, is the great pleaſure and ſatisfaction I have in the hopes of ſeeing you here, where your advice and example will be of great uſe; and therefore, I hope you will loſe no time, but come away, and I will fit up an apartment for you in Queen's-ſquare, and another at Sheen, (which I hope you will accept), places that I ſhall hardly be able to ſee this year.

Mr Pilkington gains daily upon us, and comes out a facetious agreeable fellow. I carried him t'other day to ſee her Grace of Bucks in the Park. Her Grace ſeeing him, aſked who he was? I anſwered, He was a preſent from you from Dublin. She ſmilingly replied, He is no fool then I am ſure.

I ſhall conclude a long dull letter, with my ſincere wiſhes for your health and proſperity, and that you would not delay one hour coming to bleſs your friends here with your company; which by none is more deſired than, Sir, your moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant,

J. BARBER.

LETTER DXLVII.

Feb. 16. 1732-3.

IT is indeed impoſſible to ſpeak on ſuch a ſubject as the loſs of Mr Gay, to me an irreparable one. But I ſend you what I intend for the inſcription on his tomb, which the Duke of Queenſberry will ſet up at Weſtminſter. As to his writings, he left no will, nor ſpoke a word of them, or any thing elſe, during his ſhort and precipitate illneſs, in which I attended him to his laſt breath. The Duke has acted more than the part of a brother to him; and it will be ſtrange if the ſiſters do not leave his papers totally to his diſpoſal, who will do the ſame that I would with them. He has managed the comedy (which our poor friend gave to the playhouſe the week before his death) to the utmoſt advantage for his relations; and propoſes to do the ſame with ſome fables he left finiſhed.

There is nothing of late which I think of more than mortality, and what you mention of collecting the beſt monuments we can of our friends, their own images in their writings: For thoſe are the beſt, when their minds are ſuch as Mr Gay's was, and as your's is. I am preparing alſo for my own; and have nothing ſo much at heart, as to ſhew the ſilly world, that men of wit, or even poets, may be the moſt moral of mankind. A few looſe things ſometimes fall from them, by which cenſorious fools judge

judge as ill of them as poſſibly they can, for their own comfort. And indeed when ſuch unguarded and trifling *jeux d' eſprit* have once got abroad, all that prudence or repentance can do, ſince they cannot be denied, is, to put them fairly upon that foot; and teach the public, (as we have done in the preface to the four volumes of miſcellanies), to diſtinguiſh betwixt our ſtudies and our idleneſſes, our works and our weakneſſes. That was the whole end of the laſt volume of miſcellanies, without which our former declaration in that preface, "That theſe vo-"lumes contained all that we have ever offended "in that way," would have been diſcredited. It went indeed to my heart, to omit what you called the libel on Dr D—, and the beſt panegyric on myſelf, that either my own times, or any other, could have afforded, or will ever afford to me. The book, as you obſerve, was printed in great haſte; the cauſe whereof was, that the bookſellers here were doing the ſame, in collecting your pieces, the corn with the chaff: I don't mean that any thing of your's is chaff, but with other wit of Ireland which was ſo, and the whole in your name. I meant principally to oblige them to ſeparate what you writ ſeriouſly from what you writ careleſsly; and thought my own weeds might paſs for a ſort of wild flowers, when bundled up with them.

It was I that ſent you thoſe books into Ireland, and ſo I did my Epiſtle to Lord Bathurſt, even before it was publiſhed; and another thing

of mine, which is a Parody from Horace *; writ in two mornings. I never took more care in my life of any thing than of the former of theſe, nor leſs than of the latter; yet every friend has forced me to print it, though in truth my own ſingle motive was about twenty lines toward the latter end which you will find out.

I have declined opening to you by letters the whole ſcheme of my preſent work, expecting ſtill to do it in a better manner in perſon. But you will ſee pretty ſoon, that the letter to Lord Bathurſt is a part of it; and you will find a plain connection between them, if you read them in the order juſt contrary to that they were publiſhed in. I imitate thoſe cunning tradeſmen, who ſhew their beſt ſilks laſt; or (to give you a true idea, though it ſounds too proudly) my works will in one reſpect be like the works of Nature, much more to be liked and underſtood, when conſidered in the relation they bear with each other, than when ignorantly looked upon one by one; and often thoſe parts which attract moſt at firſt ſight, will appear to be not the moſt, but the leaſt conſiderable *.

I am pleaſed and flattered by your expreſſion of *Orna me*. The chief pleaſure this work can give me is, that I can in it, with propriety, decency, and juſtice, inſert the name and character of

* Sat. I. lib. ii. Vol. IV. of Warburton's edition of Pope's Works.

† See Warburton's firſt note on the epiſtle to Lord Cobham, "Of the knowledge and characters of men," vol. third of his edition of Pope's Works.

of every friend I have, and every man that deſerves to be loved or adorned. But I ſmile at your applying that phraſe to my viſiting you in Ireland; a place where I might have ſome apprehenſion, from their extraordinary paſſion for poetry, and their boundleſs hoſpitality, of being *adorned* to death, and buried under the weight of garlands, like one I have read of ſomewhere or other. My mother lives, (which is an anſwer to that point); and I thank God, though her memory be in a manner gone, is yet awake, and ſenſible to me, though ſcarce to any thing elſe; which doubles the reaſon of my attendance, and at the ſame time ſweetens it. I wiſh (beyond any other wiſh) you could paſs a ſummer here; I might (too probably) return with you, unleſs you preferred to ſee France firſt, to which country, I think, you would have a ſtrong invitation. Lord Peterborow has narrowly eſcaped death, and yet keeps his chamber. He is perpetually ſpeaking in the moſt affectionate manner of you. He has written you two letters, which you never received, and by that has been diſcouraged from writing more. I can well believe the poſt-office may do this, when ſome letters of his to me have met the ſame fate, and two of mine to him. Yet let not this diſcourage you from writing to me, or to him, incloſed in the common way, as I do to you. Innocent men need fear no detection of their thoughts; and, for my part, I would give them free leave to ſend

all

all I write to Curl, if moſt of what I write was not too ſilly.

I deſire my ſincere ſervices to Dr Delaney, who, I agree with you, is a man every way eſtimable. My Lord Orrery is a moſt virtuous and good-natured nobleman, whom I ſhould be happy to know. Lord B. received your letter through my hands. It is not to be told you how much he wiſhes for you. The whole liſt of perſons to whom you ſent your ſervices, return you theirs, with proper ſenſe of the diſtinction. ——— Your lady friend is *ſemper eadem;* and I have written an epiſtle to her on that qualification, in a female character; which is thought by my chief critic, in your abſence, to be my *chef d'oeuvre.* But it cannot be printed perfectly, in an age ſo ſore of ſatire, and ſo willing to miſapply characters.

As to my own health, it is as good as uſual. I have lain ill ſeven days of a ſlight fever, (the complaint here); but recovered by gentle ſweats, and the care of Dr Arbuthnott. The play Mr Gay left ſucceeds very well. It is another original in its kind. Adieu. God preſerve your life, your health, your limbs, your ſpirits, and your friendſhips.

LETTER

LETTER DXLVIII.

COUNTESS OF KERRY TO DR SWIFT.

Lixnaw, March 4, 1732-3.

THE kind concern and friendly remembrance of the moſt eſteemed Dean of St Patrick's, has raiſed in me a ſatisfaction and pleaſure that I had almoſt given up, having been reſolved a good while humbly to content myſelf in a ſtate of indolence and indifference: And if I could avoid the pains of body and mind, not to ſeek further after thoſe points in life I ſo long and vainly purſued: But you have invaded my tranquillity in a manner I muſt not only forgive, but pay my acknowledgments for, ſince at the ſame time that you make a melancholy repreſentation of my misfortunes, you ſtrike a light for me from another quarter from whence to raiſe hope. I moſt heartily rejoice in what you tell me of Mr Fitzmaurice, who has indeed given me an undeniable mark of taſte, by the ſenſe he has of the honour you do him in letting him into your ſociety, from whence it is impoſſible to come without ſome good influence. For my part, I grieve at the interval that neceſſity ſeems to call for, to interrupt ſuch advantage, and it is my ſtudy to find an occaſion indiſpenſable that he may return *; and as I think to be a member of our ſenate-houſe, is the beſt way to lead a young man into

* It is preſumed from his travels.

into the world, I have been watching a good while for ſome gap in that body, that he might ſtep into. There ſeems now to offer one on the death of Sir Ralph Gore, that may not be impracticable, ſince it is a very ſmall borough, entirely belonging, as I am informed, to the Biſhop of Clogher, who, I dare ſay, is above diſpoſing of it for court-favour only, or to the higheſt bidder; practices much in faſhion of late. Might I not then preſume, upon your friendſhip with the Biſhop, to recommend this young man as an honeſt one at preſent, and whom he might devote to his ſervice by ſo great and ſeaſonable an obligation, beſides paying an acknowledgment that, in gratitude, is due, although the perſon were never ſo well qualified: Thus much ſure I may ſay without cenſure. If I have taken too great liberty in recommending this matter to you, forgive me, and impute it to my zeal in endeavouring to take all opportunities to turn this lad into the world, that I may ſee what figure he will be likely to make hereafter. But if I don't ſucceed in this or any other attempt, I thank Providence ſincerely, I can now boaſt I have attained philoſophy enough to take every thing with patience as it comes, by no means thinking myſelf too good to be the ſport of higher powers; and my Chriſtian duty will not permit me to look for reaſons. As little wiſdom as I have bought, I wiſh I had had it ſooner; now it is too late, *La farce eſt joue*, and my curtain almoſt drawn; ſo that if I could, I would no more traffic with the

the world upon my own account: Friendſhip only is what I ſtill muſt always value; your's, ſurely, is more than comes to my ſhare.

You are very good to inquire after my eyes: They are indeed well, beyond my expectation; but are to me like the miſer's gold, hoarded up as imaginary treaſure that one wants, at the ſame time that one poſſeſſes; for ſo much as this letter I have not taxed them a long time. I ſhall, with attention, obſerve all you recommend to me in the way of paſſing my time; and do daily ſee reaſon to reſpect *la bagatelle*; yet are there ſome places where that is too inſipid to be made any uſe of. I have an excellent chaplain, that I employ in reading, and my domeſtic. Handicrafts and gardening do the reſt. As for quadrille, it is a part of entertainment only for ſtrangers. What ſhall I ſay for taking up ſo much of your time? Forgive, dear Dean, your moſt real and faithful humble ſervant,

A. KERRY.

LETTER DXLIX.

DR SWIFT TO DR SHERIDAN.

Dublin, March 27. 1733.

I RECEIVED your letter with ſome pleaſure, and a good deal of concern. The condition you are in requires the greateſt haſte hither, although your ſchool did not; and when you arrive

rive, I will force Dr Helſham * to ſee and direct you. Your ſcheme of riding and country-air, you find, hath not anſwered; and therefore you have nothing to truſt to, but the aſſiſtance of a friendly ſkilful doctor. For whether they can do any good or no, it is all we have for it; and you cannot afford to die at preſent, becauſe the public and all your family have occaſion for you. Beſides, I do not like the place you are in †, from your account, ſince you ſay people are dying there ſo faſt. You cannot afford to loſe daily blood; but I ſuppoſe you are no more regular than you have been in your whole life. I like the article very much which you propoſe in your will; and if that takes place forty years hence, and God, for the ſins of men, ſhould continue that life ſo long, I would have it be ſtill inſerted, unleſs you could make it a little ſharper. I own you have too much reaſon to complain of ſome friends, who, next to yourſelf, have done you moſt hurt; whom ſtill I eſteem and frequent, though I confeſs I cannot heartily forgive. Yet certainly the caſe was not merely perſonal malice to you, (although it had the ſame effect), but a kind of I know not what job, which one of them hath often heartily repented, however it came to be patched up. I am confident your collection

* A very eminent phyſician, of great learning.

† The free ſchool of Cavan, in the gift of the crown; for which Dr Sheridan exchanged his living at Dunboyne, and in which he hath been ſince ſucceeded by Mr Moore.

collection of *Bons mots* * and *Contes a rire*, will be much the beſt extant; but you are apt to be terribly ſanguine about the profits of publiſhing: However, it ſhall have all the puſhing I can give. I have been much out of order with a ſpice of my giddineſs, which began before you left us. I am better of late days, but not right yet, though I take daily drops and bitters. I muſt do the beſt I can, but ſhall never more be a night-walker. You hear they have in England paſſed the exciſe on tobacco; and by their votes it appears they intend it on more articles. And care is taken by ſome ſpecial friends here, to have it the ſame way here. We are ſlaves already: And from my youth upwards, the great wiſe men whom I uſed to be among, taught me, that a general exciſe (which they now by degrees intend) is the moſt direct and infallible way to ſlavery. Pray G— ſend it them in his juſtice, for they well deſerve it. All your friends, and the town, are juſt as you left it. I humdrum it on, either on horſe-back, or dining and ſitting the evening at home; endeavouring to write, but write nothing, merely out of indolence and want of ſpirits. No ſoul has broke his neck, or is hanged, or married; only Cancerina † is dead,

* Perhaps "Bons mots de Stella," and 'Thoughts on "various ſubjects," are part of this collection.

† One of thoſe poor people to whom the Dean uſed to give money when he met them in his walks. Some of them he named thus, partly for diſtinction, and partly for humour; Cancerina, Stumpanympha, Pull-a gown-a, Friterilla, Flora, Stumpantha.

and I let her go to her grave without a coffin, and without fees.——So I am going to take my evening-walk after five, having not been out of doors yet. I wiſh you well and ſafe at home. Pray call on me on Sunday night.

I am your's, *&c.*

P. S. I believe there are a hundred literal blunders, but I cannot ſtay to mend them.——So pick as you are able.

I am not ſo FRANK a writer as you.

LETTER DL.

LORD B—— TO DR SWIFT.

Cirenceſter, March 29. 1733.

MY MOST DEAR DEAN,

I AM indebted to you for ſeveral ſcraps of paper which you have ſent me; but I waited to receive a letter from you, and then would have returned you an anſwer as well as I could. I obeyed your commands ſignified in your *Penulteime;* I attended your cauſe; your client happened to be in the right, and we are not a little in the wrong, that we gave no coſts. I ſhould have moved for them, but I had diſtinguiſhed myſelf in preſſing lords to attend, and told ſo many that I had your commands ſo to do, that I did not think it proper to take that part upon me, and nobody elſe would do it; therefore give me leave

to

to tell you, that you are bound in conſcience to pay that poor man 100 l. He would certainly have had that ſum, if you had not interpoſed in that peremptory manner.

As to your laſt orders, in relation to the Dublin cauſe, I take it for granted you are in the wrong. All corporations of men are perpetually doing injuſtice to individuals. I will attend it, but am as much prejudiced againſt them as it is poſſible, though I know nothing of the man or the matter in queſtion. I have often reflected, (from what cauſe it ariſes I know not), that the majority of a ſociety are honeſt men, and would act, ſeparately, with ſome humanity, and according to the rules of morality; yet, conjunctively, they are hard-hearted determined villains. I know phyſicians, who, if you take them out of their practice, are very good ſort of men: But was there ever in the world a conſultation of them, that tended to any thing elſe than robbery and murder? Do the body of lawyers think of any thing elſe, but to plunder and deſtroy the reſt of mankind? In ſhort, there is no corporation to be excepted out of this general rule, but the Two Houſes of parliament, and all aſſemblies of divines, whereſoever diſperſed through the Chriſtian world. So much for your Dublin cauſe.

Now, I muſt tell you, I want exceedingly to ſee you here; and I would have you come juſt about midſummer. If you come a moment before that time, you will find the parliament ſit-

ting, all in a flame about exciſes; and go into what company you will, you can hear of nothing elſe. I reckon by that time we ſhall ſeparate, and then I come down to this place *en famille*, (where I am now only a ſojourner for three days), and you ſhall be better accommodated than you were laſt time you was here. I can aſſure you I have made great alterations; and, to ſpeak modeſtly, I think I may ſay, it is by much the fineſt place in England. What Ireland may produce I cannot tell. Pope has promiſed to come down; and it is time for him to retire, for he has made the town too hot to hold him *.

Poor John Gay! we ſhall ſee him no more, but he will always be remembered by thoſe who knew him with a tender concern. I want to know how you do, and what you are doing. I ſuſpect you are grown very idle; for I have not heard of any production from that fertile brain of your's a great while. And beſides, the greateſt mark of idleneſs that I know, is the minding of other peoples buſineſs. You, that uſed to be employed in ſupporting or pulling down miniſters, in inſtructing or diverting mankind, inflaming kingdoms, or pacifying contending parties, now ſeem to be dwindled into an Iriſh ſolicitor. I expect to ſee you in a dirty brown coat, with a little green bag under your arm. However, let me

* Probably by the publication of 'The firſt Satire of the ſecond Book of Horace, imitated, in a Dialogue between Alexander Pope, Eſq; on the one part, and his learned council on the other.' Publiſhed in February 1732-3.

me ſee you. If I cannot laugh with you as I uſed to do, I will laugh at you; for I am reſolved to laugh as long as I live. So, my dear little pettifogger, adieu.

LETTER DLI.

April 2. 1733.

YOU ſay truly, that death is only terrible to us, as it ſeparates us from thoſe we love; but I really think thoſe have the worſt of it who are left by us, if we are true friends. I have felt more, I fancy, in the loſs of Mr Gay, than I ſhall ſuffer in the thought of going away myſelf into a ſtate that can feel none of this ſort of loſſes. I wiſhed vehemently to have ſeen him in a condition of living independent, and to have lived in perfect indolence the reſt of our days together, the two moſt idle, moſt innocent, and undeſigning poets of our age. I now as vehemently wiſh you and I might walk into the grave together, by as ſlow ſteps as you pleaſe, but contentedly and chearfully. Whether that ever can be, or in what country, I know no more, than into what country we ſhall walk out of the grave. But it ſuffices me to know, it will be exactly what region or ſtate our Maker appoints, and that whatever *is*, is *right*. Our poor friend's papers are partly in my hands; and for as much as is ſo, I will take care to ſuppreſs things unworthy of him. As to the epitaph, I am ſorry

you gave a copy; for it will certainly by that means come into print; and I would correct it more, unleſs you will do it for me, and that I ſhall like as well. Upon the whole, I earneſtly wiſh your coming over hither; for this reaſon, among many others, that your influence may be joined with mine, to ſuppreſs whatever we may judge proper of his papers. To be plunged in my neighbour's and my papers, will be your inevitable fate as ſoon as you come. That I am an author whoſe characters are thought of ſome weight, appears from the great noiſe and buſtle that the court and town make about any I give: And I will not render them leſs important, or leſs intereſting, by ſparing vice and folly, or by betraying the cauſe of truth and virtue. I will take care they ſhall be ſuch as no man can be angry at, but the perſons I would have angry. You are ſenſible with what decency and juſtice I paid homage to the royal family, at the ſame time that I ſatirized falſe courtiers, and ſpies, &c. about them. I have not the courage, however, to be ſuch a ſatirift as you; but I would be as much, or more, a philoſopher. You call your ſatires libels; I would rather call my ſatires epiſtles. They will conſiſt more of morality than of wit, and grow graver, which you will call duller. I ſhall leave it to my antagoniſts to be witty, if they can, and content myſelf to be uſeful and in the right. Tell me your opinion as to Lady ——'s or Lord ***'s performance. They are certainly the top

wits

wits of the court; and you may judge by that ſingle piece what can be done againſt me; for it was laboured, corrected, pre-commended, and poſt-diſapproved, as to be diſowned by themſelves, after each had highly cried it up for the others *. I have met with ſome complaints, and heard at a diſtance of ſome threats occaſioned by my verſes. I ſent fair meſſages to acquaint them where I was to be found in town, and to offer to call at their houſes to ſatisfy them, and ſo it dropped. It is very poor in any one to rail and threaten at a diſtance, and have nothing to ſay to you when they ſee you.——I am glad you perſiſt and abide by ſo good a thing as that poem †, in which I am immortal for my morality. I never took any praiſe ſo kindly; and yet, I think, I deſerve that praiſe better than I do any other. When does your collection come out, and what will it conſiſt of? I have but laſt week finiſhed another of my epiſtles, in the order of the ſyſtem; and this week *(exercitandi gratia)* I have tranſlated (or rather parodied) another of Horace's, in which I introduce you adviſing me about my expences, houſe-keeping, &c. But theſe things ſhall lie by, till you come to carp at them, and alter rhymes, and grammar, and triplets, and cacophonies of all kinds. Our parliament will ſit till midſummer; which I hope may be a motive to bring you rather

* See Pope's Epiſtle written on this occaſion, at the end of the ſecond volume of his letters, the eighth volume in Warburton's edition.

† The ironical libel on Dr Delany. Vol. VI. p. 323.

ther in ſummer than ſo late as autumn. You uſed to love what I hate, a hurry of politics, &c. Courts I ſee not, courtiers I know not, kings I adore not, queens I compliment not; ſo I am never like to be in faſhion, nor independence. I heartily join with you in pitying our poor lady for her unhappineſs; and ſhould only pity her more, if ſhe had more of what they at court call happineſs. Come then, and perhaps we may go all together into France, at the end of the ſeaſon, and compare the liberties of both kingdoms. Adieu. Believe me, dear Sir, (with a thouſand warm wiſhes, mixed with ſhort ſighs), ever your's.

LETTER DLII.

LORD M——— TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *London, April* 7. 1733.

I HOPE you will excuſe me that I have not anſwered your letter ſooner; but I ſhall not be backward in obeying your commands, by attending the cauſe you mentioned, when it comes into the Houſe. I ſhall not fail ſpeaking to thoſe few Lords I can be ſo free with, to attend alſo; and ſhall rejoice if it ſhould be determined to your ſatisfaction: And I have good reaſon to believe it will, being fully convinced that you can intereſt yourſelf in nothing but where juſtice is uppermoſt. We have long flattered ourſelves with the hopes

hopes of having your good company here. I am ſure there is no family in this kingdom wiſhes to ſee you more than that of the M——s, who will always have you in remembrance, for your health and welfare. I doubt not but you hear from better hands the ſtate of our affairs, in relation to the exciſing tobacco and wine, therefore ſhall not trouble you upon that ſubject; and ſhall only deſire your farther commands wherein I am capable to ſerve you; aſſuring you, that I am, with great eſteem and faith, Sir, your moſt faithful and humble ſervant.

Poſtſcript by Lady M——.

SIR,

There are few things in life would give me more joy than to ſee you again in this part of the world. Let your friends have that pleaſure; for in doing it you will oblige a vaſt number of people; but nobody more, my dear Mr Dean, than your affectionate humble ſervant.

LETTER DLIII.

THE DUTCHESS OF —— TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *April* 12. 1733.

I RECEIVED your's of the 23d of March. Perpetual pains in my head have hindered me from writing till this moment; ſo you ſee you are

are not the only perſon that way tormented. I dare believe there are as many bad heads in England as in Ireland; I am ſure none worſe than my own; that I am made for pain, and pain for me; for, of late, we have been inſeparable. It is a moſt diſpiriting diſtemper, and brings on pain of mind, whether real or imaginary, it is all one.

Whilſt I had that very ſincere good friend, I could ſometimes lay open all my rambling thoughts, and he and I would often view and diſſect them; but now they come and go, and I ſeldom find out whether they be right or wrong, or if there be any thing in them. Poor man! he was moſt truly every thing you could ſay of him. I have loſt, in him, the uſefulleſt limb of my mind. This is an odd expreſſion; but I cannot explain my notion otherwiſe.

I deny that I am touchy; yet am going to ſeem ſo again, by aſſuring you my letters are never falſe copies of my mind. They are often, I believe, imperfections of an imperfect mind; which, however, to do it juſtice, often directs me better than I act. Though I will not take upon me to declare my way of thinking to be eternally the ſame; yet whatever I write is at that inſtant true. I would rather tell a lie than write it down; for words are wind ('tis ſaid); but the making a memorandum of one's own falſe heart would ſtare one in the face immediately, and ſhould put one out of countenance. Now, as a proof of my unſettled way of thinking, and of my ſincerity, I ſhall tell you, that I am not ſo much

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in the wrong as you obſerved I was in my laſt; for my regard to you is leſſened extremely, ſince I obſerved you are juſt like moſt other people, *viz.* diſobliged at trifles, and obliged at nothings; for what elſe are bare words? Therefore pray never believe I wiſh to ſerve you, till you have tried me; till then proteſtations are bribes, by which I may only mean to gain the friendſhip of a valuable man, and therefore ought to be ſuſpected. I ſeldom make any for that reaſon; ſo that if I have the peculiar happineſs to have any wiſe good people my flatterers, God knows how I came by it; but ſure nothing can equal ſuch glory, except that of having the ſilly and bad people my enemies.

Here I think we agree. You declare that no ſuch can depreſs your ſpirits; and if our conſtitutions are alike, I will not only preach up good ſpirits, but preſcribe the materials that have ever agreed with me. If any body has done me an injury, they have hurt themſelves more than me. If they give me an ill name (unleſs they have my help) I ſhall not deſerve it. If fools ſhun my company, it is becauſe I am not like them; if people make me angry, they only raiſe my ſpirits; and if they wiſh me ill, I will be well and handſome, wiſe and happy, and every thing, except a day younger than I am; and that's a fancy I never yet ſaw becoming to man or woman, ſo it cannot excite my envy. Here I have betrayed to you the deviliſhneſs of my temper; but I declare to you, nothing ever enlivened me half ſo much,

much, as unjuſt ill uſage, either directed to myſelf or my friends. The very reverſe happens to me, when I am too well ſpoken of; for I am ſorry to find I don't deſerve it all. This humbleth me as much too much as the other exalts; ſo I hope you will not be too civil, ſince I have declared the conſequence.

I am in great hopes you will make us a viſit this ſummer; for though I have a ſenſible ſatisfaction by converſing with you in this way, yet I love mightily to look in the perſon's face I am ſpeaking to. By that one ſoon learns to ſtop when it is wiſhed, or to mend what is ſaid amiſs.

Your ſtewards will take great care of your money; but you muſt firſt direct us to your friend Mr Lancelot, and order him to give up Mr Gay's note, on his ſiſter's paying the money to his Grace, who will give him his note for the money, or ſend it to you juſt as you order. And as to what intereſt is due, I ſuppoſe you have kept ſome account.

By this time you muſt be too much tired to bear reading one word more; therefore I will make no excuſes. Pray employ me; for I want to be certain whether I know my own mind or not: For ſomething or other often tells me, that I ſhould be very happy to be of any uſe to you. Whether it be true or falſe, neither you or I can be poſitive, till an opportunity ſhews; but I do really think that I am, dear Sir, moſt ſincerely your's, *&c.*

LETTER

LETTER DLIV.

CHARLES FORD, ESQ; TO DR SWIFT.

London, April 14. 1733.

I AM extremely concerned to hear the bad ſtate of your health. I have often wiſhed that you would be more moderate in your walks; for though riding has always been allowed to be good for a giddy head, I never heard walking preſcribed for a ſtrain, or any ailment in the leg; and the violent ſweats you put yourſelf into, are apt to give colds, and, I doubt, occaſion much of your other diſorder. I am confident you would find yourſelf better here; and even the journey would be of great uſe to you. I was vaſtly pleaſed to hear my Lord Mayor talk of the delight he ſhould have in ſeeing you this year, that he might ſhew you a creature of your own making. He has behaved himſelf ſo well in his public capacity, that, whether it be his humility or his pride, he deſerves to be gratified. I could heartily wiſh your other complaints were as much without foundation, as that of having loſt half your memory, and all your invention. I will venture to pronounce you have more left of the firſt than moſt men, and of the laſt, than any man now alive. While the exciſes were depending, you were expected every day; for it was ſaid, Why ſhould not he ſhew as much regard

for the liberty of England, as he did for the money of Ireland? I wiſh you had been here; tho' the affair, in my opinion, is happily ended. Many people are offended that the bills were dropt, and not rejected, and the authors of the ſcheme left unpuniſhed. It was abſolutely impoſſible to have carried it otherwiſe. You have heard Sir Robert Walpole, and one or two more, coming out of the houſe, were inſulted. A few of that rabble have been ſeized with the ringleader, who proves to be a Norfolk man; no enemy to exciſes, but an entire dependent upon the outraged perſon. Though the rejoicings were as great, and as univerſal as ever was known, there was no violence, except the breaking a very few windows, whoſe owners had ſhewn an untimely thrift of their candles. I foretold Henley what his joking would come to; but the Mayor of Southampton immediately printed his real letter, which was ſhort, and extremely proper. His deſigned opponent, at the next election, having voted for the exciſe, will not dare to ſhew himſelf in the corporation; and Henley, after the diviſion, thanked him for having, by that vote, beſtowed him fifteen hundred pounds.

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I have great hopes this fine mild weather will ſet you right, and long to hear you are preparing for your journey. I am moſt entirely your grateful, &c.

LETTER

LETTER DLV.

TO MR POPE.

Dublin, May 1. 1733.

I ANSWER your letter the ſooner, becauſe I have a particular reaſon for doing ſo. Some weeks ago came over a poem called, 'The Life 'and Character of Dr S. written by himſelf.' It was reprinted here, and is dedicated to you. It is grounded upon a maxim in Rochefoucault; and the dedication, after a formal ſtory, ſays, that my manner of writing is to be found in every line. I believe I have told you, that I writ a year or two ago near five hundred lines upon the ſame maxim in Rochefoucault, and was a long time about it, as that impoſtor ſays in his dedication, with many circumſtances, all pure invention. I deſire you to believe, and to tell my friends, that in this ſpurious piece there is not a ſingle line, or bit of a line, or thought, any way reſembling the genuine copy, any more than it does Virgil's Æneid; for I never gave a copy of mine, nor lent it out of my ſight. And although I ſhewed it to all common acquaintance indifferently, and ſome of them (eſpecially one or two females) had got many lines by heart here and there, and repeated them often, yet it happens, that not one ſingle line, or thought, is contained in this impoſture, although it appears, that they who coun-

terfeited me had heard of the true one. But even this trick ſhall not provoke me to print the true one; which indeed is not proper to be ſeen, till I can be ſeen no more. I therefore deſire you will undeceive my friends; and I will order an advertiſement to be printed here, and tranſmit it to England, that every body may know the deluſion, and acquit me; as I am ſure you muſt have done yourſelf, if you have read any part of it; which is mean and trivial, and full of that cant that I moſt deſpiſe. I would ſink to be a vicar in Northfolk, rather than be charged with ſuch a performance. Now I come to your letter.

When I was of your age, I thought every day of death, but now every minute; and a continual giddy diſorder, more or leſs, is a greater addition than that of my years. I cannot affirm, that I pity our friend Gay, but I pity his friends, I pity you, and would at leaſt equally pity myſelf, if I lived amongſt you; becauſe I ſhould have ſeen him oftener than you did, who are a kind of hermit, how great a noiſe ſoever you make by your ill-nature, in not letting the honeſt villains of the times enjoy themſelves in this world, which is their only happineſs, and terrifying them with another. I ſhould have added in my libel, that, of all men living, you are the moſt happy in your enemies and your friends. And I will ſwear you have fifty times more charity for mankind than I could ever pretend to. Whether

ther the production you mention came from the Lady or the Lord, I did not imagine that they were at leaſt ſo bad verſifiers. Therefore *facit indignatio verſus*, is only to be applied when the indignation is againſt general villainy, and never operates when ſome ſort of people write to defend themſelves. I love to hear them reproach you for dulneſs; only I would be ſatisfied, ſince you are ſo dull, why are they ſo angry? Give me a ſhilling, and I will inſure you, that poſterity ſhall never know you had one ſingle enemy, excepting thoſe whoſe memory you have preſerved.

I am ſorry for the ſituation of Mr Gay's papers. You do not exert yourſelf as much as I could wiſh in this affair. I had rather the two ſiſters were hanged, than ſee his works ſwelled by any loſs of credit to his memory. I would be glad to ſee the moſt valuable printed by themſelves; thoſe which ought not to be ſeen, burned immediately; and the others that have gone abroad, printed ſeparately like *opuſcula*, or rather be ſtifled and forgotten. I thought your epitaph was immediately to be ingraved; and therefore I made leſs ſcruple to give a copy to Lord Orrery, who earneſtly deſired it, but to nobody elſe; and he tells me, he gave only two, which he will recall. I have a ſhort epigram of his upon it; wherein I would correct a line or two at moſt, and then I will ſend it you (with his permiſſion). I have nothing againſt your's, but the laſt line, 'Striking their aching;' the two participles,

ticiples, as they are ſo near, ſeem to ſound too like. I ſhall write to the Dutcheſs, who hath lately honoured me with a very friendly letter, and I will tell her my opinion freely about our friend's papers. I want health, and my affairs are enlarged: but I will break through the latter, if the other mends. I can uſe a courſe of medicines, lame and giddy. My chief deſign, next to ſeeing you, is to be a ſevere critic on you and your neighbour; but firſt kill his father, that he may be able to maintain me in my own way of living, and particularly my horſes. It coſt me near 600 l. for a wall to keep mine; and I never ride without two ſervants, for fear of accidents. *Hic vivimus ambitioſa paupertate.* You are both too poor for my acquaintance, but he much the poorer. With you I find graſs, and wine and ſervants; but with him not.——The collection you ſpeak of is this. A printer came to me, to deſire he might print my works (as he called them) in four volumes by ſubſcription. I ſaid I would give no leave, and ſhould be ſorry to ſee them printed here. He ſaid they could not be printed in London. I anſwered they could, if the partners agreed. He ſaid "he would "be glad of my permiſſion; but as he could "print them without it, and was adviſed that "it could do me no harm, and having been aſ-"ſured of numerous ſubſcriptions, he hoped I "would not be angry at his purſuing his own "intereſt, *&c.*" Much of this diſcourſe paſſed; and he goes on with the matter, wherein I de-

determine

termine not to intermeddle, though it be much to my diſcontent; and I wiſh it could be done in England rather than here, although I am grown pretty indifferent in every thing of that kind. This is the truth of the ſtory.

My vanity turns at preſent on being perſonated in your *Quæ virtus, &c.* You will obſerve in this letter many marks of an ill head and a low ſpirit; but a heart wholly turned to love you with the greateſt earneſtneſs and truth.

LETTER DLVI.

LADY B—— G—— TO DR SWIFT.

May 1. 1733.

I SHOULD have anſwered your's of the 22d of March long ago; but that I have had ſome trouble and frights. The uneaſineſs I was under made me neglect what at another time would have been agreeable to myſelf, Mrs Chambers's younger ſiſter, having had the ſmall-pox; but now perfectly well. Mrs Floyd too has been exceſſively bad with her winter-cough and diſpiritedneſs; but country-air, I think, has a little revived her.

His Grace of Dorſet bids me preſent his humble ſervice to you, and ſays, the rectory of Churchtown is at Mr Stafford Lightburne's ſervice. As to the Counteſs of Suffolk's affair in diſpute, I cannot poſſibly (according to your own juſt rule) be angry, becauſe I am in the right. It

is

is you ought to be angry, and never forgive her, becauſe you have been ſo much in the wrong, as to condemn her, without the ſhew of juſtice; and I wiſh, with all my heart, as a judgment upon you, that you had ſeen her, as I did, when the news of your friend's * death came; for though you are a proud parſon, yet (give you, devil, your due) you are a ſincere, good-natured, honeſt one. I am extremely Mrs Kelly's humble ſervant; but I will never believe ſhe is more valued for her beauty and good qualities in Ireland than ſhe was in England. The exciſe you mention has cauſed great changes here. Some that I am ſorry for; although I will not enter into the merits of the cauſe, becauſe of my averſion from politics. But if you did diſlike it, why did you beſtow ſuch a coſtly funeral upon it, as to burn its bones on a ſumptuous pile, like a Roman emperor?

Adieu, my ever honoured old friend; and do not let me ſee any more reſpects or ladyſhips from you.

LETTER DLVII.

MISS KELLY TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *Jarvis-ſtreet, May* 4. 1733.

I AM ſure if you knew what I have ſuffered for having offended you, your anger would be

* Mr Gay.

be changed into pity; for indeed, Sir, my uneaſineſs cannot be expreſſed. Of all the misfortunes I ever met with, this has given me the greateſt concern; for your friendſhip is an honour that the whole world are ambitious of; but I received from it more than ordinary ſatisfaction. Judge then, Sir, how unhappy I now am; and for God's ſake, forgive what is paſt, and be aſſured my future conduct ſhall be ſuch, that you never again ſhall have cauſe of complaint againſt me.—I own you have reaſon to condemn my impertinence; but as I had not the leaſt intention to offend, I hope it will, in ſome meaſure, leſſen the fault. Indeed, Sir, if you will be ſo good to pardon me, I will make any atonement in my power; and it will much add to the other obligations you have already conferred upon me. My health is ſo much impaired, that it is but too probable that I ſhall not live very long; and methinks it would be very hard to have the ſhort time that is allotted for me made more miſerable than continual ſickneſs can make it. This muſt be the caſe, if you do not, once more, receive me into your favour: Nothing I deſire half ſo much: And do aſſure you I ſpent ſo bad a night from the thoughts of my misfortune, that could you have an idea of it, you would have been ſorry for me. You might have ſeen how depreſſed I was at ſupper; but not my indiſpoſition, but your cold behaviour was the real occaſion of it.—What ſhall I ſay, or do, to influence you to pardon me? If true repentance

for

for my crime, and a firm reſolution to be upon my guard for the future againſt any inadvertent expreſſions that can give offence, will plead any thing in my favour, you will be ſo good to pardon me; for I can affirm, that I will never offend you again. Try me then, good Sir; and if it is poſſible, both forget and forgive the errors I have been guilty of.

If you are not determined to continue my unhappineſs, I muſt beg the favour of you, to ſend me a line to aſſure me of my being pardoned; for my uneaſineſs cannot be removed without it. I hope too, Sir, that I ſhall have the honour of ſeeing you before I go, that I may in perſon acknowledge how much I owe you, and with what ſatisfaction I receive your forgiveneſs; and, for God's ſake, Sir, look upon me as you were wont to do, for I cannot bear your coldneſs.

I propoſe, when I go to Briſtol to follow your advice, and ſhould be much obliged to you, if you would recommend me to thoſe books that you think moſt proper for me: And if it pleaſe God that I recover, you ſhall find, that by the honour you have done me in adviſing me to improve my mind, the deficiencies of my education will be made up, and I ſhall be more worthy of your eſteem.

I ſhould beg pardon for the length of this, but that I ſtill could write on to aſk your forgiveneſs; who am, Sir, with true reſpect and regard, your moſt obliged and moſt humble ſervant,

F. A. KELLY.

LETTER

LETTER DLVIII.

May 28. 1733.

I HAVE begun two or three letters to you by ſnatches, and been prevented from finiſhing them by a thouſand avocations and diſſipations. I muſt firſt acknowledge the honour done me by Lord Orrery, whoſe praiſes are the precious ointment Solomon ſpeaks of, which can be given only by men of virtue. All other praiſe, whether from poets or peers, is contemptible alike: And I am old enough, and experienced enough, to know that the only praiſes worth having, are thoſe beſtowed *by* virtue *for* virtue. My poetry I abandon to the critics, my morals I commit to the teſtimony of thoſe who know me; and therefore I was more pleaſed with your libel, than with any verſes I ever received. I wiſh ſuch a collection of your writings could be printed here, as you mention going on in Ireland. I was ſurpriſed to receive from the printer that ſpurious piece, called 'The Life and Cha-'racter of Dr Swift,' with a letter, telling me, the perſon "who publiſhed it, had aſſured him "the dedication to me was what I would not "take ill, or elſe he would not have printed it." I can't tell who the man is, who took ſo far upon him as to anſwer for my way of thinking; though, had the thing been genuine, I ſhould have been greatly diſpleaſed at the publiſher's part, in doing it without your knowledge.

I am as earneſt as you can be, in doing my beſt to prevent the publiſhing of any thing unworthy of Mr Gay; but I fear his friends partiality. I wiſh you would come over. All the myſteries of my philoſophical work ſhall then be cleared to you, and you will not think that I am not merry enough, nor angry enough. It will not want for ſatire; but as for anger, I know it not; or at leaſt only that ſort of which the Apoſtle ſpeaks, "Be ye angry, and ſin not.'

My neighbour's * writings have been metaphyſical, and will next be hiſtorical. It is certainly from him only that a reaſonable hiſtory of Europe in theſe latter times can be expected. Come and quicken him; for age, indolence, and contempt of the world, grow upon men apace, and may often make the wiſeſt indifferent whether poſterity be any wiſer than we. To a man in years, health and quiet become ſuch rarities, and conſequently ſo valuable, that he is apt to think of nothing more than of enjoying them whenever he can, for the remainder of life; and this, I doubt not, has cauſed ſo many great men to die without leaving a ſcrap to poſterity.

I am ſincerely troubled for the bad account you give me of your own health. I wiſh every day to hear a better, as much as I do to enjoy my own. I faithfully aſſure you.

LETTER

* Lord Bolingbroke.

LETTER DLIX.

MRS PENDARVES TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *London, May* 29. 1733.

YOU will find, to your coſt, that a woman's pen, when encouraged, is as bad as a woman's tongue: Blame yourſelf, not me: Had I never known the pleaſure of receiving a letter from you, I ſhould not have perſecuted you now. I think (a little to juſtify this bold attack) that I am obliged, by all the rules of civility, to give you an account of the letter you charged me with: I delivered it into my Lord Bathurſt's hands; he read it before me: I looked ſilly upon his aſking me, What you meant by the Foſſet affair? and was obliged to explain it to him in my own defence, which gave him the diverſion I believe you deſigned it ſhould. We then talked of your vineyard: He ſeemed pleaſed with every ſubject that related to you, and I was very ready to indulge him that way. I did not forget to brag of your favours to me; if you intended I ſhould keep them a ſecret, I have ſpoiled all; for I have not an acquaintance of any worth that I have not told how happy I have been in your company. Every body loves to be envied, and this is the only way I have of raiſing peoples envy. I hope, Sir, you will forgive me, and let

me know if I have *behaved myſelf* * right: I think I can hardly do wrong as long as I am, Sir, your moſt obliged and moſt obedient ſervant,

M. PENDARVES.

Mrs Donnellan is much your humble ſervant, and as vain of your favours as I am.

LETTER DLX.

THE DUTCHESS OF —— TO DR SWIFT.

Ameſbury, May 31. 1733.

I AM now again your Tunbridge correſpondent. His Grace and I have been here this fortnight, with no other company than bricklayers and labourers. We are throwing down a a parcel of walls, that blocked us up every way, and making a ſunk fence round the houſe. This will make the place as chearful again, and we find great entertainment by inſpecting the work. Since I came here, even I have often got up by ſix in the morning, (I deſigned it always), and the whole houſe are faſt aſleep before twelve. This

* Dr Swift never could endure to hear any one ſay, Such a one *behaved* well, *&c. Behaved? Behaved what?* he uſed to aſk with ſome kind of emotion. I remember his giving me an account how he rebuked my Lord Carteret for this, and that my Lord promiſed him not to be guilty of the like for the future. The *Italick* mark under theſe words in the original, proves that Mrs Pendarves refers to ſome rebuke of this kind.

This I call good hours. I walk as much as I am able, ſometimes rather more. We ſometimes ride, though not often: For the evenings and mornings are very cold, and the middle of the day violently hot. North-eaſt winds continually, and ſuch want of rain, that the ground is hard as iron. I am the moſt temperate creature in my diet you ever knew; yet with all my care, I cannot be well. I believe, if I am never guilty of a greater fault, I ſhall meet with very little reſentment, either public or private. They are the faults in the world ſooneſt forgot, and the ſeldomeſt truly repented. Let that be as it will, ſince health is undoubtedly the moſt valuable thing in life, I ſhall do all I can to obtain it. This makes me conſent to a thing in the world I am moſt averſe to, that is, going to the Spaw about a month or ſix weeks hence. I wiſh it was good for your complaints, that we might be there together. Really if you think it will be of any uſe to you, and that you can order your affairs ſo as to make it poſſible, depend upon it we ſhall make it our ſtudy, and a very agreeable one too, to make you as eaſy and happy as it is in the power of people (not of a very troubleſome diſpoſition) to contrive. Your complaint and mine are not very different, as I imagine. Mine is a ſort of dizzineſs, which generally goes off by the head-ach. Some learned people give it a name I do not know how to ſpell, a *vertico*, or *vertigo*. Pray underſtand that I, really and truly, do not only ſay, but mean, that I wiſh

you could either meet us at the Spaw, or at London, to go on with us; and in this I am ſure I ſhall never change my mind. If it can do you any good, I feel myſelf enough your friend to reſent it extremely, if you miſs this opportunity. This you will believe if you knew what obligations I have to you. I am generally poor in ſpirit, or quarrelling with myſelf, for being good for nothing. When a letter comes from you, it does not only entertain and revive me, but inſtantly I fancy I ought to have a good opinion of myſelf; which is of very great uſe to have, provided it is kept within juſt bounds. I ſhall punctually obey your commands concerning that poem; but I think you may be perfectly eaſy on that account; for I ſaw it before I left London, and heard ſeveral people talk of it; and the general opinion was, that you had no hand in it, but that the thing happened juſt as you ſay. I think you need not be much diſturbed at it. The other trouble you mention I can allow of. Philoſophy cannot make ſuch things not be; the moſt it can pretend to is, to help people to patience. I am heartily ſorry you have any particular occaſion for any. Is your law-ſuit ſtill in being? Perhaps I may be impertinent; but I remember you once mentioned ſomething of that kind.

I am pretty well ſatisfied any thing is bad for the head that fills it too full; therefore I adviſe you to unbend your thoughts and aſk my advice: if it ſhould prove good, take it; if not, leave it.

I ſhould be mighty glad to be of ſervice to you; in making me ſo, you would ſhew kindneſs to the memory of your very ſincere friend, and be kind to me. You may depend upon me, both for his ſake and your own. I will endeavour to convey your meſſages to Lady Catharine and Charlotte as ſoon as poſſible. The firſt I have not converſed with this year and half; I believe ſhe is nobody's friend, but I more than believe that nobody is her's. I have a brother, that I dare anſwer you would like, if you knew him perfectly, not elſe. I love and honour him, and he deſerves it. When his Grace goes to London, which will be very ſoon, your money ſhall be as you ordered. He is mightily ſhocked at ſome ſpeeches. He is not by juſt now, or undoubtedly he would think you deſerve to have them returned. It is lucky for me, for I am come to the end of my paper. Note, without an excuſe.

LETTER DLXI.

MISS KELLY TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *Briſtol Hot-well, June* 2. 1733.

I HEAR my agreeable fellow-traveller has been beforehand with me in paying her compliments to you; but I cannot be ſurpriſed at that; for ſhe was formed to get the better of me in every thing; but reſpecting and eſteeming you. That, indeed, nobody can do; for both grati-

tude and taſte conſpire to make me truly your friend and ſervant.

I have been, ſince I came here, very low-ſpirited; the companions I had, ſome part of my journey, leſſened my illneſs, or at leaſt I felt not with them the ſame weight that I did upon their leaving me: And I have often wiſhed myſelf again in Ireland to enjoy converſation; for I really believe it is one excellent cure for moſt diſorders. This is the dulleſt place that ever was known: There is not above half a dozen families, and thoſe are cits with great fortunes, or Iriſh impertinents; the former deſpiſes one becauſe their cloaths are finer than your's; and the latter has no view in keeping you company but to report your faults. This makes me avoid all communication with them, and only in the morning I go to the wells: And, I thank God, I can ſpend my time far better; for either writing to my friends, reading, walking, and riding, find me full employment, and leave me not a wiſh for ſuch company as the place affords. Doctor Lane (who by character is a ſecond Æſculapius, and can raiſe people from the dead) is my phyſician, and gives me great hopes of a ſpeedy amendment: and as I take his medicines regularly, and am up at ſix in the morning, breakfaſt at eight, dine at one, ſup at ſeven, I hope I may in time find ſome benefit: nor does either the aſs's milk or waters diſagree with me; and I think my appetite is rather better. I wiſh to heaven it was agreeable to your affairs to come here;

here; for I am ſure you would like the ſituation of the houſe that I lodge in: It has the command of ſuch a proſpect, that I ſhould do it injuſtice to attempt to deſcribe it; but the variety of the ſcene is ſuch, that one diſcovers new beauties in it every day. I hope you will continue your former goodneſs to me, and let me have the honour of hearing from you ſometimes; for, in reality, nobody is more ſincerely your well-wiſher than Sir, your moſt obliged and moſt faithful humble ſervant.

F. A. KELLY.

Your expedition to Tallow * makes a very fine figure in print; but ſince you have made this diſcovery, I think you ought to fly to us; for if Dublin be in danger, the deanry-houſe cannot be a ſafe retreat for you. I wiſh any thing would ſend Barber here; for I was at the Bath to ſee ſome of my friends, and was forced to ſwear that only the want of health kept her book from being publiſhed. I am ſure you will be glad to hear, that a lady of very good underſtanding, that is a particular friend of mine, comes to me next week to ſtay while I do: her name is Rooke, admiral Rooke's ſon's Lady.

LETTER

* The country-ſeat of the Archbiſhop of Dublin.

LETTER DLXII.

LADY B—— G—— TO DR SWIFT.

June. 5. 1733.

HAs Mr Stafford Lightburne's friend got the gout in his fingers? or is he ſo buſy in meaſuring the water, and caſting a figure to know the exact time when to ſet his friends a-ſwimming, that he can't find one moment to let me know that he received my letter, written a month ago, to inform you that his Grace would chearfully and readily obey your commands? However, I am again ordered by him to tell you, that the warrant will be ſent to Dublin by next poſt; ſo pray let Mr Lightburne be ready to make his perſonal appearance, leſt they ſhould not elſe know how to find him. It was well you needed no interceſſor to his Grace; and that the no-promiſe from him, and the one-word from you is of much more weight than my rhetoric: for I have been ſo horribly uſed by a naſty griping brother black-coat, in a ſmall three-and-ſixpence affair of my own, that I don't know whether I ſhould not have done like you of the faction, revenge myſelf of the innocent, for the ſake of one biſhop and miniſter, that, I ſay, has cheated, fleeced, and flead me, juſt as if they had been South-Sea or Eaſt-India directors.

You are angry if I do not mention Mrs Floyd

to

to you; ſo I muſt tell you, ſhe is gone for a little time into the country, to try if that will ever cure her cough. I am heartily ſorry for your new friend Mrs Kelly, who writes in a deſponding way to Mrs Chambers about her health, and talks of going to Spaw. This is a melancholy ſubject, and I hate to be vexed; ſo I will ſay no more of it; but adieu, my dear Dean, and let me hear from you ſoon.

LETTER DLXIII.

FROM DR SWIFT.

Dublin, July 8. 1733.

I MUST condole with you for the loſs of Mrs Pope, of whoſe death the papers have been full *. But I would rather rejoice with you, becauſe, if any circumſtances can make the death of a dear parent and friend a ſubject for joy, you have them all. She died in an extreme old age, without pain, under the care of the moſt dutiful ſon that I have ever known or heard of, which is a felicity not happening to one in a million. The worſt effect of her death falls upon me; and ſo much the worſe, becauſe I expected *aliquis damno uſus in illo*, that it would be followed by making me and this kingdom happy with your preſence. But I am told, to my great misfortune, that a very convenient offer happening, you waved the invitation preſſed on you, alledging

* Mrs Pope died June 7. 1733, aged ninety-three.

alledging the fear you had of being killed here with eating and drinking. By which I find, that you have given ſome credit to a notion, of our great plenty and hoſpitality. It is true, our meat and wine is cheaper here, as it is always in the pooreſt countries, becauſe there is no money to pay for them. I believe there are not in this whole city three gentlemen out of employment, who are able to give entertainments once a-month. Thoſe who are in employments of church or ſtate, are three parts in four from England, and amount to little more than a dozen: Thoſe indeed may once or twice invite their friends, or any perſon of diſtinction that makes a voyage hither. All my acquaintance tell me, they know not above three families where they can occaſionally dine in a whole year. Dr Delany is the only gentleman I know, who keeps one certain day in the week to entertain ſeven or eight friends at dinner, and to paſs the evening; where there is nothing of exceſs, either in eating or drinking. Our old friend Southern (who hath juſt left us) was invited to dinner, once or twice by a judge, a biſhop, or a commiſſioner of the revenues; but moſt frequented a few particular friends, and chiefly the Doctor, who is eaſy in his fortune, and very hoſpitable. The conveniencies of taking the air, winter or ſummer, do far exceed thoſe in London. For the two large ſtrands juſt at two ends of the town, are as firm and dry in winter as in ſummer. There are at leaſt ſix or eight gentlemen

of

of ſenſe, learning, good-humour, and taſte, able and deſirous to pleaſe you; and orderly females, ſome of the better ſort, to take care of you. Theſe were the motives that I have frequently made uſe of to entice you hither. And there would be no failure among the beſt people here, of any honours that could be done you. As to myſelf, I declare, my health is ſo uncertain that I dare not venture among you at preſent. I hate the thoughts of London, where I am not rich enough to live otherwiſe than by ſhifting, which is now too late. Neither can I have conveniencies in the country for three horſes and two ſervants, and many others, which I have here at hand. I am one of the governors of all the hackney-coaches, carts, and carriages round this town, who dare not inſult me, like your raſcally waggoners or coachmen, but give me the way: Nor is there one lord or 'ſquire for a hundred of your's, to turn me out of the road, or run over me with their coaches and ſix. Thus I make ſome advantage of the public poverty; and give you the reaſons for what I once writ, why I chuſe to be a freeman among ſlaves, rather than a ſlave among freemen. Then I walk the ſtreets in peace without being juſtled, nor even without a thouſand bleſſings from my friends, the vulgar. I am Lord Mayor of 120 houſes, I am abſolute lord of the greateſt cathedral in the kingdom, am at peace with the neighbouring princes, the Lord Mayor of the city, and the Archbiſhop of Dublin; only the latter, like the King of France,

France, ſometimes attempts incroachments on my dominions, as old Lewis did upon Lorrain. In the midſt of this raillery, I can tell you, with ſerioufneſs, that theſe advantages contribute to my eaſe, and therefore I value them. And in one part of your letter relating to my Lord B—— and yourſelf, you agree with me entirely, about the indifference, the love of quiet, the care of health, *&c.* that grow upon men in years. And if you diſcover thoſe inclinations in my Lord and yourſelf, what can you expect from me, whoſe health is ſo precarious? and yet, at your or his time of life, I could have leaped over the moon.

LETTER DXLIV.

MISS KELLY TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Briſtol, July* 8. 1733.

I CANNOT expreſs how much pleaſure your letter gave me; to ſay that it ſurpaſſed the anxiety your ſilence gave me, is all the deſcription I am able to make. Indeed I had a thouſand fears about you; your health was my firſt care, and yet I thought, that the gods muſt take care of Cato; but I too fearfully apprehended that the whole club had quite forgotten the moſt unworthy member that ever entered into their ſociety. For though you writ to others, your hands were uſeleſs to me; and of all our little ſet none remained unbleſſed but myſelf; but

but as your letter has made me full amends for every thing beſide, I muſt be laviſh in my thanks.

I am apt to believe that I really died on the road, as it was reported; for I am certainly not the ſame creature I once was; for I am grown fonder of reading than of any other amuſement, and except when health calls me on horſeback, I find my only joys at home; but my life indeed has received great addition in its pleaſures, by Mrs Rooke's being ſo good to come down to me; ſhe has all the qualities that can make an agreeable companion and friend: We live together without form, but have all the complacence for each other that true friendſhip inſpires. You are ſenſible that two people cannot always like the ſame thing: This we make eaſy, by following our inclinations; for if ſhe likes to walk, ſhe walks, and I do whatever I like better. Would to God you were with us to complete our happineſs. I had a letter from Mrs Cleland to inquire about you; ſhe ſays, ſhe hears you are coming to England: Surely if you were, you would tell me ſo; for few things in life could give me more true delight than the ſight of you.

You are extremely good to enter into my affairs: All marks you give me of your friendſhip, increaſes my eſteem for you, and makes me bear the common rubs of life with patience. I have really been often tempted to let you into all my ſecrets; but the thought that you only could receive uneaſineſs from them, and that even your advice could not remove the leaſt painful of

them, hindered me from it: For to thoſe I beſt love I ſtill remain upon theſe heads reſerved. Indeed the cauſe of my complaints is of ſuch a nature, that it cannot well be told. The unhappy life of a near relation muſt give one a pain in the very repeating of it, that cannot be deſcribed. For ſurely to be the daughter of a Colonel Chartres, muſt, to a rational being, give the greateſt anxiety; for who would have a father at ſeventy publicly tried for an attempt of a rape? Such a *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, is ſhocking, I think. For if a man muſt do wrong, he ſhould aim a little higher than the enjoyment of a kitchen-maid, that he finds obſtinately virtuous. In ſhort, dear Sir, I have been fool enough to let ſuch things make an impreſſion on me, which, ſpite of good conſtitution, much ſpirits, and uſing a great deal of exerciſe, has brought me to what I am. Were I without a mother, (I mean, had I loſt her in my infancy, and not known her goodneſs), I could ſtill better have borne the ſteps that were taken; but whilſt I ſaw how laviſh *he* was upon his dirty wenches, I had frequent accounts that my mother was half ſtarved abroad. She brought him ſixteen thouſand pounds fortune, and having borne ſevere uſage for near twenty years, had reſolution enough to part with him, and choſe to take two hundred and fifty pounds *per annum* ſeparate maintenance, rather than bear any longer: And as ſhe could not live here upon ſuch an income, ſhe has baniſhed herſelf, and lives retired in a country-town in France.——

His

His late letters to me have been kind, and hitherto he has ſupplied me well; but in his laſt, he tells me, he ſhall not ſee me till September.

What you ſay is perfectly right, and I propoſe returning to the club as ſoon as my health will permit me: but how long this may prove, I know not; for I muſt ſtill purſue this cruel God * that flies me.

I ſhall go from hence, I believe, in a week; for Lane only pours down medicines for the ſake of the apothecary, and though he reaps the benefit of them, I receive none; and as he has not allowed me to drink the waters theſe three weeks, I can have no buſineſs here; ſo ſhall follow Holling's advice, and remove to Kenſington or Hampſtead with the utmoſt expedition; therefore I muſt beg the favour of you to incloſe your letters for me, to William Cleland, Eſq; commiſſioner of taxes in St Stephen's Court, Weſtminſter. I have diſobeyed orders in writing ſo long a letter; but I will not do this again: So now be ſo good to excuſe the tediouſneſs of, Sir, your moſt obliged, and moſt faithful humble ſervant.

FRANCES ARABELLA KELLY.

Write to me as often as you can, and make my compliments to all friends.

Mrs Pendarves is gone down with Lady Weymouth, whoſe fortune was five thouſand pounds, and has for jointure two thouſand five hundred a-year, and five hundred a-year pin-money.

* The God of Health poetically expreſſed.

LETTER DLXV.

LADY B——— G——— TO DR SWIFT.

Knole, 9th July 1733.

NOW, ſays parſon Swift *, what the devil makes this woman write to me with this filthy white ink? I cannot read a word of it, without more trouble than her ſilly ſcribble is worth. Why, ſay I again: Ay, it is the women are always accuſed of having bad writing implements; but, to my comfort be it ſpoke, this is his Grace my Lord Lieutenant's ink. My bureau at London is ſo well furniſhed, and his Grace and his ſecretary make ſo much uſe of it, that they are often obliged to give half a crown, that I may not run out my eſtate in paper. It is very happy when a go-between pleaſes both ſides, and I am very well pleaſed with my office; for his Grace is delighted that it was in his power to oblige you. So *treve de compliment.* Since I have declared my paſſion againſt a biſhop and a parſon, it is but fair I ſhould tell you the ſtory, whether you care to hear it or not: But if you do not, I give you leave not to mind it, for now it is over, I am calm again.

As to the † biſhop, I know neither his principles nor his parts, but his dioceſe is Peterborough; and

* The name ſhe called the Dean by in the ſtanza which ſhe inſerted in his ballad on 'The Game of Traffic.'

† Dr Robert Clavering.

and having a ſmall park in Northamptonſhire, which I had a mind to increaſe by a ſmall addition, to make my houſe ſtand in the middle of it. Three ſhillings and ſixpence worth of land, at the largeſt computation, belongs to the church; for which my old parſon (who flatters me black and blue, when he comes from a Sunday dinner, and ſays he loves me better than any body in the world) has made me give him up, in lieu of that land, a houſe and ground that lets for 40s. a-year, and is hardly content with that, but reckons it a vaſt favour. And the biſhop has put me to ten times more charge than it is worth, by ſending commiſſioners to view it, and making me give petitions, and dancing me through his court; beſides, a great dinner to his naſty people. Now, am I not in the right to be angry? But perhaps you will ſay, if I will have my fancies I muſt pay for them; ſo I will ſay no more about it. I hear poor Mrs Kelly is not near ſo well as ſhe ſays; and a gentleman that came from Briſtol, ſays ſhe looks dreadfully, and fears it is almoſt over with her, and that no mortal could know her: So ends youth and beauty! That is ſuch a moral reflection, that, leſt it ſhould make you melancholy, I will tell you ſomething to pleaſe you. Your old friend Mrs Floyd is perfectly recovered. I think I have not ſeen her ſo well this great while; but winter is always her bane, ſo I ſhall live in dread of that.

In your next I deſire to know what I am in

your debt for my ſiſter's monument. Adieu, my dear, good, old, beloved friend.

LETTER DLXVI.

MRS PENDARVES TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *Gloceſter, July* 21. 1733.

MAY I ſay, without offending you, that I was overjoyed at the honour you did me in anſwering my letter? and don't call me formal, when I aſſure you, that I think myſelf made happy by ſuch a diſtinction. It was ſtupidity in me not to let you know where to addreſs me, but I don't repent of it; I have, by that means, tried your zeal; but I am afraid your good breeding, more than your inclination, procured me that favour. I am reſolved to be even with you for what you ſay about my writing, and will write henceforward to you as careleſsly as I can; if it is not legible, thank yourſelf. I don't wonder at the envy of the ladies, when you are pleaſed to ſpeak of me with ſome regard; I give them leave to exerciſe their malice on an occaſion that does me ſo much honour. I proteſt I am not afraid of you, and would appear quite natural to you, in hopes of your rewarding my openneſs and ſincerity by correcting what you diſapprove of. And ſince I have not now an opportunity of receiving your favours of pinching and beating, make me amends by chiding me for every word

word that is falſe ſpelt, and for my bad Engliſh; you ſee what you are like to ſuffer: If this promiſes you too much trouble, don't give me ſo much encouragement in your next letter; for, upon ſomething in your laſt, I have almoſt perſuaded myſelf, that by your aſſiſtance, and my own earneſt deſire, I may, in time, become worthy of your care. Vanity ſtands at my elbow all this while, and animates me by a thouſand agreeable promiſes; without her encouragement I ſhould never have preſumed to correſpond with the Dean of St Patrick's. Some ſay ſhe is a miſchievous companion; I ſwear ſhe is a pleaſant one: You muſt not be angry with me for keeping her company; for I had very little acquaintance with her till I had received ſome marks of your favour.

I received your letter but a little while before I left London: I attended Lord and Lady Weymouth down to Long-Leat, and left them with a proſpect of as much happineſs as matrimony can give; they are pleaſed with one another at preſent, and I hope that will continue. My Lord and Lady Carteret are both ſatisfied with the diſpoſal of their daughter in ſo advantageous a ſtation. Common report wrongs my Lord Weymouth; for which reaſon, as I am his friend, I muſt tell you his good qualities: He has honour and good-nature, and does not want for ſenſe; he loves the country, and inclines a little too much to his ſtable and dog-kennel; but he keeps a very hoſpitable good houſe, and is always

ready

ready to relieve thoſe in diſtreſs: His Lady Dr Delany can give you a character of, and is what I believe you will approve of. I came from Long-Leat laſt Saturday, and am now at Gloceſter with my mother and ſiſter. My Lord Bathurſt was here about a fortnight ago; I was ſorry to miſs of him: I have a double reaſon for liking his company. He has made me promiſe to pay him a viſit at Oakly Wood, which I certainly will do; I ſhall with great reſignation ſubmit to any puniſhment you convey through his hands. I wiſh you could make your words good, and that I was a ſorcereſs; I ſhould then ſet all my charms to work to bring you to England, and ſhould expect a general thankſgiving for employing my ſpells to ſo good a purpoſe. The Syren* has lately been at Oxford; we parted very unwillingly: She is extremely obliged to you for remembering her ſo favourably. I am glad Mr Donnellan pleaſes you; I know he has a high value for you, and I agree with you in thinking him a moſt deſerving young man. My Lord Lanſdown is much at your ſervice, laments the days that are paſt; and we conſtantly drink your health in champaign, clear as your thoughts, and ſparkling as your wit. Lord and Lady Carteret, and my Lady Worſley, all talk kindly of you, and join their wiſhes to mine for your coming among us. I requeſt it of you to make my humble ſervice acceptable to thoſe friends of your's that are ſo good

* Perhaps this was Miſs Kelly.

good as to remember me. I am, Sir, your moſt obliged and faithful humble ſervant,

M. PENDARVES.

Be pleaſed to direct for me at Mrs Granville's, Gloceſter.

LETTER DLXVII.

TO THE BISHOP OF CLOGHER *.

MY LORD, *July*, 1733.

I HAVE been often told by ſome of our common acquaintance that you have ſometimes expreſſed your wonder that I never waited on you for ſome years paſt, as I uſed to do for many years before; and that you could not gueſs the reaſon, becauſe, to your knowledge, you never once diſobliged me. As nothing is more common than dropping acquaintance by the uſual occurrences of life, without any fault on either ſide, I never intended to ſay or think any thing of the matter, until a late proceeding of your's, which no way relates to me, put me upon a deſire of finding matter to juſtify you to your friends here, as well as to myſelf; becauſe I always wiſhed you well, and becauſe I have been more than once inſtrumental to your ſervice. When I firſt came acquainted with you, we were both private clergymen in a neighbourhood: You were

* Dr John Stearne.

were afterwards Chancellor of St Patrick's; then was choſen Dean, in which election I was the moſt buſy of all your ſolicitors. When the compromiſe was made between the government and you, to make you eaſy, and Dr Synge Chancellor, you abſolutely and frequently promiſed to give me the curacy of St Nicholas Without: But you thought fit, by concert with the Archbiſhop, to hold it yourſelf, and apply the revenue to build another church; againſt which it became me to ſay nothing, being a party concerned and injured, although it was generally thought by others, as well as myſelf, that it was an ill and dangerous precedent to build a church with the revenue of the miniſter. I deſire no thanks for being inſtrumental in your next promotion, becauſe, as things then ſtood, I conſulted my own advantage. However, upon the Queen's death, when I had done for ever with courts, I returned to reſide at my poſt, yet with ſome kind of hopes of getting ſome credit with you; very unwiſely: Becauſe, upon the affair of St Nicholas, I had told you frankly, That I would always reſpect you, but never hope for the leaſt friendſhip from you. But, trying to forget all former treatment, I came like others to your houſe; and, ſince you were a biſhop, have once or twice recommended perſons to you, who were no relations or friends of mine, but merely for their general good character: Which availed ſo little, that thoſe very perſons had the greateſt ſhare of your neglect. I then gave o-

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ver all thoughts of being inſtrumental to place merit and virtue under your protection by my recommendations; and as I was ever averſe from mingling with multitudes and ſtrangers, I forbore by degrees to be a partaker of your hoſpitality, rather than purchaſe a ſhare of it at ſo dear a rate. This is the hiſtory of my conduct with regard to your Lordſhip: And it is now a a great comfort to me, that I acted in this manner. For, otherwiſe, when theſe two abominable bills, for enſlaving and beggaring the clergy, (which took their birth from hell), were upon the anvil, if I had found your Lordſhip's name among the biſhops who would have turned them into a law, I might have been apt to diſcover ſuch marks of indignation, horror, and deſpair, both in words and deportment, as would have ill become me to a perſon of your ſtation. For I call God to witneſs, that I did then, and do now, and ſhall for ever firmly believe, that every biſhop, who gave his vote for either of theſe bills, did it with no other view (bating further promotion) than a premeditated deſign, from the ſpirit of ambition and love of arbitrary power, to make the whole body of the clergy their ſlaves and vaſſals until the day of judgement, under the load of poverty and contempt. I have no room for more charitable thoughts, except for thoſe who will anſwer now, as they muſt at that dreadful day, that what they did was out of perfect ignorance, want of conſideration, hope of future promotion; (an argument

not

not to be conquered), or the perſuaſion of cunninger brethren than themſelves; when I ſaw a biſhop, whom I had known ſo many years, fall into the ſame *ſnare*, which word I uſe in partiality to your Lordſhip. Upon this open avowed attempt, in almoſt the whole bench, to deſtroy the church, I reſolved to have no more commerce with perſons of ſuch prodigious grandeur, who I feared, in a little time, would expect me to kiſs their ſlipper. It is happy for me that I know the perſons of very few biſhops, and it is my conſtant rule never to look into a coach; by which I avoid the terror that ſuch a ſight would ſtrike me with.

In the beginning of my letter, I told your Lordſhip of a deſire to know the particulars of a late proceeding, which is in the mouths of many among your acquaintance, from ſome of whom I received the following account. That you have the great tythes of two livings in your dioceſe, which were let to ſome fanatic knight, whoſe name I forget. It ſeems you felt the beginning of a good motion in yourſelf, which was to give up thoſe tithes to the two incumbents, (the fanatic's leaſe being near out), either for a very ſmall reſerved rent, or entirely, provided you could do ſo without leſſening the revenue of the ſee. And the condition was, that your tenants among them ſhould raiſe the rents 150l. which was what the fanatic paid you for both the ſaid pariſhes. It is affirmed that Sir Ralph Gore, one of your tenants, much approving ſo generous

a propoſal, engaged to prevail on the tenants to agree, and offered a large advancement of his own part. The matter was thus fixed, when ſuddenly you changed your mind, and renewed the leaſe to the ſame fanatic for 300 l. fine. The reaſons of this ſingular action are ſaid to be two: The firſt is, That you declared you wanted power to reſiſt the temptation of ſuch a fine; the other, That you were diſſuaded from it by ſome of your brethern, as an example very dangerous, and of ill conſequence, if it ſhould be followed by others. This laſt I do not in the leaſt wonder at, becauſe ſuch advice is of the ſame leaven with the two enſlaving and beggaring bills. I profeſs to your Lordſhip, that I have no other motive in deſiring to be ſatisfied upon this point than a reſolution to juſtify you to the world, as far as the truth will give me power. I am, *&c.*

LETTER DLXVIII.

LORD MAYOR OF LONDON * TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *Goldſmiths-hall, Aug.* 6. 1733.

I THANK you heartily for your kind and affectionate letter, and I beg your pardon for not anſwering it ſooner.

I agree with you, that I had the happineſs of learning honeſt principles early, from a ſet of

* Alderman Barber.

great men, who will ever be an honour and an ornament to their country: And it is my greateſt glory, that in the late affair of the Exciſe Bill (though I did nothing but my duty, and what every honeſt man in my ſtation would have done) I acted conſiſtent with thoſe honeſt principles, and that my enemies, as well as friends, have generally approved my conduct. And believe me, Sir, I ſpeak it with great ſincerity, that when I conſider how ſparingly you and ſome other friends, have been of your praiſes, your approbation affords me the greateſt pleaſure imaginable, as it gives me that inward peace of mind, which the whole world could not purchaſe.

My Lord Orrery's amiable qualities muſt make him the delight of all with you, as he is truly ſo with us; and when he comes over, *your loſs will be our gain*, as the proverb ſays.

I know nothing of Mr Pilkington's affairs or expences; what the city allows him is never paid till the end of the year: I have preſented him at twice with forty pounds, which I deſign to make fifty; which ſum has but one precedent: Generally they have but thirty of the Mayor. His behaviour is very well, and he is generally eſteemed.

I ſhall have great regard to your recommendations in favour of Mrs Barber, and ſhall not fail of doing her any ſervice in my power. I have been thought to be a lucky man; but this year *fortune has been my foe*, for I have no death happened

pened in my year (a fidler excepted) yet, nor have made 500l. in all. But my friends ſay it is made up in fame.

I am very ſorry your ill health continues; for I flattered myſelf with being very happy with you and ſome friends, on the important ſubject of the Cap of Maintenance, Cuſtard, the Sword, and many other laudable things in the Lord Mayor's houſe; and I yet hope to have that felicity, for there are three months to come; and who knows what may happen in that time? Nay, I don't deſpair of ſeeing you ſettled with your friends here, before we are many years older. Don't ſtart! ſtranger things have happened very lately.

I was lately honoured at dinner with the Lords Bolingbroke, Carteret, Winchelſea, Gower, and Mr Pulteney; and among other things, your name was mentioned, and Lord Carteret inſtantly toaſted your health; and you were the ſubject of converſation for an hour. I ſhewed them your letter. I dare not mention what paſſed, becauſe I know I ſhall offend your modeſty; only one thing I will venture to repeat, That they all ſwore, that if ever the wind ſhould change, they would not long be deprived of the greateſt genius of the age. The converſation turning on another ſubject, Lord Carteret pulled me to the window, and bade me tell you, that he loved and honoured you, and ſo you ſhould find on all occaſions, and that he toaſted your health. This is literally true, upon the honour of a ——

I dined yeſterday with Lord Bolingbroke only; he complains you don't write to him: He is well.

They ſay you are making intereſt for my brother of Dublin to be a member of parliament; pray come over, and do the ſame for me, and have the credit of both. My brother behaves himſelf well *, I hear; if it is proper, my ſervice to him.

What you tell Mr Pilkington of my ſpeaking diſreſpectfully of the Iriſh is falſe and ſcandalous; I never uſed ſuch an expreſſion in my life: I appeal to all my acquaintance. I love the Iriſh.

Pray God reſtore your health; and believe me always, with gratitude, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

JOHN BARBER.

LETTER DLXIX.

MISS KELLY TO DR SWIFT.

London, Aug. 12. 1733.

I AM truly ſorry, my dear Sir, that I have not heard from you ſo long; but am much more concerned with Barber's account of your being not as well as I wiſh you. For God's ſake, try the change of air, and let not any other attachment

* This was Alderman French, an ironmonger, ſuppoſed by Dr Swift, and all others, to be the greateſt magiſtrate that ever lived in any age or nation.

ment than your health employ your thoughts. Conſider how dear you are to your friends; but if that won't do, let the deteſtation you muſt feel, from giving pleaſure to the unworthy, make you careful of yourſelf. Indeed I ſhould be glad to make you ſenſible, that you are valued by all that have a taſte for merit; and I ſhould be very much pleaſed, if you would think you owe ſo much to them, that you would, for their ſakes, preſerve yourſelf. Believe me, Sir, illneſs is not to be trifled with: I can ſpeak on this ſubject as an experienced perſon; and I earneſtly intreat you to take remedies in time. Forgive my impertinence, and be aſſured that none is more truly zealous for your welfare, than your,

F. A. KELLY.

LETTER DLXX.

DR SWIFT TO THE EARL OF ORRERY.

MY LORD, *Dublin, Aug.* 20. 1733.

I LATELY received a letter from Mrs Barber, wherein ſhe deſires my opinion about dedicating her poems to your Lordſhip; and ſeems in pain to know how far ſhe may be allowed to draw your character, which is a right claimed by all dedicators: And ſhe thinks this the more incumbent on her, from the ſurpriſing inſtances of your generoſity and favour that ſhe hath already received, and which ſhe hath been ſo un-

faſhionable to publiſh where-ever ſhe goes. This makes her apprehend, that all ſhe can ſay to your Lordſhip's advantage, will be interpreted as the mere effect of flattery, under the ſtyle and title of gratitude.

I ſent her word, that I could be of no ſervice to her upon this article: yet I confeſs, my Lord, that all thoſe who are thoroughly acquainted with her, will impute her encomiums to a ſincere, but overflowing ſpirit of thankfulneſs, as well as to the humble opinion ſhe hath of herſelf. Although the world in general may poſſibly continue in its uſual ſentiments, and liſt her in the common herd of dedicators.

Therefore, upon the moſt mature deliberation, I concluded, that the office of ſetting out your Lordſhip's character, will not come properly from her pen, for her own reaſons; I mean the great favours you have already conferred on her: and God forbid, that your character ſhould not have a much ſtronger ſupport. You are hourly gaining the love, eſteem, and reſpect of wiſe and good men: And in due time, if Mrs Barber can have but a little patience, you will bring them all over, in both kingdoms, to a man: I confeſs the number is not great; but that is not your Lordſhip's fault, and therefore, in reaſon, you ought to be contented.

I gueſs the topics ſhe intends to inſiſt on; your learning, your genius, your affability, generoſity, the love you bear to your native country, and your compaſſion for this: The goodneſs of your nature,

ture, your humility, modeſty, and condeſcenſion; your moſt agreeable converſation, ſuited to all tempers, conditions, and underſtandings; perhaps ſhe may be ſo weak to add the regularity of your life; that you believe a God and Providence; that you are a firm Chriſtian, according to the doctrine of the church eſtabliſhed in both kingdoms.

Theſe, and other topics, I imagine Mrs Barber deſigns to inſiſt on, in the dedication of her poems to your Lordſhip; but I think ſhe will better ſhew her prudence by omitting them all. And yet, my Lord, I cannot diſapprove of her ambition, ſo juſtly placed in the choice of a patron; and at the ſame time declare my opinion, that ſhe deſerveth your protection on account of her wit and good ſenſe, as well as of her humanity, her gratitude, and many other virtues. I have read moſt of her poems; and believe your Lordſhip will obſerve, that they generally contain ſomething new and uſeful, tending to the reproof of ſome vice or folly, or recommending ſome virtue. She never writes on a ſubject with general unconnected topics, but always with a ſcheme and method of driving to ſome particular end; wherein many writers in verſe, and of ſome diſtinction, are ſo often known to fail. In ſhort, ſhe ſeemeth to have a true poetical genius, better cultivated than could well be expected, either from her ſex, or the ſcene ſhe hath acted in, as the wife of a citizen: Yet I am aſſured, that no woman was ever more uſeful to her huſband

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in the way of buſineſs. Poetry hath only been her favourite amuſement; for which ſhe hath one qualification, that I wiſh all good poets poſſeſſed a ſhare of, I mean, that ſhe is ready to take advice, and ſubmit to have her verſes corrected by thoſe who are generally allowed to be the beſt judges.

I have, at her intreaty, ſuffered her to take a copy of this letter, and given her the liberty to make it public: For which I ought to deſire your Lordſhip's pardon: But ſhe was of opinion it might do her ſome ſervice, and therefore I complied. I am, my Lord, with the trueſt eſteem and reſpect, your Lordſhip's moſt obedient ſervant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

LETTER DLXXI.

Sept. 1. 1733.

I HAVE every day wiſhed to write to you, to ſay a thouſand things; and yet, I think, I ſhould not have writ to you now, if I was not ſick of writing any thing, ſick of myſelf, and (what is worſe) ſick of my friends too. The world is become too buſy for me; every body is ſo concerned for the public, that all private enjoyments are loſt or diſreliſhed. I write more to ſhew you I am tired of this life, than to tell you any thing relating to it. I live as I did, I think as I did, I love you as I did: But all theſe

are

are to no purpoſe; the world will not live, think, or love, as I do. I am troubled for, and vexed at all my friends by turns. Here are ſome whom you love, and who love you; yet they receive no proofs of that affection from you, and they give none of it to you. There is a great gulf between. In earneſt, I would go a thouſand miles by land to ſee you, but the ſea I dread. My ailments are ſuch, that I really believe a ſea-ſickneſs (conſidering the oppreſſion of colical pains, and the great weakneſs of my breaſt) would kill me: And if I did not die of that, I muſt of the exceſſive eating and drinking of your hoſpitable town, and the exceſſive flattery of your moſt poetical country. I hate to be crammed, either way. Let your hungry poets and your rhyming poets digeſt it, I cannot. I like much better to be abuſed and half ſtarved, than to be ſo over-praiſed and over-fed. Drown Ireland! for having caught you, and for having kept you. I only reſerve a little charity for her, for knowing your value, and eſteeming you. You are the only patriot I know, who is not hated for ſerving his country. The man who drew your character, and printed it here, was not much in the wrong in many things he ſaid of you: Yet he was a very impertinent fellow, for ſaying them in words quite different from thoſe you had yourſelf employed before on the ſame ſubject: For ſurely to alter your words is to prejudice them; and I have been told, that a man himſelf can hardly ſay the ſame thing twice over with equal

happineſs;

happineſs; nature is ſo much a better thing than artifice.

I have written nothing this year. It is no affectation to tell you my mother's loſs has turned my frame of thinking. The habit of a whole life is a ſtronger thing than all the reaſon in the world. I know I ought to be eaſy and to be free; but I am dejected, I am confined: My whole amuſement is in reviewing my paſt life, not in laying plans for my future. I wiſh you cared as little for popular applauſe as I; as little for any nation, in contradiſtinction to others, as I: and then I fancy, you are not afraid of the ſea; you that are a ſtronger man at ſixty than ever I was at twenty, would come and ſee ſeveral people, who are, (at laſt), like the primitive Chriſtians, of one ſoul and of one mind. The day is come, which I have often wiſhed, but never thought to ſee, when 'every mortal that I eſteem, is of the 'ſame ſentiments in politics and in religion.'

Adieu. All you love are your's; but all are buſy, except (dear Sir) your ſincere friend.

LETTER DLXXII.

MRS DONNELLAN TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *London, Sept.* 22. 1733.

KNOWING your great eſteem and tenderneſs for Miſs Kelly, and that there is no one whom ſhe has ſo high an opinion of, or whoſe advice

advice would ſway ſo much with her, I can't forbear letting you know my thoughts about her at this time; that I think ſhe wants the aſſiſtance and counſel of her beſt and wiſeſt friend. As ſhe has been ſo good to diſtinguiſh me amongſt her female acquaintance, and to ſhew more confidence than in any other, I think I can better tell her mind: But as ſhe has a natural cloſeneſs, I judge chiefly by hints; for I believe ſhe does not open herſelf entirely to any one. Her health I think in a much worſe way than when ſhe came to London: She has ſtill a ſlow fever, a violent cough, great and almoſt continual ſickneſs in her ſtomach, and added to all theſe, a very great dejection of ſpirit; which laſt, I can't but think, proceeds in a good meaſure from diſcontent and uneaſineſs of mind; and the phyſicians are of the ſame opinion. I have endeavoured, by all the means I could think of, to find out the cauſe, hoping, that if it were known, it might, by the aſſiſtance of friends, be remedied. I know when a young perſon ſhews any diſcontent, people are apt to imagine there can be no cauſe for it but a diſappointment in love; I really think that is not Miſs Kelly's caſe; I have tried her to the uttermoſt on that ſubject, and I can't find ſhe has any attachment to any particular perſon, but that the whole world, except a few friends, is indifferent to her: But what I take her preſent uneaſineſs to proceed from, is the unkindneſs in general of her parents, and the fear of not being ſupported by her father in the way

ſhe

ſhe likes, and as her preſent bad ſtate of health indeed requires. She has a high ſpirit, and can't bear to be obliged to her friends, and ſhe has not been much uſed to management. She is here in a very expenſive way with her ſickneſs, her ſervants, and her horſes; and I believe ſhe would be greatily mortified, after appearing in this manner, to be obliged to fall below it: at the ſame time ſhe has reaſon to fear from her father's behaviour, that he thinks little of her, and will not ſupport her in it: She has not heard from him theſe two months; and the letters ſhe had from him at Briſtol were warning her not to marry without his conſent, enjoining her not to go to public places, and, above all, to ſpend little money; very odd ſubjects to one in her condition. Now, what I would beg of you, Sir, is to endeavour to find out what are his reſolutions in relation to her, and if there be any one that has an influence over him, to get him to convince him, that his child's life is in the greateſt danger; and then, perhaps, he may not think his time and money ill employed to ſave it. If at the ſame time, Sir, you would join your good advice to her, I believe it might be of great uſe, either to make her bear, with leſs uneaſineſs, the ills of this life, or, if it pleaſes God to take her from us, to prepare her for another and a better. Her humour is much changed; her ſpirits are low; and, upon every little diſappointment, her paſſions riſe high: You know, Sir, how beſt to apply theſe. She is at Hampſtead quite alone; and

and although her phyſicians deſire much ſhe ſhould come to town, ſhe cannot be prevailed on to think of it: ſhe deſires to be alone: even Mrs Rooke, and I whom ſhe calls her beſt friends, are troubleſome to her. I believe I need not tell you, Sir, that I deſire this letter may be a ſecret, and eſpecially to the perſon concerned. If you have any thing to tell me, that can be of uſe on this ſubject, and will honour me with your commands, direct, if you pleaſe, for me, under cover, To Mrs Anne Shuttleworth, at Mr Jourdain's, in Conduit-ſtreet. I ſhould beg pardon, Sir, for troubling you with this long letter; but I hope my friendſhip to Miſs Kelly will be my excuſe. I am ſorry to write on ſo melancholy a ſubject, and that I am ſure muſt give you uneaſineſs; but pleaſed with any opportunity of aſſuring you that I am, Sir, your very great admirer, and moſt obedient humble ſervant,

ANNE DONNELLAN.

LETTER DLXXIII.

MRS PENDARVES TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *Gloceſter, Oct.* 24. 1733.

I CAN'T imagine how my Lord Orrery came by my laſt letter to you; I believe my good genius conveyed it into his hands, to make it of more conſequence to you: If it had that effect, I wiſh this may meet with the ſame fortune.

If I were writing to a common correſpondent, I ſhould now make a fine flouriſh to excuſe myſelf for not ſooner acknowledging the favour of your letter; but I muſt deal plainly with you, Sir, and tell you (now don't be angry) that the fear of tiring you ſtopt my hand. I value your correſpondence ſo highly, that I think of every way that may preſerve it, and one is, not to be too troubleſome.

Now I can't gueſs how you will take this laſt paragraph; but if it makes me appear affected or ſilly, I will endeavour not to offend in the ſame manner again. Some mortification of that kind is wanting to bring me to myſelf: Your ways of making compliments are dangerous ſnares, and I don't know how to guard againſt the pleaſure they bring: To be remembered and regretted by you, are honours of a very delicate kind. I have been told, that unexpected good fortune is harder to bear well than adverſity.

The cold weather, I ſuppoſe, has gathered together Dr Delany's ſett: The next time you meet, may I beg the favour to make my compliments acceptable? I recollect no entertainment with ſo much pleaſure as that I received from that company: It has made me very ſincerely lament the many hours of my life that I have loſt in inſignificant converſation.

I am very much concerned at the diſorder you complain of. I hope you ſubmit to take proper care of yourſelf; and that the next account I have

have of your health will be more to my ſatisfaction.

A few days before I had your laſt letter, my ſiſter and I made a viſit to my Lord and Lady Bathurſt at Cirenceſter. Oakly-wood joins to his park; the grand avenue that goes from his houſe through his park and wood is five miles long: The whole contains five thouſand acres. We ſtaid there a day and a half: The wood is extremely improved ſince you ſaw it; and when the whole deſign is executed, it will be one of the fineſt places in England. My Lord Bathurſt talked with great delight of the pleaſure you once gave him by ſurpriſing him in his wood, and ſhewed me the houſe where you lodged. It has been rebuilt; for the day you left it, it fell to the ground: Conſcious of the honour it had received by entertaining ſo illuſtrious a gueſt, it burſt with pride My Lord Bathurſt has greatly improved the wood-houſe, which you may remember but a cottage, not a bit better than an Iriſh cabbin. It is now a venerable caſtle, and has been taken by an antiquarian for one of King Arthur's, "With thicket overgrown, groteſque and wild." I endeavoured to ſketch it out for you, but I have not ſkill enough to do it juſtice. My Lord Bathurſt was in great ſpirits; and though ſurrounded by candidates and voters againſt next parliament, made himſelf agreeable in ſpite of their clamour: We did not forget to talk of Naboth's vineyard * and Del-

* Naboth's vineyard belonged to Dr Swift.

ville *. I have not ſeen him ſince, though he promiſed to return my viſit.

All the beau monde flock to London to ſee her Royal Highneſs † diſpoſed of; whilſt I prefer paying my duty to my mother, and the converſation of a country-girl, my ſiſter, to all the pomp and ſplendour of the court. Is this virtue or ſtupidity? If I can help it, I will not go to town till after Chriſtmas. I ſhall ſpend one month in my way to London at Long-Leat: I hear that the young people there are very happy.

It is a little unreaſonable of me to begin a fourth page; but 'tis a hard taſk to retire from the company one likes beſt. I am, Sir, your moſt obliged and faithful humble ſervant,

M. PENDARVES.

LETTER DLXXIV.

THE DUTCHESS OF —— TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Ameſbury, Nov.* 3. 1733.

I WAS mightily pleaſed to receive a letter from you laſt poſt; yet I am ſo ungrateful, I will not thank you for it, and it may be you do not deſerve it. The crueleſt revenge that one can poſſibly inflict (without hurting one's ſelf) is, that of being doubly diligent to thoſe who neglect one, in order to ſhock them into better behaviour.

* Dr Delany's beautiful villa, about a mile from Dublin.
† The late Princeſs of Orange.

haviour. As I have tried this trick myſelf, and that ſtrong appearances are againſt me, I muſt defend myſelf; and then you'll own I do not quite deſerve chaſtiſement.

The poſt before I left this place, I received a letter from you, which I deſigned to have anſwered before I left London and England; but was hindered from both for ſome time, by an expreſs which hurried us down to Wincheſter ſchool, to take care of our little boy there, who was violently ill of a fever. From that time till I came to Spaw, we were never at home; and as ſoon as I began the waters, writing could not be done with my bad head. Since I left that place, and grew well, I have been ſtill upon the ramble. After all, theſe are not very ſubſtantial good reaſons; but, upon my word, I did deſign it; in order to which, two days ago, I waſhed the mould out of my ink-horn, put freſh ink into it, and promiſed myſelf to write to you this very poſt. Pleaſing myſelf with the fancy, that this would reach you, and convince you that I had you ſtill in great regard, before you could or would think it worth your while to put me in mind of you. I could not poſſibly fail to gain credit, if you could poſſibly conceive the great ſatisfaction your letters give me. I have ſeldom met with any half ſo converſible. I do not only pity, but grieve at thoſe complaints you mention; they are a cruel incumbrance to you. Why cannot you transfer them to a thouſand inanimate creatures, who have nothing in their heads? I was

and am really ſorry that you could not go with us to the Spaw. I am confident it muſt have done you good. I cannot deſcribe the vaſt difference I felt after drinking the waters a week, and am ſtill much better than I ever expected, though not quite free of the complaints in my head, but they are greatly leſſened.

I have three or four letters to write this very night, ſo have not time to think of anſwering your letters. This is only a volunteer, after which, I may with greater aſſurance deſire you to believe that I am, with great conſtancy, regard, and reſpect, your's, *&c.*

LETTER DLXXV.

CHARLES FORD, ESQ; TO DR SWIFT.

London, Nov. 6. 1733.

I HAD the favour of your letter in Derbyſhire, from whence I came laſt week. I am extremely concerned to hear the ill ſtate of your health. I was afraid of it, when I was ſo long without the pleaſure of hearing from you. Thoſe ſort of diſorders puzzle the phyſicians every where; and they are mercileſs dogs in purging or vomiting to no purpoſe, when they don't know what to do. I heartily wiſh you would try the Bath waters, which are allowed to be the beſt medicine for ſtrengthening the ſtomach; and moſt diſtempers in the head proceed from thence. Vomits may clean a foul ſtomach, but they are certainly the worſt things that can be for a weak one.

I

I have long had it at heart to ſee your works collected, and publiſhed with care. It is become abſolutely neceſſary, ſince that jumble with Pope, &c. in three volumes, which put me in a rage whenever I meet them. I know no reaſon why, at this diſtance of time, the Examiners, and other political pamphlets, written in the Queen's reign, might not be inſerted. I doubt you have been too negligent in keeping copies; but I have them bound up, and moſt of them ſingle beſides. I lent Mr Corbet that paper to correct his Gulliver by; and it was from it that I mended my own. There is every ſingle alteration from the original copy; and the printed book abounds with all thoſe errors, which ſhould be avoided in the new edition.

In my book the blank leaves were wrong placed, ſo that there are perpetual references backwards and forwards, and it is more difficult to be underſtood than the paper; but I will try to get one of the ſecond edition, which is much more correct than the firſt, and tranſcribe all the alterations more clearly. I ſhall be at a loſs how to ſend it afterwards, unleſs I am directed to ſomebody that is going to Ireland. All books are printed here now by ſubſcription: If there be one for this, I beg I may not be left out. Mr Croſthwaite * will pay for me.

The Diſſenters were certainly promiſed, that the Teſt Act ſhould be repealed this ſeſſion in Ireland; I ſhould be glad to know whether any attempt

* Mr Ford's ſteward.

attempt has been or is to be made towards it, and how it is like to ſucceed.

We have loſt Miſs Kelly, who they ſay was deſtroyed by the ignorance of an Iriſh phyſician, one Gorman. Dr Beaufort was ſent for when ſhe was dying, and found her ſpeechleſs and ſenſeleſs.

Our late Lord Mayor has gone through his year with a moſt univerſal applauſe. He has ſhewn himſelf to have the beſt underſtanding of any man in the city, and gained a character, which he wanted before, of courage and honeſty. There is no doubt of his being choſen member of parliament for the city at the next election. He is ſomething the poorer for his office; but the honour he has got by it makes him ample amends.

For God's ſake, try to keep up your ſpirits. They have hitherto been greater than any man's I ever met, and it is better to preſerve them, even with wine, than to let them ſink. Divert yourſelf with Mrs Worral at backgammon. Find out ſome new country to travel in: Any thing to amuſe. Nothing can contribute ſooner than chearfulneſs to your recovery; which, that it may be very ſpeedy, is ſincerely the thing in the world moſt wiſhed for by your ever obliged, *&c.*

LETTER

LETTER DLXXVI.

MRS PRATT TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *London, Nov* 10. 1733.

NOT many days ago I had the pleaſure of your's by Mrs Barber, whoſe turn ſeems to confirm the good impreſſion you give of her. I want not more than your recommendation to engage my wiſhes to ſerve her, and alſo my endeavours, if any opportunity falls in my way. Are there no hopes of ſeeing you on this ſide of the water? Cannot the great number of your friends, and the great variety of converſation abounding here, be ſome kind of inducement to your coming amongſt us? Is not Mr Pope a temptation to one of your diſtinction, to draw you this way? Even the variety of people in this great city might contribute to the amuſement of your mind, as a journey and exerciſe would to your bodily health. I would uſe every argument I could think of to invite you hither, and conſequently to preſerve a life ſo beneficial to the public, and ſo dear to all your friends. You have a ſpirit that ſhould prevail againſt indolence, and bring you into a part of the world which calls aloud for your talents. This winter would furniſh you with many opportunities of doing great good, as well as making a ſhining figure; which reflection gives me great hopes that you will think it a reaſonable obligation; as in that caſe,

like

like Pitt's diamond, you would ſtand alone. I wiſh I had a houſe in ſome meaſure worthy to entertain a gueſt that ſhould be ſo welcome to me. You ſurpriſe me greatly in telling me that my Lord Shelburne and you have not met, although he has been ſome time in Dublin, and to my knowledge is one of your great admirers. Why don't you ſend to my Lord Dunkerin, who undoubtedly wants only that encouragement to wait upon you. You ſee I want none to embrace the opportunity of aſſuring you, that I am, with great eſteem, reſpect, and affection, your very obliged and moſt humble ſervant,

H. PRATT.

LETTER DLXXVII.

THE DUTCHESS OF ——— TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Ameſbury, Nov.* 10. 1733.

I HAVE only ſtaid to give time for my letter. There is ſome ſatisfaction in ſitting down to write, now that I am ſomething leſs in your debt; I mean by way of letter. To ſpeak ſeriouſly, I muſt love contradiction more than ever woman did, if I did not obey your commands; for I do ſincerely take great pleaſure in converſing with you. If you have heard of my figure abroad, it is no more than I have done on both ſides of my ears, as the ſaying is. I did not cut and curl my hair like a ſheep's head, or wear

wear one of their travelling ſacks; and yet, by not doing ſo, I did give ſome offence.

We have ſeen very many fine towns, and travelled through good roads and pleaſant countries. I like Flanders in particular, becauſe it is the likeſt to England. The inns were very unlike thoſe at home, being much cleaner and better ſerved: So that here I could not maintain my partiality with common juſtice. As to the civilizing any of that nation, it would employ more ill-ſpent time fruitleſsly than any one has to ſpare; they are the only people I ever ſaw that were quite without a genius to be civil, when they had to be ſo. Will you eat? will you play at cards? are literally the tiptop well-bred phraſes in uſe. The French people we met are quite of another turn, polite and eaſy; one is the natural conſequence of the other, though a ſecret that few have diſcovered. I can bring you an Iriſh witneſs (if that be ſufficient) that I have wiſhed for you many times during this journey, particularly at Spaw, where I imagined you might have been mending every day as faſt as I did; and you are a baſe man to ſay, that any ſuch impediment, as you mentioned, thwarted your journey; for you were ſure of a welcome ſhare in every thing we had. It were unneceſſary to ſay this now, if we had no thoughts of ever going again; but it is what I am ſtrongly adviſed to, though I ſhould not much want it, and I am not averſe: Travelling agrees with me, and makes me good-humoured. At home I am generally

generally more nice than wiſe, but on the road nothing comes amiſs. At Calais we were windbound four or five days, and I was very well contented: When the wind changed, I was delighted to go. As impatience is generally my reigning diſtemper, you may imagine how I muſt be alarmed at this ſudden alteration, till I happily recollected two inſtances, where I was myſelf. The one at Breda, where the innkeeper let drop, if you mean to go, an hour and a half after we had told him, that poſitively we would go. The other at Amſterdam, where we met with a very incurious gentleman, who affirmed, there was nothing worth ſeeing; though beſides the town, which far ſurpaſſed my imagination, there happened to be a famous fair. It is long ſince thoſe two verſes of Dryden's Cimon * are ſtrictly applicable to me.

Her corn and cattle are her only care,
And her ſupreme delight a country-fair.

I ſhall forget to name my Iriſh friend. It is Mr Coote. He is, in all appearance, a modeſt, well-bred, ſplenetic, good-natured man. I had then one of theſe qualifications more than was pleaſant, and ſo we became acquainted. He has a very great regard for you, Sir; and there we agreed again. We were all highly pleaſed with him. He ſeems to have a better way of thinking than is common, and not to want for ſenſe or good-humour. I tell you that I do uſe exerciſe;

* The ſtory of Cimon and Iphigenia, in his fable.

exerciſe; deſignedly, never eat or drink what can diſagree with me, but am no more certain of my ſtomach, than of my mind; at ſome times proof againſt any thing, and at other times too eaſily ſhocked; but time and care can certainly make a ſtrong defence. I will obey your commands, and ſo will his Grace, concerning Mrs Barber, as ſoon as we come to London, where we ſtaid but three days. We are now at Ameſbury; but pray, direct for me at London. I doubt we can do her but little good; for as to my part, I have few acquaintance, and little intereſt. I will believe every thing you ſay of her, though I have hitherto had a natural averſion to a poeteſs.

I am come almoſt to the end of my paper, before I have half done with you. It was a rule, I remember, with poor Mr Gay and me, never to exceed three pages. I long to hear from you, that I may have an excuſe to write again; for I doubt it would be carrying the joke too far to trouble you too often. Adieu, dear Sir, health and happineſs attend you ever. I fear I have written ſo very ill that I am quite unintelligble.

His Grace is very much your's.

LETTER DLXXVIII.

LATE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON [ALDERMAN BARBER] TO DR SWIFT.

London, Nov. 17. 1733.

AS I have now got rid of the plague of grandeur, and all its dependencies, I take this firſt opportunity to pay my reſpects to you, Sir, which I beg pardon for not doing ſooner. The tranſition from Goldſmiths Hall to Queen'-Square, is hardly credible; for one in view, to imagine the conſtant hurry, noiſe, and impertinence I lay under from morning till night, in oppoſition to the peace, the quiet, and great tranquillity I feel in my little retirement, makes me pity your great men, who certainly muſt be ſtrangers to the great pleaſure I now enjoy.

Before I left my office I took care to do juſtice to Mr Pilkington, who has received more than I mentioned, and indeed more than any chaplain ever had before, viz.

Of the city	*l.*	*s.*	*d*
Salary - - - - - - -	20	0	0
Gratuity - - - - - -	25	0	0
Gratuity extraordinary -	21	0	0
	66	0	0
From my Lord Mayor - - - -	50	0	0
Five ſermons preached before the Mayor	10	0	0
For a copy of one ſermon printed -	4	0	0
	£. 130	0	0

St

St Paul's happened to be ſhut up in the ſummer for two months, when the Mayor went on Sundays to his own chapel at Guildhall, and his chaplain read prayers for eight Sunday mornings only; for which the Mayor got him from the Court of Aldermen twenty guineas.

I have been the more particular in this account, becauſe I know your great punctuality in things of this nature, as well as to do myſelf juſtice. How much he may be a gainer by coming over, I can't tell; but if he had pleaſed to have lived near the Hall, as he might, in a lodging of ten or twelve pounds a-year, he need not have kept a man, (for I had more for ſhow than buſineſs), nor given the extravagant ſum of thirty pounds a-year for lodgings; he might have ſaved ſomething in thoſe articles. Had he lived in the city, I ſhould now and then have had the favour of his company in an evening; but his living from me brought him into company, and among the reſt into that of Mr Edward Walpole, from whom he has great dependencies.

I recommended him to Mr Alderman Champion, who got the Primate's wife's brother to write in his favour to the Primate. And he talks of the living of Colerain's being vacant; if it be, I will do him what ſervice I can.

Thus, Sir, I have diſcharged myſelf of the duty you laid upon me in relation to that gentleman, which I hope will be to your ſatisfaction;

for I will never be ungrateful, though I have met with it frequently myſelf.

All your friends in town are well, and in high ſpirits. Lord Bolingbroke complains you don't write to him. Poor Mrs Barber has the gout, but is better. It was a great mortification to me that you did not come and eat ſome cuſtard; but I hope your health will permit your coming next ſummer. We rejoice much at my brother French's ſucceſs. I know you don't deal in news, ſo I ſend you none. Pray God continue your health, and believe me always, with the greateſt ſincerity, Sir, your moſt obedient and moſt obliged humble ſervant,

J. BARBER.

P. S. Why Mr Pilkington ſhould ſend his wife home in the midſt of winter, or why he ſhould ſtay here an hour after her, are queſtions not eaſily anſwered. I am not of his council.

LETTER DLXXIX.

THE COUNTESS OF GRANVILLE * TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Hawnes, Nov.* 27. 1733.

I HAVE received the honour of your commands, and ſhall obey them; for I am very proud of your remembrance. I don't know we ever quarrelled;

* 'Grace, widow and relict of George Lord Carteret, and daughter of John Granville Earl of Bath. She was created Viſcounteſs Carteret, and Counteſs of Granville, 1ſt January 1714-15, with limitation of thoſe honours to her ſon John, the late Earl.'

quarrelled; but if we did, I am as good a Chriſtian as you are, in perfect charity with you. My ſon, my daughter, and all our olive-branches ſalute you moſt tenderly. I never wiſhed ſo much as I do now, that I were bright, and had a genius, which could entertain you, in return for the many excellent things that entertain me daily, which I read over and over with freſh delight. Will you never come into England, and make Hawnes * in your road? You will find nothing here to offend you; for I am a hermit, and live in my chimney-corner, a ndhave no ambition, but that you'll believe I am the charming Dean's moſt obedient humble ſervant.

LETTER DLXXX.

MRS CONDUIT TO DR SWIFT †.

SIR, *George-ſtreet, Nov.* 29. 1733.

MRS Barber did not deliver your letter till after the intended wedding brought me hither. She has as much a better title to the favour of her ſex than poetry can give her, as truth is better than fiction; and ſhall have my beſt aſſiſtance. But the town has been ſo long invited into the ſubſcription, that moſt people have already refuſed or accepted, and Mr Conduit has long ſince done the latter.

* 'A ſeat of Lord Carteret, late Earl Granville, in Bedfordſhire'

† Thus endorſed by the Doctor, "My old friend Mrs "Barton, now Mrs Conduit."

I ſhould have gueſſed your holineſs would rather have laid than called up the ghoſt of my departed friendſhip, which, ſince you are brave enough to face, you will find diveſted of every terror, but the remorſe that you were abandoned to be an alien to your friends, your country, and yourſelf. Not to renew an acquaintance with one who can, twenty years after, remember a bare intention to ſerve him, would be to throw away a prize I am not now able to repurchaſe; therefore, when you return to England, I ſhall try to excel in, what I am very ſorry you want, a nurſe; in the mean time, I am exerciſing that gift to preſerve one who is your devoted admirer.

Lord Harvey has written a bitter copy of verſes upon Dr Sherwin, for publiſhing (as 'tis ſaid) his Lordſhip's Epiſtle; which muſt have ſet your brother Pope's ſpirits all a-working.

Thomſon is far advanced in a poem of 2000 lines, deducing Liberty from the patriarchs to the preſent times, which, if we may judge from the preſs, is now in full vigour. But I forget I am writing to one who has the power of the keys of Parnaſſus, and that the only merit my letter can have is brevity. Pleaſe, therefore, to place the profit I had in your long one, to your fund of charity, which carries no intereſt, and to add to your prayers and good wiſhes now and then a line to, Sir, your obedient humble ſervant,

C. CONDUIT.

Mrs

Mrs Barber, whom I had ſent to dine with us, is in bed with the gout, and has not yet ſent me her propoſals.

LETTER DLXXXI.

CHARLES COOTE, ESQ; TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *London, Dec.* 13. 1733.

BEING indebted ſolely to you for a moſt valuable acquaintance with the Duke and Dutcheſs of Queenſberry, and ſome other of your friends, I ought to have acknowledged it before. It is a common ſtratagem of mine, and has always ſucceeded, to give hints in proper places of your allowing me to ſome degree of perſonal acquaintance with you, and I owe to it moſt of the agreeable hours I paſſed at Spaw this ſummer, where they were; I had ſtrong temptations, eſpecially at that diſtance, to give myſelf high airs this way; but finding the bare mention of my having been received by you in a moſt obliging manner, was enough to do my buſineſs, and it being a fact I could make oath of, I kept within due bounds. Her Grace, who would be the moſt agreeable woman in England, though ſhe were not the handſomeſt, has honoured me with her compliments to you with a walking ſtick, the manufacture of Spaw, where ſhe had it made for you, and I ought to have delivered it two months ago; accidents prevented my leaving this place, and

and it is not certain when I can; ſo that I muſt ſend it to you by the firſt proper opportunity, but could no longer delay your pleaſure in knowing it, and her's when you ſhall acknowledge it. If I can be of any ſort of ſervice to you on this ſide, your commands will find me at St James's Coffee-houſe. I am, Sir, your moſt obliged humble ſervant,

CHARLES COOTE.

LETTER DLXXXII.

DR SHERIDAN TO DR SWIFT *.

DEAR SIR, *Dec.* 20. 1733.

YOUR'S I received, and if it *was* not that I have *a good deal of company* to *ſup* at my houſe upon *beef griſkings*, I would go and play a game of backgammon *with* Mr Worral's tables, and be *after winning* ſome of Mrs Worral's *coin*; I would not *fear* to win *a crown-piece* of her money by playing *ſix-pence halfpenny a time*. She is a very *good body*, and one that I have *a great value for*: I wiſh my *ſpouſe* were but half as good, but of *this* I ſhall ſay nothing more till *meeting*. I hope my goſſip Delany's ſpouſe is upon the *mending hand*, for they tell me ſhe has been lately much *out of order*. She is as good a woman as ever *breathed*, and it is a *thouſand pities* that any thing

* Endorſed, "Dr Sheridan's inſolence in preſuming to "anſwer my eloquent Hiberniciſms."

thing ſhould *ail her*. God Almighty *wiſh her well*; for I am ſure if ſhe *went off*, the doctor would not meet with *her fellow*. I hope nothing *ails her* but a *bruſh*.

To-morrow I *eat a bit* with Mr and Mrs M'Gwyre: if you will *make one*, you will get as hearty a welcome as if you were their *own father*; for nobody *ſpeaks better of you* than they. My humble ſervice to all friends and to yourſelf, is the requeſt of your's to command,

THADY O SULIVAN.

I lodge hard by the *Shovel* in Francis-ſtreet.

LETTER DLXXXIII.

DR SWIFT TO MRS PILKINGTON.

MADAM, 1733.

YOU muſt ſhake off the leavings of your ſex. If you cannot keep a ſecret and take a chiding, you will be quickly out of my ſphere. Corrigible people are to be chid; thoſe who are otherwiſe, may be very ſafe from any lectures of mine: I ſhould rather chuſe to indulge them in their follies, than attempt to ſet them right. I deſire you may not inform your huſband * of what has paſt, for a reaſon I ſhall give you when I

* This letter was occaſioned by ſome accounts from London relative to Mr Pilkington, which Mrs Pilkington has given us at large.

I ſee you, which may be this evening, if you will. I am very ſincerely your friend,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER DLXXXIV.

TO THE DUKE OF DORSET.

MY LORD, *Jan.* 1733-4.

IT hath been my great misfortune, that, ſince your Grace's return to this kingdom, I have not been able to attend you, as my duty and gratitude for your favours, as well as the honour of having been ſo many years known to you, obliged me to do. I have been purſued by two old diſorders, a giddineſs and deafneſs, which uſed to leave me in three or four weeks, but now have continued four months. Thus I am put under a neceſſity to write what I would rather have choſen to ſay in your Grace's preſence.

On Monday laſt week, towards evening, there came to the deanry one Mr Betteſworth; who being told by the ſervants that I was gone to a friend's houſe, went thither to inquire for me, and was admitted into the ſtreet-parlour. I left my company in the back-room, and went to him. He began with aſking me, whether I were author of certain verſes wherein he was reflected on *? The ſingularity of the man, in his countenance, manner, action, ſtyle, and tone of voice, made

* See theſe verſes, Vol. IX. p. 111.

made me call to mind, that I had once ſeen him, about two or two or three years ago, at Mr Ludlow's country-houſe. But I could not recollect his name, and of what calling he might be I never heard. I therefore deſired to know, who and what he was; ſaid I had heard of ſome ſuch verſes, but knew no more. He then ſignified to me, that he was a ſerjeant at law, and a member of parliament. After which he repeated the lines that concerned him with great emphaſis, ſaid, I was miſtaken in one thing, for he aſſured me he was no booby, but owned himſelf to be a coxcomb. However, that being a point of controverſy wherein I had no concern, I let it drop. As to the verſes, he inſiſted, that, by his taſte and ſkill in poetry, he was as ſure I writ them, as if he had ſeen them fall from my pen. But I found the chief weight of his argument lay upon two words that rhymed to his name, which he knew could come from none but me. He then told me, that ſince I would not own the verſes, and that ſince he could not get ſatisfaction by any courſe of law, he would get it by his pen, and ſhew the world what a man I was. When he began to grow over-warm and eloquent, I called in the gentleman of the houſe from the room adjoining, and the ſerjeant, going on with leſs turbulence, went away. He had a footman in the hall during all his talk, who was to have opened the door for one or more fellows, as he hath ſince reported; and likewiſe, that he had a ſharp knife in his pocket ready to ſtab or maim me.

me. But the maſter and miſtreſs of the houſe, who knew his character, and could hear every word from the room they were in, had prepared a ſufficient defence in ſuch a caſe, as they afterwards told me. He hath ſince related to five hundred perſons of all ranks, above five hundred falſehoods of this converſation, of my fears and his own brutalities, againſt all probability as well as fact; and ſome of them, as I have been aſſured, even in the preſence of your Grace. His meanings and his movements were indeed peeviſh enough, but his words were not. He threatened me with nothing but his pen, yet owned he had no pretence to wit. And indeed I am heartily glad, for his own ſake, that he proceeded no further; for the leaſt uproar would have called his neareſt neighbours * firſt to my aſſiſtance, and next to the manifeſt danger of his life. And I would not willingly have even a dog killed upon my account. Ever ſince he hath amuſed himſelf with declaring, in all companies, eſpecially before biſhops, and lords, and members of parliament, his reſolutions for vengeance, and the ſeveral manners by which he will put it in execution.

It is only to the advice of ſome judicious friends, that your Grace owes the trouble of this letter. For though I may be diſpirited enough by ſickneſs and years, yet I have little reaſon to apprehend

* Dr Swift was then at the Reverend Mr Worral's houſe, which happened to be within three or four doors of Mr Betteſworth's.

hend any danger from that man; and thoſe who ſeem to have moſt regard for my ſafety, are no more apprehenſive than myſelf, eſpecially ſuch as beſt know his character. For his very enemies, and even his ridiculers, who are, of the two, by far the greater number, allow him to be a peaceable man in all things except his words, his rhetorical action, his looks, and his hatred to the clergy; which however are all known, by abundance of experience, to be perfectly harmleſs, and particularly as to the clergy. I do not doubt, but, if he will be ſo good as to continue ſtedfaſt in his principles and practices, he may, at proper junctures, contribute very much to the honour and intereſts of that reverend body, as well as employ and improve the wit of many young gentlemen in the city, the univerſity, and the reſt of the kingdom.

What I have ſaid to your Grace is only meant as a poor endeavour to preſerve myſelf in your good opinion, and in the continuance of your favour. I am with the higheſt reſpect, &c.

LETTER DLXXV.

Jan. 6. 1734.

I NEVER think of you, and can never write to you now, without drawing many of thoſe ſhort ſighs of which we have formerly talked. The reflection both of the friends we have been deprived of by death, and of thoſe from whom

we are ſeparated almoſt as eternally by abſence, checks me to that degree, that it takes away, in a manner, the pleaſure (which yet I feel very ſenſibly too) of thinking I am now converſing with you. You have been ſilent to me as to your works; whether thoſe printed here are, or are not genuine. But one, I am ſure, is your's; and your method of concealing yourſelf puts me in mind of the Indian bird I have read of, who hides his head in a hole, while all his feathers and tail ſtick out. You'll have immediately by ſeveral franks (even before it is here publiſhed) my epiſtle to Lord Cobham; part of my *Opus Magnum*, and the laſt Eſſay on Man; both which, I conclude, will be grateful to your bookſeller, on whom you pleaſe to beſtow them ſo early. There is a woman's war declared againſt me by a certain Lord; his weapons are the ſame which women and children uſe, a pin to ſcratch, and a ſquirt to beſpatter. I writ a ſort of anſwer; but was aſhamed to enter the liſts with him, and, after ſhewing it to ſome people, ſuppreſſed it: Otherwiſe it was ſuch as was worthy of him, and worthy of me. I was three weeks this autumn with Lord Peterborow; who rejoices in your doings, and always ſpeaks with the greateſt affection of you. I need not tell you who elſe do the ſame; you may be ſure almoſt all thoſe whom I ever ſee, or deſire to ſee. I wonder not that B—— paid you no ſort of civility while he was in Ireland: He is too much a half wit to love a true wit; and too much

much half honeſt, to eſteem any entire merit. I hope and think he hates me too, and I will do my beſt to make him: He is ſo inſupportably inſolent in his civility to me when he meets me at one third place, that I muſt affront him to be rid of it. That ſtrict neutrality as to public parties, which I have conſtantly obſerved in all my writings, I think gives me the more title to attack ſuch men, as ſlander and belie my character in private, to thoſe who know me not. Yet even this is a liberty I will never take, unleſs at the ſame time they are peſts of private ſociety, or miſchievous members of the public: That is to ſay, unleſs they are enemies to all men, as well as to me.——Pray write to me when you can. If ever I can come to you, I will: If not, may Providence be our friend and our guard through this ſimple world, where nothing is valuable but ſenſe and friendſhip. Adieu, dear Sir; may health attend your years, and then may many years be added to you.

P. S. I am juſt now told, a very curious lady intends to write to you to pump you about ſome poems ſaid to be your's. Pray tell her, that you have not anſwered me on the ſame queſtions, and that I ſhall take it as a thing never to be forgiven from you, if you tell another what you have concealed from me.

LETTER DLXXXVI.

LADY B—— G—— TO DR SWIFT.

March the 2*d* 1733-4.

I AM extreme glad to hear you are got well again; and I do aſſure you, it was no point of ceremony made me forbear writing, but the downright fear of being troubleſome. If you have got rid of your deafneſs, that is a happineſs I doubt poor Lady Suffolk will never have; for ſhe does not mend, if ſhe does not grow rather worſe. But we ladies are famous for ſtraining our voices upon the bad occaſion of anger: And ſure then it is hard, if it is not more agreeable to do it for the ſake of friendſhip. By the hiſtories I hear from Ireland, Betteſworth, in the midſt of your illneſs, did not think your pen lay idle *; but this good you had from it, that ſuch a troubleſome fellow made your friends and neighbours ſhew they could exert themſelves for your ſake. Mrs Floyd has paſſed this winter rather better than the laſt;

* About this time an attempt was made to repeal the Teſt Act in Ireland; and the Diſſenters, on this occaſion, affected to call themſelves Brother Proteſtants, and Fellow-Chriſtians, with the members of the eſtabliſhed Church. This the Dean made the ſubject of a ſhort copy of verſes, in which there is a paſſage, that ſo provoked one Betteſworth, a lawyer, and member for the Iriſh parliament, that he ſwore to revenge himſelf, either by maiming, or murdering the author; and for this purpoſe he engaged his footman, with two ruffians, to ſecure the Dean

laſt; but cold weather is an enemy to her; and when you ſee her, I fear you will find, that though the goodneſs of the compoſition will always hold, yet ſo many winters have taken the beauty of it entirely off. It grows now near the time that I have hopes you will ſoon part with my Duke and Dutcheſs. I always uſed to be her doctor; I wiſh you would allow me to be your's, and take my advice, and try how the change of air would mend your conſtitution; but I fear you will not. However, God bleſs you; and adieu.

LETTER DLXXXVII.

THE DUTCHESS OF ——— TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *London, March* 4. 1733-4.

IF ever lying was neceſſary, I fear it is ſo at preſent; for no truth can furniſh me with ſufficient excuſe for not having writ long ago; therefore I have been ſtrongly tempted to diſown having received any return to my letters, which I wrote to you ſince my return to theſe parts; but, upon more mature deliberation, I have convinced myſelf, that it is better rather to confeſs

Dean where-ever he could be found. As ſoon as this oath and attempt of Betteſworth were known, thirty of the nobility and gentry of St Patrick's waited upon the Dean in form, and preſented a paper, ſubſcribed with their names; in which they ſolemnly engaged, in behalf of themſelves and the reſt of the liberty, to defend his perſon and fortune as the friend and benefactor of his country. See the verſes, Vol. VII. Bat. edit. 1754, p. 251.

my fault, than to give you any handle to ſuſpect my truth for the future. I wiſh every body was as timorous as myſelf, and then lying and deceit would never be ſo much in the faſhion, as it has and will be for many ages paſt and to come. I remember you once told me, always to ſit down to write when I was in good health and good humour; neither of them have been perfect of ſome time. The firſt has been interrupted by perpetual colds, and pains in my face and teeth. My temper by theſe trying truths which I am about to tell you, viz. a journey to Scotland, where we have been going every week, and every day ſince Chriſtmas; the uncertainty of which, and being conſequently unſettled, is even worſe than the thing itſelf. This is not all; by theſe means I have been obliged to ſend a little boy (who has been my conſtant companion ever ſince he was born, and who is not ſeven years old till next July) to ſchool, a full year before it was neceſſary or proper. The doing this, I own, has damped my ſpirits more than was reaſonable, though it was by his own deſire; and that I am perſuaded he is well taken care of, both by the maſter and his own brother, who is fond of him, and ſo would you be, if you knew him; for he has more ſenſe than above half the world. The other is a fine boy, and grown very ſtrong and healthy. I am much obliged to you for reproving me, that I did not tell you ſo before. I am in great hopes to live to ſee them both men; therefore pray adviſe me what to do with them

after

after they have gone through the ſchool; for I imagine that juſt then is the moſt difficult part of their education. Mr Locke, with whom I cannot help differing in ſome things, makes a full ſtop there; and I never heard of any other that ever mentioned or at leaſt publiſhed, any helps for children at that time of life, which I apprehend to be the moſt material.

There is a good deal of impertinence in filling two ſides of paper about me and mine; but I own, at preſent, my whole thoughts are ſo much employed on the latter, that I involuntarily think and talk of little elſe. To-morrow will be acted a new play of our friend Mr Gay's *; we ſtay on purpoſe now for that, and ſhall go on Thurſday for Edinburgh, where the greateſt good I can expect, or hope for, is a line from you. We ſhall depoſite our guineas for Mrs Barber with Mr Pope, or my brother. I wiſh you all health and proſperity. I will not wiſh you devoid of all trouble and vexation, becauſe I think a moderate ſhare is a great encouragement to good ſpirits; but may you never meet with more than is abſolutely neceſſary to be pleaſant.

Adieu, Sir. If you will oblige me, you muſt do me the juſtice to believe I am your moſt faithful friend, &c.

LETTER

* 'It was intituled, Achilles, an Opera, and was re-'preſented at the theatre in Drury lane; but without 'ſucceſs. It was written in the manner of the Beggar's 'Opera, and contained a ludicrous repreſentation of the 'diſcovery of Achilles by Ulyſſes.'

LETTER DLXXXVIII *.

DR SWIFT TO WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ.

SIR, *Dublin, March* 8. 1734.

MR Stopford, going to England upon ſome particular affair, I gladly complied with his deſire that I ſhould do myſelf the honour of writing to you, becauſe, as uſeleſs as I am, and although I ſhall never have the happineſs to ſee you, yet my ambition to have ſome ſmall place in your memory will live as long as myſelf.

I will do an unmannerly thing, which is, to bequeath you an epitaph for forty years hence in two words, *Ultimus Britannorum*. You never forſook your party. You might often have been as great as the court can make any man ſo; but you preſerved your ſpirit of liberty, when your former colleagues had utterly ſacrificed theirs; and if it ſhall ever begin to breathe in theſe days, it muſt entirely be owing to yourſelf and one or two friends. But it is altogether impoſſible for any nation to preſerve its liberty long under a tenth part of the preſent luxury, infidelity, and a million of corruptions. We ſee the Gothic ſyſtem of limited monarchy is extinguiſhed in all the nations of Europe. It is utterly extirpated in this wretched kingdom, and your's muſt be the next. Such hath ever been human nature,

* This letter, and one dated May 12. 1735, were communicated to the editor by general Pulteney.

nature, that a ſingle man, without any ſuperior advantages, either of body or mind, but uſually the direct contrary, is able to attack twenty millions, and drag them voluntarily at his chariot-wheels. But no more of this, I am as ſick of the world as I am of age and diſeaſe, the laſt of which I am never wholly without. I live in a nation of ſlaves, who ſell themſelves for nothing. My revenues, though half ſunk, are ſufficient to ſupport me in ſome decency. And I have a few friends of great worth, who, when I viſit them, or they me, agree together in diſcover [diſcovering] our utter deteſtation of all proceedings both here and there. *Hæc eſt vita ſolutorum miſera ambitione gravique.* I am under the diſpleaſure of the court for fixing up a true Whig epitaph in my cathedral over the burying-place of old *Schomberg*, and for ſome other things of equal demerit or diſaffection, wherewith I am charged; perhaps alſo for ſome verſes laid to my charge, and publiſhed without my knowledge or conſent, wherein you and another perſon are underſtood to be meant by initial letters.

I deſire your pardon for the trouble I gave in recommending a gentleman to your protection, who hath an appeal before the Houſe of Lords, wherein I was prevailed on by an eminent perſon in the law, who by a miracle was raiſed to the bench in theſe very times, although he be a man of virtue and learning in a great degree. Dear Sir, you have nothing to deſire in this world but good health, good times, the proſperity of your family

family (wherein you have my conſtant prayers) and deſerving friends. I have often ſaid, that I never knew a more eaſy man to live with than yourſelf: and if you had only a poor forty thouſand pounds a-year, I would command you to ſettle one thouſand of it on me to live in your next neighbourhood; but as for our friends at Twickenham and Dawley, I have told them plainly that they are both too ſpeculative and temperate for me to accept their invitation, and infinitely too philoſophical. The bearer, Mr Stopford, hath ſuch infinite obligations to you for your favours to him, and is in all reſpects ſo very deſerving a gentleman, that I am ſure you never repented the good office you have done him it [*at*] my recommendation. But he only attends you on perfect gratitude; for he knows very well you are what is now called a diſaffected perſon. You are in the modern ſenſe a friend to Popery, arbitary power, and the Pretender; and therefore he has juſt politics enough not to trouble you with helping him by the hand to better preferment: And I pray God, while things continue as they are, that it may be never in your power to make a curate or an exciſeman.

You will hear, perhaps, that one Faulkner hath printed four volumes, which are called my works; he hath only prefixed the firſt letters of my name; it was done utterly againſt my will; for there is no property in printers or bookſellers here, and I was not able to hinder it. I did imagine, that, after my death, the ſeveral London

don bookſellers would agree among themſelves to print what each of them had by common conſent; but the man here hath prevented it, much to my vexation, for I would as willingly have it done even in Scotland. All this has vexed me not a little, as done in ſo obſcure a place. I have never yet looked into them, nor I believe ever ſhall. You will find Mr Stopford the ſame modeſt, virtuous, learned man that you laſt ſaw him; but with a few more years, and a great deal more fleſh, beſide the bleſſing of a wife and children. I deſire to preſent my humble ſervice to *your*. I pray God bleſs and aſſiſt you in your glorious endeavours for the preſervation of your country, and remain, with the trueſt reſpect,

Sir, your moſt obedient
and obliged humble ſervant,
JONATHAN SWIFT.

You will ſee, by the many blunders in words, ſyllables, and letters, what a condition my giddy head is in.

LETTER DLXXXIX.

MR GRANT TO DR SWIFT.

London, March 14. 1733-4.

VERY REVEREND SIR,

THOUGH I have long been an admirer of your wit and learning, I have not leſs valued and eſteemed your public ſpirit and great affection

affection to your native country. Theſe valuable ingredients in your character perſuade me to propoſe to you what I apprehend may be for your country's benefit, and that you will excuſe my taking the liberty to do it. As good principles diſpoſe you, your real merit, happily united with them, gives you weight and influence to promote the public good; to which I am well aſſured your country owes not only the eſcaping many evils, but the eſtabliſhment of many valuable articles for the increaſe of their wealth and ſtrength. Though I am not a native of Ireland, I have always regarded it as ſo connected with this country, that the natives of both iſlands ought mutually to ſtudy and advance the advantage of each other. And it is in conſequence of this principle that I offer to your conſideration, that your countrymen ſhould heartily engage in and purſue the white herring and cod-fiſhing. This is a branch of trade which Providence has given opportunity to follow in both countries; neither can they prejudice one another, as there may be conſumption for all that may be caught on both iſlands. There is nothing that would ſo effectually employ your poor, and prevent their going abroad, conſidering the great variety of trades neceſſary in this undertaking; it would alſo increaſe the conſumption of your home-manufactures, and increaſe the balance of your foreign trade.

The north and north-eaſt parts of your iſland lie exceeding well, both for the cod and herring fiſhing, as will appear to you from their courſe, which

which is deſcribed in the incloſed pamphlet, if you take the trouble to look upon it; but encouragements are neceſſary to ſupport a new undertaking in its infancy, becauſe they are always, at the beginning, liable to charges and inconveniencies, which diſcourage private adventurers, if not ſupported by the public. I have with great pleaſure read, in the minutes of your parliament, of late years, ſeveral inſtances of their zeal for their country's good, which inclines me to believe they would readily receive and encourage a propoſition of this nature, if properly introduced and recommended to them; and I ſhould reckon it a particular good fortune, if I could ſuggeſt what would be acceptable to you and them. I have been deſirous to eſtabliſh and improve this valuable branch of commerce into Britain; for which reaſon I have applied myſelf to it ſeveral years laſt paſt, and examined it in all its ſhapes, from whence I flatter myſelf to have acquired a thorough knowledge in the matter; and I am, with other gentlemen, endeavouring to obtain the neceſſary encouragements for it here; but it being late before we moved in our application, and appearance of a ſhort ſeſſion, I am afraid we ſhall make little progreſs at this time. Not being ſufficiently acquainted with your laws and conſtitutions, I cannot take upon me to ſay what may be proper encouragements in your country; yet I may freely venture to aſſert one propoſition, to which every one muſt aſſent, that it is the intereſt of any nation to

grant premiums and bounties for the encouragement of any one branch of trade, which, in proportion to what is paid by the public, and when that is paid only to its own ſubjects, brings into the kingdom ten times the value. And I may, with equal ſafety, advance this other propoſition, that no article of trade better deſerves encouragement, from both Britain and Ireland, than the fiſhing does; or that might be made of ſo great conſequence and general benefit to both: To which I believe I may add, that there is not any buſineſs more natural to either, or the eſtabliſhment whereof would receive more univerſal approbation and applauſe.

Theſe things, from my opinion of your character, I thought I might take the liberty to trouble you with; which I was the more readily induced to, as it furniſhed me an opportunity of declaring, that I am, with great eſteem, Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

FRANCIS GRANT.

P. S. If you have any commands for me, or that you think I may be any ways uſeful in explaining or promoting this ſubject, I ſhall with pleaſure obey you; in which caſe you may direct for me, merchant in London.

LETTER

LETTER DXC.

TO **********, Eſq.

SIR, *March* 19. 1734.

I HAD, ſome days ago, a very long letter from a young gentleman whom I never ſaw; but, by the name ſubſcribed, I found it came from a younger ſon of your's, I ſuppoſe your ſecond. He lays before me, in a very particular manner, the forlorn condition he is in, by the ſeverities of you and your lady, his mother. He freely owns his boyiſh follies, when he was firſt brought up to town, at fourteen years old; but he appeals to Dr Sheridan for the improvement he made in the Doctor's ſchool, and to his tutor for his behaviour in the college, where he took his degree with particular credit, being made one of the moderators of his claſs; by which it appears that he paſſed for one of the four beſt ſcholars in it. His letter contains four large pages in folio, and written in a very ſmall hand; where he gives a hiſtory of his life, from the age of fourteen to the preſent time. It is written with ſo much ſpirit, nature, and good ſenſe, as well as appearance of truth, that, having firſt razed out the writer's name, I have ſhewn it to ſeveral gentlemen, my friends, of great worth, learning, and taſte; who all agree in my opinion of the letter, and think it a pity that ſo hopeful a youth ſhould not have proper encouragement, unleſs

he hath ſome very diſagreeable faults, whereof they and I are ignorant. When I had written thus far, Dr Sheridan came to ſee me: I read your ſon's letter to him, and he was equally pleaſed with it, and juſtified the progreſs the young man had made in his ſchool. I went this evening to viſit a lady who hath a very great eſteem and friendſhip for you and Mrs *****: She told me that the young man's great fault was too much pertneſs, and conceit of himſelf, which he often ſhewed in your houſe, and even among company. Which, I own, is a very bad quality in any young man, and is not eaſily cured: Yet, I think, if I had a ſon who had underſtanding, wit, and humour, to write ſuch a letter, I could not find it in my heart to caſt him off, but try what good advice and maturer years would do towards amendment; and, in the mean time, give him no cauſe to complain of wanting convenient food, lodging, and raiment. He lays the whole weight of his letter to me upon the truth of the facts, and is content to ſtand or fall by them. If he be a liar, he is into the bargain an unpardonable fool; and his good natural, as well as acquired parts, ſhall be an aggravation to me to render him more odious. I hear he is turned of one and twenty years; and what he alledges ſeems to be true, that he is not yet put into any way of living, either by law, phyſic, or divinity; although, in his letter, he pretends to have ſtudied the firſt, on your promiſe to ſend him to the Temple: But your mind altering, and

you

you rather chuſing to ſend him to Leyden, he applied himſelf to ſtudy phyſic, and made ſome progreſs in it; but for many months he hath heard nothing more from you; ſo that now he is in utter deſpair, loaden with the hatred of both his parents, and lodges in a garret in William-ſtreet, with only the liberty to dine at your houſe, and no further care taken of him.

Sir, although I have ſeldom been in your company, it is many years ſince I had the honour of being known to you; and I always thought, as well as heard, that you were a gentleman of great honour, truth, knowledge, modeſty, good-nature, and candour. As to your lady, I never ſaw her but once, and then but for a few minutes: She hath the character of being a very polite and accompliſhed perſon; and therefore, very probably, her ſon's rough, over-weening, forward behaviour, among company with her, without that due deference which only can recommend youth, may be very diſguſtful to her. Your ſon deſires me, in his letter, to apply to ſome friends who have moſt credit with you, that you will pleaſe to put him into ſome way of life; and he wiſhes that thoſe friends would be ſo generous to join in contributing ſome allowance to ſupport him at Leyden. I think it would have been well if he had been ſent to ſea in the proper time, or had now a commiſſion in the army. Yet, if he were the original writer of that letter ſent to me under his name, I confeſs myſelf ſo very partial, as to be extremely ſorry if

he ſhould not deſerve and acquire the favour of you and your lady; in which caſe, any parents might be forgiven for being proud of ſuch a ſon I have no acquaintance with his tutor, Dr King; but if I can learn from thoſe who have, I ſhall be glad to hear that he confirms the character of the young man's good parts and learning, as Dr Sheridan hath done.

I intreat your pardon for this long letter, and for offering to interfere in a domeſtic point, where I have no information but from one ſide: But I can faithfully aſſure you, that my regard is altogether for the ſervice and eaſe of you and your lady and family. I have always thought that a happy genius is ſeldom without ſome bent towards virtue, and therefore deſerves ſome indulgence. Moſt of the great villains I have known (which were not a ſmall number) have been brutes in their underſtandings as well as their actions.

But I have already run out my paper, as well as your patience. I ſhall therefore conclude with the ſincere profeſſion of being, with great eſteem and truth,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient, and
moſt humble ſervant.

LETTER

LETTER DXCI.

LORD BOLINGBOKE TO DR SWIFT.

REV. AND DEAR SIR, *April* 12. 1734.

I HAVE received your's of the 16th of February very lately; but have not yet ſeen the perſon who brought it, nor am I likely to ſee him, unleſs he finds me out in my retreat. Our friend Pope is in town, and to him I ſend this letter; for he tells me, he can forward it to you by the hands of one of our common friends. If I can do Mr Faulkner any ſervice, I ſhall certainly do it, becauſe I ſhall catch at any opportunity of pleaſing you; but my help, in a project of ſubſcription, will, I fear, avail him little. I live much out of the world, and I do not bluſh to own, that I am out of faſhion in it. My wife, who is extremely obliged to you for your kind remembrance of her, and who deſires me to ſay all the fond things from her to you which I know ſhe thinks, enjoys a precarious health, eaſily ſhook, and ſometimes interrupted by fits of ſevere pain; but, upon the whole, much better than it has been theſe five years. I walk downhill eaſily and leiſurely enough, except when a ſtrong diſpoſition to the jaundice (that I have long carried about me) gives me a ſhove. I guard againſt it as well as I can; the cenſors ſay, not as well as I might. Too ſedentary a life hurts me, and yet I do not care to lead any other; for ſauntering about my grounds is not exerciſe.

I ſay, I will be very active this ſummer, and I will try to keep my word. Riding is your *panacea*; and Bathurſt is younger than his ſons by obſerving the ſame regimen. If I can keep where I am a few years longer, I ſhall be ſatisfied; for I have ſomething, and not much, to do before I die. I know by experience one cannot ſerve the preſent age. About poſterity one may flatter one's ſelf, and I have a mind to write to the next age. You have ſeen, I doubt not, the Ethic Epiſtles; and though they go a little into metaphyſics, I perſuade myſelf you both underſtand and approve them: The firſt book being finiſhed, the others will ſoon follow; for many of them are writ, or crayoned out. What are you doing?——Good, I am ſure. But of what kind? Pray, Mr Dean, be a little more cautious in your recommendations. I took care, a year ago, to remove ſome obſtacles that might have hindered the ſucceſs of one of your recommendations, and I have heartily repented of it ſince. The fellow wants morals, and, as I hear, decency, ſometimes. You have had accounts, I preſume, which will not leave you at a loſs to gueſs whom I mean. Is there no hope left of ſeeing you once more in this iſland? I often wiſh myſelf out of it; and I ſhall wiſh ſo much more, if it is impoſſible *de voiſiner* (I know no Engliſh word to ſay the ſame thing) with you. Adieu, dear Sir; no man living preſerves a higher eſteem, or a more warm and ſincere friendſhip for you than I do.

LETTER

LETTER DXCII.

LORD C—— TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *Jermyn-ſtreet, April* 13. 1734.

I HAD the honour of your letter, which gave me a conſiderable pleaſure to ſee that I am not ſo much out of your thoughts, but that you can take notice of events that happen in my family. I need not ſay, that theſe alliances * are very agreeable to me; but that they are ſo to my friends, adds much to the ſatisfaction I receive from them. They certainly enable me to contract my deſires, which is no inconſiderable ſtep towards being happy. As to the other things, I go on as well as I can; and now and then obſerve that I have more friends than I had when I was in a ſituation to do them ſervice. This may be a deluſion: However, it is a pleaſing one. And I have more reaſon to believe a man, now I can do him no good, than I had when I could do him favours, which the greateſt philoſophers are ſometimes tempted to ſolicit their friends about. I ſhall continue to ſerve Mrs Barber, by recommending her, as occaſion ſhall offer, where it is neceſſary; but you have done that ſo effectually, that nothing need be ſaid to thoſe to whom you have ſaid any thing

* His Lordſhip's third daughter, Georgina-Carolina, was married, 14th Feb. 1733-4, to the Honourable John Spencer.'

thing in her behalf. I hope Dr Delany is, as he always uſed to be, chearful in himſelf, and agreeable to all that know him; and that he, by this time, is convinced, that the world is not worthy of ſo much ſpeculation as he has beſtowed upon ſome matters. Lady Worſley, my wife, and daughters, to whom I have ſhewn your letter, not forgetting my mother, preſent their humble ſervice to you. And I deſire to recommend the whole family, as well as myſelf, to the continuance of your favour. I am, Sir, with the greateſt reſpect, your moſt humble and moſt obedient ſervant,

C.

LETTER DXCIII.

TO MISS HOADLEY *.

MADAM, *June* 4. 1734.

WHEN I lived in England, once every year I iſſued out an edict, commanding that all ladies of wit, ſenſe, merit, and quality, who had an ambition to be acquainted with me, ſhould make the firſt advances at their peril; which edict, you may believe, was univerſally obeyed. When (much againſt my will) I came to live in this kingdom, I publiſhed the ſame edict; only the harveſt here being not altogether ſo

* Daughter of Dr John Hoadley, Archbiſhop of Dublin.

ſo plentiful, I confined myſelf to a ſmaller compaſs. This made me often wonder how you came ſo long to neglect your duty; for if you pretend ignorance, I may produce legal witneſſes againſt you.

I have heard of a judge bribed with a pig, but it was diſcovered by the ſqueaking; and therefore you have been ſo politic as to ſend me a dead one, which can tell no tales. Your preſent of butter was made with the ſame deſign, as a known court-practice, to greaſe my fiſt that I might keep ſilence. Theſe are great offences, contrived on purpoſe to corrupt my integrity. And beſides, I apprehend that if I ſhould wait on you to return my thanks, you will deny that the pig and butter were any advances at all on your ſide, and give out that I made them firſt; by which I may endanger the fundamental privilege that I have kept ſo many years in two kingdoms, at leaſt make it a point of controverſy. However, I have two ways to be revenged: Firſt, I will let all the ladies of my acquaintance know, that you, the ſole daughter and child to his Grace of Dublin, are ſo mean as to deſcend to underſtand houſewifery, which every girl of this town, who can afford ſixpence a-month for a chair, would ſcorn to be thought to have the leaſt knowledge in: And this will give you as ill a reputation as if you had been caught in the fact of reading a hiſtory, or handling a needle, or walking in a field at Tallagh. My other revenge ſhall be this: When my Lord's gentleman

delivered

delivered his meſſage, after I put him ſome queſtions, he drew out a paper containing your directions, and in your hand: I ſaid it properly belonged to me; and when I had read it, I put it in my pocket, and am ready to ſwear, when lawfully called, that it is written in a fair hand, rightly ſpelt, and good plain ſenſe. You now may ſee I have you at mercy; for, upon the leaſt offence given, I will ſhew the paper to every female ſcrawler I meet, who will ſoon ſpread about the town, that your writing and ſpelling are ungenteel and unfaſhionable, more like a parſon than a lady.

I ſuppoſe, by this time, you are willing to ſubmit; and therefore I deſire you may ſtint me to two china-bowls of butter a-week; for my breakfaſt is that of a ſickly man, rice-gruel, and I am wholly a ſtranger to tea and coffee, the companions of bread and butter. I received my third bowl laſt night, and I think my ſecond is almoſt entire. I hope and believe my Lord Archbiſhop will teach his neighbouring tenants and farmers a little Engliſh country-management: And I lay it upon you, Madam, to bring houſewifery in faſhion among our ladies, that, by your example, they may no longer pride themſelves on their natural or affected ignorance. I am, with the trueſt reſpect and eſteem,

MADAM,

Your moſt obedient and obliged, &c.

I deſire to preſent my moſt, &c. to his Grace and the ladies.

LETTER

LETTER DXCIV.

THE BISHOP OF CLOGHER * TO DR SWIFT.

MR DEAN, *Clogher, June* 25. 1734.

I HAVE a letter of your's of a very long date †, and ſhould, it may be, out of good manners, have anſwered it long ſince; but I thought it would be better to delay the anſwer I was then able to make, to our firſt private meeting, which I thought might be ſoon; and for the ſame reaſon that delayed me then, I ſhall put off my defence till I have the pleaſure of half an hour's private converſation with you, when I think I ſhall be able to clear myſelf from the heavy charges you bring againſt me; and therefore, not to take any farther notice of that letter, I ſhall, in anſwer to your laſt, which I received by laſt poſt, return you my thanks for your having taken the ſame care about the ſixty pounds, which, at your requeſt, I lent Joe Beaumont, whoſe circumſtances at that time I was pretty much a ſtranger to, as you have taken about the money you lent him on the ſame occaſion; and as this ſhall ſerve for a full diſcharge of all demands I have on Joe's

* Dr Sterne.

† That letter of Dr Swift's was dated in July 1733, and printed by Johnſton in 1765, No. 57. As I have had occaſion to refer to this collection of letters, I ſhall embrace this opportunity of acknowledging an erratum which eſcaped my obſervation in the hurry of tranſcribing them for the preſs. The ſecond paragraph, No 69, begins thus, "Lord Bath, *&c.* read, Lord Bathurſt, *&c.*"

execution *, ſo I ſhall take it as a favour, if you will take on you the trouble of diſpoſing of that ſum of fifty pounds, as an augmentation to your own charitable fund, or to any other charitable uſe you ſhall judge proper, and that I deſire may be without any mention of my name.

If you deſire an acquittance in any other form, be pleaſed to draw one, and I will ſign it. I ſhall be proud of a viſit in this mountainous country, being, notwithſtanding any coolneſs or miſunderſtanding that has happened between us, as much as ever your affectionate friend and ſervant,

JOHN CLOGHER.

LETTER DXCV.

LORD BOLINGBROKE TO DR SWIFT.

From my farm, June 27. 1734.

I THANK you, my dear Dean; or to uſe a name to me more ſacred, I thank you, my friend, for your letter of the 23d of May, which came to me by poſt. I anſwer it by the ſame conveyance; and provided the diligent inſpection of private mens correſpondence do not ſtop our letters, they have my leave to do, what they will do without it, to open and read them. If they expect to find any thing which may do us hurt,

* This execution was againſt the heirs or repreſentatives of Mr Beaumont, who had died ſeveral years before the date of this letter.

hurt, or them good; their diſappointment will give me pleaſure, and in the proportion, I ſhall imagine it gives them pain. I ſhould have another pleaſure, of higher reliſh, if our epiſtles were to be peruſed by perſons of higher rank. And who knows, conſidering the mighty importance we are of, whether that may not happen? How would theſe perſons ſtare, to ſee ſuch a thing as ſincere cordial friendſhip ſubſiſt, inviolate, and grow and ſtrengthen from year to year, in ſpite of diſtance, abſence, and mutual inutility!

But enough on this. Let us turn to other ſubjects. I have read, in the golden verſes of Pythagoras, or in ſome other collection of wiſe apophthegms of the ancients, that a man of buſineſs may talk of philoſophy, a man who has none may practiſe it. What do you think of this maxim? Is it exact? I have a ſtrange diſtruſt of maxims. We make as many obſervations as our time, our knowledge, and the other means we have, give us the opportunity of making on a phyſical matter. We find that they all correſpond, and that one general propoſition may be affirmed as the reſult of them. This we affirm; and, in conſequence, this becomes a maxim among our followers, if we have any. Thus the King of Siam affirmed that water was always in a fluid ſtate; and I doubt not but the Talapoins, do they not call them ſo? held this maxim. Neither he, or they, had ever climbed the neighbouring mountains of Ava; their ob-

ſervations were confined to the burning climate they inhabited. It is much the ſame in moral maxims, founded on obſervations of the conduct of men; for there are other moral maxims of univerſal truth, as there are moral duties of eternal obligation. We ſee what the conduct is, and we gueſs what the motives are, of great numbers of men; but then we ſee often at too great a diſtance, or through a faulty medium: We gueſs with much uncertainty from a thouſand reaſons concerning a thing as various, as changing, as inconſiſtent as the heart of man. And even when we ſee right, and gueſs right, we build our maxims on a ſmall number of obſervations (for ſuch they are comparatively, how numerous ſoever they may be, taken by themſelves) which our own age and our own country chiefly have preſented to us.

You and I have known one man in particular, who affected buſineſs he often hindered, and never did; who had the honour among ſome, and the blame among others, of bringing about great revolutions in his own country, and in the general affairs of Europe; and who was, at the ſame time, the idleſt creature living; who was never more copious than in expreſſing, when that was the theme of the day, his indifference to power, and his contempt of what we call honours, ſuch as titles, ribbands, &c. who ſhould, to have been conſiſtent, have had this indifference, and have felt this contempt, ſince he knew neither how to uſe power, nor how to wear honours,

and

and yet who was jealous of one, and fond of the other, even to ridicule. This character ſeems ſingular enough, and yet I have known ſome reſembling it very much in general, and many exactly like it, in the ſtrongeſt marks it bore.

Now let us ſuppoſe, that ſome Rochfaucault, or other ſome Anthroponomical ſage, ſhould diſcover a multitude of ſimilar inſtances, and not ſtumble upon any one repugnant; you and I ſhould not, however, receive for a maxim, that he who affects buſineſs never does it: Nor this, that he who brings about great revolutions, is always idle: Nor this, that he who expreſſes indifference to power, and contempt of honours, is jealous of one, and fond of the others.

Proceed we now, dear Doctor, to the application. A man in buſineſs, and a man who is out of it, may equally talk of philoſophy; that is certain. The queſtion is, whether the man in buſineſs may not practiſe it, as well as the man out of buſineſs? I think he may, in this ſenſe, as eaſily; but ſure I am, he may, in this ſenſe, as uſefully. If we look into the world, our part of it I mean, we ſhall find, I believe, few philoſophers in buſineſs, or out of buſineſs, the greateſt part of the men I have ſeen in buſineſs, perhaps all of them, have been ſo far from acting on philoſophical principles, that is, on principles of reaſon and virtue, that they have not acted even on the higheſt principles of vice. I have not known a man of real ambition; a man who ſacrificed all his paſſions, or made

them all ſubſervient to that one; but I have known many, whoſe vanity and whoſe avarice mimicked ambition. The greateſt part of the men I have ſeen out of buſineſs have been ſo far from practiſing philoſophy, that they have lived in the world arrant triflers; or, retiring from it, have fallen into ſtupid indolence, and deſerved ſuch an inſcription as Seneca mentions, in one of his letters to Lucilius, to have been put over the door of one Vattia: *Hic ſitus eſt Vattia.* But, for all this, I think that a man in buſineſs may practiſe philoſophy as auſterely to himſelf, and more beneficially to mankind, than a man out of it. The Stoics were an affected, pedantical ſect; but I have always approved that rule of the Poſtique, that a philoſopher was not to except himſelf from the duties of ſociety, neither in the community to which he particularly belonged, nor in the great community of mankind. Mencius, and his maſter Confucius, were ſtrange metaphyſicians, but they were good moraliſts, and they divided their doctrines into three parts; the duties of a man; of an individual, as a member of a family; and as a member of a ſtate. In ſhort, a man may be, many men have been, and ſome are, I believe, philoſophers in buſineſs; he that can be ſo out of it, can be ſo in it.

But it is impoſſible to talk ſo much of philoſophy, and forget to ſpeak of Pope. He is actually rambling from one friend's houſe to another. He is now at Cirenceſter; he came thither

ther from my Lord Cobham's; he came to my Lord Cobham's from Mr Dormer's; to Mr Dormer's from London; to London from Chiſwick; to Chiſwick from my farm; to my farm from his own garden; and he goes ſoon from Lord Bathurſt's to Lord Peterborow's; after which, he returns to my farm again. The dæmon of verſe ſticks cloſe to him. He has been imitating the ſatire of Horace, which begins *Ambubaiarum Collegia pharmacopolæ*, &c. and has choſe rather to weaken the images, than to hurt chaſte ears overmuch. He has ſent it me; but I ſhall keep his ſecret as he deſires, and ſhall not, I think, return him the copy; for the rogue has fixed a ridicule upon me, which ſome events of my life would ſeem perhaps to juſtify him in doing. I am glad you approve his Moral Eſſays. They will do more good than the ſermons and writings of ſome, who had a mind to find a great fault with them. And if the doctrines taught, hinted at, and implied in them, and the trains of conſequences deducible from theſe doctrines, were to be diſputed in proſe, I think he would have no reaſon to apprehend either the Freethinkers on one hand, or the narrow Dogmatiſts on the other. Some few things may be expreſſed a little hardly; but none are, I believe, unintelligible. I will let him know your complaints of his ſilence; which I wonder at the more, becauſe he has often ſpoke in ſuch a manner, as made me conclude you heard from him pretty regularly. Your compliments ſhall be paid likewiſe to the other friends you mention.

You

You complain of the vaſt alteration which the laſt ſeven years have made in you; and do you believe that they have not made proportionable alterations in us? Satisfy yourſelf they have. We all go the ſame road, and keep much the ſame ſtages. Let this conſideration, therefore, not hinder you from coming amongſt us. You ſhall ride, walk, trifle, meddle, chide, and be as ill-bred as you pleaſe; and the indulgence you receive on thoſe heads you ſhall return on theſe or others. Adieu.

I will ſpeak to you about books next time I write, if I can recollect what I intend to ſay upon a paſſage in your letter; or if any thing elſe, worth ſaying, comes into my head. Adieu, my friend.

LETTER DXCVI.

DR SHERIDAN TO DR SWIFT.

DE ARMIS TER DE AN, *June* 28. 1734.

I EXPECTURE anſer an da fullone abo ut mi monito de. Times a re veri de ad nota do it oras hi lingat almi e ſtate. Mire ſe ver cannas vel res ad e villas a peni. Curſim I ſe fora prime minis ter. Cantu res a Sum at ab an curſu de an. Atri do. Uno mi de arde annuo me a gro at. Itis hi time tot hinc ope in it. I ama non eſt manicæ, ac nave is mi averſio ni de clare.

Ad unis at mi do ore fora Sum io on da nat urnæ,

urnæ, ab umbelicum in at his ars, as redi as ac at is at amo uſe, ora rati ſe, orabat.

Iambicum as mutas a Statu; as lænas ara que; as de a fas an ad aris; as hæ a vi as an aſſis; as quær as a duc; aſt emas alam; as de ad as ado or na ilis; as inſipidas de ad vi negaries; ora potato in me. I re membri vas o na time as qui caſa fleat a lædis belli; as meri as a Philli; as fullo pleas ac id; as fullo meretrix as ac it en is, oras ab a bodi na capis. I rite ſi miles uſe e, cantu ritum. Udi ne at urſe de at mi o uſe. I vah belli fullo meato en ter tenus ſit fora nil ordinis equi page. Uva ſtomachi me ope. Here is ab illo fare. Ago uſe. A paro dux. Sum ſis his, as a paro ſoles. A paro places. A pud in. A fri caſei. Arabit aſtu in. Neu pes. Neu beans. Alam pij fit fora minis ter o ſtate. Acus tardis aſt it abit as at artis. Afri teris mi de lite. Mi liquor iſtoc que, it coſtus api Stola quarti a verrit. A quartos ac. Margo uſe claret as fine as a rubi. Graves. Lac rima Chriſti. Hoc. Cote rotæ. Sum Cyprus. As ſine Sidera ſe ver Id runcat at averne.

Præbe ſpecus a Superaturus. Su mmas par a guſto eat. Sum colli flo ures, ac ab age lætis fora Sal ad. Invita lædito ac cum pani ure verens, nota præter, nota coquet. A grave matronis pro per fora grave de an, an da doctor, as das cole mas ter.

I ritu a verſe o na molli o mi ne,
Aſta laſſa me pole, a lædis o ſine,

I ne ver neu at niſo ne a in mi ni is,
A manat a glans ora ſito fer diis,
De armo lis abuti hos face an hos nos is,
As fer a ſal illi, as reddas aro ſis,
Ac is o mi molli is almi de lite,
Illo verbi de, an illo verbi nite.

I figo imus te cato tum an dumus trans ac ure penſe exceptive illuc. I fi ple in geſtitis fora negat eas ter. Notabit fora cardami, norabit fora di ſe i, as migranum has ſed forti times.

I nono nues offa ni momento ritu buttabata ilis o ver at Dans ſic. In Itali an in Germani merce nari es de ſertum everi de. O ne gener alis de ad ac an non bul lit huc offis hæ ad. A ſle et is præ par in for a ſe fite. Me ni Si eges ara carri in o nat his time.

Mi Magis as meri as an apis. Hæ do es ſe a quæ cur a quæ cur a cur. Hæ is caper in in ac age me do Sali. Abit ob re ad is gener ali his ſuper ora livor offa lambis.

Miſer viſto alat o me, excuſe mi has te; Fore ver an de ver ures.

TOMAS SER ID AN.

Afri de at en ac locat mi Studij.

LETTER

LETTER DXCVII.

THE EARL OF OXFORD TO DR SWIFT.

GOOD MR DEAN, *Dover-ſtreet, Aug.* 1. 1734.

IT is now ſo long ſince I have troubled you with a letter, that I am almoſt quite aſhamed to do it now; but the truth of the caſe is this, I cannot be longer eaſy any further to defer my making my due acknowledgments to you in the beſt manner I can, for the many kind remembrances I have received from under your own hand, and your obliging notice of me in your letters to Mr Pope, *&c.* It was an extreme great pleaſure to me to find that I ſtill maintained a ſhare in your thoughts that I was ſtill worthy to receive your commands. I did my beſt; I did all that lay in my power to obey them; I wiſh there had been better ſucceſs. I aſſure you this, that there is no perſon (I ſpeak without excepting one) whoſe commands I would more readily obey than your's; I hope you will be ſo good as to indulge me, and make uſe of your power often: I value myſelf not a little upon this ſcore, and you ſee here how eaſy it is for you to make one happy, which is more than can be ſaid of ———

I ſhall now take the liberty to talk to you a little upon family-affairs; and my encouragement to do it proceeds from this, that ever ſince I have been ſo fortunate to be acquainted with you, you have in the kindeſt manner always taken

ken a part in whatever fortune befel me or my family.

Indulge therefore the fondneſs of a father to detain you ſo long as to give a ſincere friend ſome account of the completing a great work, the diſpoſal of an only daughter in marriage, and in theſe times.

The whole affair was conducted with as much care and conſideration as we were capable of: When we looked over and weighed the many offers that had been propoſed to us, and what ſort of creatures they were compoſed of, this perſon we have now choſen had the faireſt and moſt unexceptionable character, and as his compoſition is the moſt unlike the generality of the young gentlemen of this age which you will think was no ſmall ingredient towards our approbation of him; as I hope and long much to ſee you in England, I believe when you ſee the Duke * you will be pleaſed with him, and you will not diſapprove of our choice; as he is free from the prevailing qualifications of the preſent ſet of young people of quality, ſuch as gaming, ſharping, pilfering, lying, *&c. &c.* ſo on the contrary, he is endowed with qualifications they are ſtrangers to; ſuch as juſtice, honour, excellent temper both of mind and body, affability, living well with his own family; and the manner in which he propoſed himſelf was what became a gentleman and a man of honour. Thus you ſee I have have given you a long account of this

* The late Duke of Portland.

this affair, and the reaſons which induced us to conſent to this match. I flatter myſelf that you will not be diſpleaſed with the account I have given you of the gentleman to whom we have given our daughter.

My wife and my daughter deſire your acceptance of their humble ſervice, with many wiſhes for the enjoyment of your health, and would be very glad to ſee you over here.

Mr Pope has been upon the ramble above theſe two months: he is now with my Lord Peterborow near Southampton, where he propoſes to ſtay ſome time. This morning died Willis Biſhop of Wincheſter; and is to be ſucceeded by Hoadley, and further I cannot ſay.

Pray, has Mr Jebb got any preferment? I was very glad to hear that he had a ſhare in your good opinion: I hope he has done nothing to forfeit it. What has prevented Mr Faulkner from ſending over your works? He promiſed to ſend them over the end of laſt May, at the fartheſt. I am, with true regard and eſteem, Sir, your moſt obliged and moſt faithful humble ſervant,

OXFORD.

LETTER DXCVIII.

LADY HOWTH TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *Kilfane, near Kilkenny, Aug.* 15. 1734.

TO ſhew you how much I covet your correſpondence, I would not even give myſelf time to reſt; for gratitude obliges me to return you thanks for all your favours, in particular your laſt, which quite cured me of my cold. I can, as yet, give you no account of this country, but that I have been mightily hurried, ſettling my little family. We all got ſafe here on Monday night; and this day was the fair of Bennet's Bridge, where I had two gentlemen on purpoſe to look out for a pad for you, but there was not one to be got; but if there be any ſuch thing to be had as a good trotter, ſuch a one as I know you like, I will have it. I don't know whether you will be as free in writing as you are in ſpeaking; but I am ſure, were I at your elbow when you read this, you would bid me go to a writing-ſchool and a ſpelling-book. My lord joins me in begging you will accept of our beſt wiſhes; and hope you will believe me to be, what I really am, your affectionate friend, and humble ſervant,

LUCY HOWTH.

LETTER

LETTER DXCIX.

DR SHERIDAN TO DR SWIFT.

DR DAY AN, *Aug.* 16. 1734.

EYE maſh aimed off knott wry tin two yew bee four Butt may knee bees knees ſees hind red ſow Inn trick Kate eye cud knot. Ewer Ink ly nation Eye no two wards ewer fry ends Toby o therwiſe. Ha! view ſpoak a knee Prop hoſe awl too Dock tore Cocks cymb Eye may Ann White comb a bout they Dean a wry off Kill mower a ſhit. I few heave, right two Their ever end Dock tore She rid Ann Inn caſt ell Ham ill tunn knee are Kill ice and draw inn they Count eye Caw van. Eye a mag owing two Bell turbet two meet they ten Ants off Drum lean too race heave mow knee butt Eye fare Ice hall me taw a par ſell off M T Pock heats. Cap tinn Ham ill tunn mad dumb Ham ill tunn Ann dye ware a bean tinn, Ann dye Ned inn a gaze ay beau a pun a paſt Eye maid off any Sun. Oui mun See your Ann very tea—Cant you right all a mode a France hay?

The upper part of this letter muſt be read by my miſtreſs to you, who has a key for it, I mean her tongue; but you muſt have patience with her, for ſhe cannot ſee well without ſpectacles; and when ſhe has them on ſhe cannot read well; and when ſhe does read, ſhe cannot ſpeak well, as having an impediment in her ſpeech, which

was occaſioned by a fright in the nurſery. A little before I go to Dublin I intend to kill a buck, and ſend you ſome of it. Mr Hamilton has promiſed me that favour. He has the beſt and fatteſt veniſon I ever taſted; the fineſt boat, and the fineſt ſituation, and the fineſt houſe, and the fineſt hall, and the fineſt wife and children, and the fineſt way of living, I ever met. You live in Dublin among a parcel of rabble; I live at Caſtle-Hamilton among gentlemen and ladies: You live upon chafed mutton, I live upon veniſon: You drink Benicarlo wine, I drink right French Margoux: You hear nothing but noiſe; with raviſhing muſic my ears are delighted. If you were here you would never go back again. I fancy that I never ſhall; and that I ſhall be able ſoon to keep my coach, and to bring you down into this elyſium, which is both my taſte and my choice.

Pouvoir choiſir, et choiſir le meilleur, ce ſont deu avantages qu'a le bon gout. C'eſt donc un des plus grands dons du ciel d'être né homme de bon choix. And to give you a ſample of my good choice, I chuſe to end with this French maxim, having no more to write, but my love to my miſtreſs, and ſervice to all friends. Eye am ewers to the day of judgment,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

LETTER

LETTER DC.

TO THE DUKE OF CHANDOIS.

MY LORD, *Aug.* 31. 1734.

ALTHOUGH I have long ago had the honour to be an old humble ſervant to your Grace, yet I do not remember to have ever written you a letter, at leaſt ſince her Majeſty's death. For this reaſon, your Grace will reaſonably wonder to find a man, wholly forgotten, begin a commerce by making a requeſt. For which I can offer no other excuſe, than that frequent application to me, by many worthy and learned perſons of this city and kingdom; who having heard that I was not unknown to you, ſeldom failed any opportunity of preſſing me to ſolicit your Grace, of whoſe generous nature fame has well informed them, to make a preſent of thoſe ancient records, in paper or parchment, which relate to this kingdom, that were formerly collected, as we have heard, by the late Earl of Clarendon, during his government here, and are now in your Grace's poſſeſſion. They can be of no uſe in England, and the ſight of them will be of little value to foreign virtuoſi; and they naturally belong to this poor kingdom. I could wiſh they were of great intrinſic value, ſo as to be ſold on the Exchange for 1000 l. becauſe you would then part with them at the firſt hint, merely to gratify your darling paſſion of genero-

ſity and munificence: And yet, ſince they are only valuable in the place of their birth, like the reſt of our natives, I hope you will be prevailed on to part with them, at the humble requeſt of many very deſerving perſons in this city and univerſity. In return for which bounty, the memory of it ſhall be preſerved in that honourable manner, which ſo generous a patron of learning as your Grace will certainly be pleaſed with. And, at their requeſt alone, I deſire your compliance, without the leaſt mention of myſelf as any way inſtrumental.

I intreat your Grace's pardon for this interruption, and remain, with the greateſt reſpect,

MY LORD,

Your Grace's, &c.

LETTER DCI.

MRS PENDARVES TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *Little Brook-ſtreet, Sept.* 9. 1734.

I FIND your correſpondence is like the ſinging of the nightingale; no birds ſing ſo ſweetly, but the pleaſure is quickly paſt; a month or two of harmony, and then we loſe it till next ſpring: I wiſh your favours may as certainly return. I am at this time, not only deprived of your letters, but of all other means of inquiring after your health, your friends and my correſpondents being diſperſed to their ſummer-quarters,

and

and know as little of you as I do. I have not forgot one mortifying article on this occaſion; and if your deſign in neglecting me was to humble me, it has taken effect: Could I find out the means of being revenged, I would moſt certainly put it in execution; but I have only the malice of an incenſed neglected woman, without the power of returning it. The laſt letter I writ to you was from Gloceſter, about a twelvemonth ago; after that I went to Long-Leat to my Lady Weymouth; came to town in January, where I have remained ever ſince, except a few weeks I ſpent at Sir John Stanley's at North-end, the Delville of this part of the world. I hope Naboth's Vineyard flouriſhes: It always has my good wiſhes, though I am not near enough to partake of its fruits. The town is now empty, and, by moſt people, called dull: To me it is juſt agreeable, for I have moſt of my particular friends in town, and my ſuperfluous acquaintance I can very well ſpare. My Lord Carteret is at Hawnes; my Lady Carteret is in town, nurſing my Lady Dyſart, who is brought to-bed of a very fine ſon, and in hopes of my Lady Weymouth's being ſoon under the ſame circumſtances. I have not ſeen my Lord Bathurſt ſince I was at his houſe in Glouceſterſhire; that's a miſchief I believe you have produced; for as long as I could entertain him with an account of his friend the Dean, he was glad to ſee me; but lately we have been great ſtrangers. Mrs Donnellan ſometimes talks of making a winter's

viſit

viſit to Dublin, and has vanity enough to think you are one of thoſe that will treat her kindly: Her loſs to me will be irreparable, beſides the mortification it will be to me to have her go to a place where I ſhould ſo gladly accompany her. I know ſhe will be juſt, and tell the reaſons why I could not, this year, take ſuch a progreſs. After having forced myſelf into your company, it will be impertinent to make you a longer viſit, and deſtroy the intention of it; which was only to aſſure you of my being, Sir, your moſt faithful, and obliged humble ſervant,

M. PENDARVES.

LETTER DCII.

PICKLE-HERRING TO MR FAULKNER *.

SIRHA †,

AREN'T you the raſcal that makes ſo free with my family?——Had you once recollected that, graceleſs and deſpiſed as he is, that ſame ſerjeant Kite ‡ was my brother, and however marr'd in the making, was born to be as great a man as myſelf. Had you thought with what

* Endorſed by Dr Swift, "An excellent droll paper."

† This humorous letter, although addreſſed to Mr Faulkner, was ultimately deſigned for the entertainment of Dr Swift.

‡ Betteſworth, ſerjeant at law, whoſe character is well known for the aſſault he made upon Dr Swift in the year 1733, was frequently perſecuted by the young poets, under the name of Serjeant Kite.

what vengeance a man in my high ſtation can eſpouſe any one's quarrel, and eſpecially that of a ſinking brother, durſt you preſume to run theſe lengths?——Mark what I am going to ſay; bitter is the ſorrow, hot, ſour, and cutting is the ſauce you are to taſte after your merry conceits on my poor brother; and what mortal can expect better that meddles with the very worſt of the family of the Pickles?———Recollect at laſt, and tremble! Whom haſt thou offended and ſtirred up to wrath, thou little pitiful ſwad?——— More would I ſay to thee, but that I take thee right, I look upon thee only as the foul pipe through which the filth and naſtineſs of a whole nation is ſquirted in the teeth of my unfortunate brother, the unlucky graceleſs dog, that has brought all this on himſelf; but alas, my brother!———But, however provoked, are your ſcribbling ſpit-fires never to be ſatisfied? One ſhould think that, by this time, if the poor ſoul had not enough, they certainly had: Is it not ſufficient for them to ſee a man of learning and law, and a man of ſingular inimitable eloquence, a man of unparalell'd graceful action, a man of unſpeakable, inconceivable, truth, juſtice, and ſincerity, exemplary religion, ſtrict virtue, nice honour, and ſterling worth in general, paſt finding out? I ſay, is it not ſufficient to ſee a luminary like this now ſhining in meridian luſtre, but anon ſet for ever in a puddly cloud? Is it not ſufficient to ſee him ſo unmaſked and ſtigmatized, that he can be no longer a tool even for a court-

ſharper,

ſharper, and (what's worſt of all for him) no longer to be in pay with them! Is it not ſufficient to ſee his poor ſkull (God help it!) incurably bumped and bulged by that damnable bounce of his againſt the pulpit-corniſh? Is it not ſufficient to ſee with what pain and ſhame he wriggles along by that confounded ſplinter of the bar, he lately got thruſt into his a——, and which has left him a running ſore to his dying day? Is it not ſufficient to ſee him, all the laſt term, walk about in merry ſadneſs an idle ſpectator in the courts, where he was not retained even for his moſt noted talent of dirt-ſlinger?——O you ſwarms of green counſels and attorneys! I wonder not to ſee you poſted about Idler's Corner, looking ſharp, as dinnerleſs men, for a lucky pop on a client; but why, oh! why ſhould this ever be the caſe of my hapleſs brother! O Fortune, Fortune, cruel are thy ſports!——Is it not ſufficient to ſee him doubly tormented in putting a good countenance on treatment, which is inwardly gnawing and conſuming him? In which ſtate his whole comfort is, that, for half a ſcore years at leaſt, his conſcience could never upbraid him: Oh the comfort of an eaſy conſcience!——Is it not ſufficient to ſee him at Ballyſpellan, and every where he goes, the common butt of gibe, wink, and titter? Is it not ſufficient, that after what has been flying about ſince he left it, he knows not how to ſhew his face in town, nor how to ſtand the infinite mortifications he is to meet with this winter?

winter? Is it not ſufficient that, as his caſe ſtands, it is the ſerjeant againſt all the world, and all the world againſt the ſerjeant? Wretched caſe, when a creature has not even the cheap relief of common pity! And is not all this ſufficient? No, the virulent crew tell me, that as long as the terrible tumour in his breaſt continues hard, the cauſtick and corroſive muſt be ply'd, and that none but injudicious quacks would talk of emollients and lenitives, until ſome at leaſt of the corrupt and fœtid matter is diſcharged. In ſhort, they tell me, that as long as the cauſe remains, and the world likes the operations, the cure muſt go on the ſame way. Well, go on, ye ſcoundrels, go on! and make him as wretched and contemptible as you can! and when you have done your worſt, I'll make a proviſion for him that ſhall alarm you all; ſhall make ſome burſt with envy, and others to look on him with a merry face, whom ſo long they beheld with hatred and deriſion.

To keep neither him nor the world longer in ſuſpence, know ye, that I will take him home to myſelf, and after a little of my tutoring, not a turn in his intellects, expreſſion, or action, (which now are the ſubjects of ſatire), that ſhall not ſoon become matter of high panegyric. O ye dogs you, I'll ſet him over all your heads! I'll advance him to a place of performance, which he was born for, and which (however he thought of it all the while) he was not ill-bred to: And there he is ſure to meet with the honour and applauſe

plauſe he might in vain expect on any other ſtage.———

As for your part, little pert whipper-ſnapper, Faulkner, is it baſe fear, or is it unſufferable vanity in you to talk of correction from the hands of my brother? Had you been any thing above the ſorry remnant of a man, you might perhaps come in for the honour of a gentle drubbing; but a little raſcal, that has already one leg in the grave, what ſatisfaction or credit would it be to him to beat thee abominably, or even ſlay thee outright? No, but, Sirrah, if our brother Dr Anthony * were alive,———rot you, in ſpite of your raſcally Keven-Bail, and your ſcribbling janiſſaries, he ſhould ſet up his wheel juſt before your door, and on his pole, thruſt up your fundament, he ſhould twirl you about till your brains tumbled down into the hollow of your wooden ſhin-bone, and till all the bones in your ſkin rattled and ſnapped like pipe-ſtoppers in a bladder. Take that from your ſworn and mortal enemy,

PICKLE-HERRING.

LETTER

* A whimſical odd kind of a man, who had abundance of low humour, and frequently uſed to entertain the ſchool-boys and populace with his harangues and pleaſantry, mounted upon a ladder in ſome corner of a ſtreet. He died about eight or ten years before the date of this letter.

LETTER DCIII.

SIR WILLIAM FOWNES TO DR SWIFT *.

SIR,

THERE are a ſort of gentlemen, who, after great labour and coſt, have at laſt found out, that two diſhes of meat will not coſt half ſo much as five or ſix, and yet anſwer the end of filling the bellies of as many as uſually fed upon the five or ſix.

I have conſidered that a like ſort of reduction in other articles may have the like proportion of good effect: As for inſtance, when any one beſpeaks a pair of ſhoes, a pair of ſtockings, or a pair of gloves, they ſhould beſpeak a pair and a half of each, and make uſe of theſe turn about: I am very confident they will anſwer the end of two pair; by which good management a quarter part of the expence in thoſe articles may be ſaved. Perhaps it may be objected, that this is a ſpoiling of trade; to which I anſwer, that when the makers of thoſe ſorts of ware ſhall reduce their rates a quarter part (inſtead of enhancing them, as has been done in ſome late years unreaſonably) and now ought to be reduced, according to the rates of wool and leather;

Then it may be reaſonable to beſpeak two pair inſtead of a pair and a half.

* Endorſed, "A humorous project."

Another objection may be ſtarted as to gloves, with a query, which of the hands ſhall be obliged with two gloves? To this I anſwer, That generally the left hand is uſed but ſeldom, and not expoſed, as the other, to many offices; one of which, in particular, is the handing of ladies. For theſe reaſons, two gloves ought to be granted to the right hand.

There are many other frugal improvements, which, as ſoon as I have diſcourſed Thomas Turner the Quaker, who is now upon finding out the longitude, and farther improving the latitude, I ſhall be able to demonſtrate what ſort of meat, and the joints, will beſt anſwer this frugal ſcheme, as likewiſe in cloathing, and other parts of good œconomy; and they ſhall be communicated to you by, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

PHILOMÆ.

From my obſervatory in the Parliament-houſe, Oct. 18. 1734.

LETTER DCIV.

Sept. 15. 1734.

I HAVE ever thought you as ſenſible, as any man I knew, of all the delicacies of friendſhip; and yet I fear (from what Lord B. tells me you ſaid in your laſt letter) that you did not quite underſtand the reaſon of my late ſilence. I aſſure you it proceeded wholly from the tender kindneſs

neſs I bear you. When the heart is full, it is angry at all words that cannot come up to it; and you are now the man in all the world I am moſt troubled to write to, for you are the friend I have left whom I am moſt grieved about. Death has not done worſe to me in ſeparating poor Gay, or any other, than diſeaſe and abſence in dividing us. I am afraid to know how you do; ſince moſt accounts I have give me pain for you, and I am unwilling to tell you the condition of my own health. If it were good, I would ſee you; and yet, if I found you in that very condition of deafneſs, which made you fly from us while we were together, what comfort could we derive from it? In writing often, I ſhould find great relief, could we write freely; and yet when I have done ſo, you ſeem, by not anſwering in a very long time, to feel either the ſame uneaſineſs as I do, or to abſtain, from ſome prudential reaſon. Yet I am ſure, nothing that you and I would ſay to each other, (though our whole ſouls were to be laid open to the clerks of the poſt-office), could hurt either of us ſo much, in the opinion of any honeſt man or good ſubject, as the intervening, officious impertinence of thoſe goers between us, who in England pretend to intimacies with you, and in Ireland to intimacies with me. I cannot but receive any that call upon me in your name; and in truth they take it in vain too often. I take all opportunities of juſtifying you againſt theſe friends, eſpecially thoſe who know all you think and write, and repeat your ſlighter verſes. It is

generally on ſuch little ſcraps that witlings feed; and 'tis hard the world ſhould judge of our houſe-keeping from what we fling to our dogs; yet this is often the conſequence. But they treat you ſtill worſe, mix their own with your's, print them to get money, and and lay them at your door. This I am ſatisfied was the caſe in the epiſtle to a lady. It was juſt the ſame hand (if I have any judgment in ſtyle) which printed your life and character before, which you ſo ſtrongly diſavowed in your letters to Lord Carteret, myſelf, and others. I was very well informed of another fact, which convinced me yet more: The ſame perſon who gave this to be printed, offered to a bookſeller a piece in proſe as your's, and as commiſſioned by you, which has ſince appeared, and been owned to be his own. I think (I ſay once more) that I know your hand, though you did not mine in the Eſſay on Man. I beg your pardon for not telling you, as I ſhould, had you been in England: But no ſecret can croſs your Iriſh ſea, and every clerk in the poſt-office had known it. I fancy, though you loſt ſight of me in the firſt of thoſe eſſays, you ſaw me in the ſecond. The deſign of concealing myſelf was good, and had its full effect. I was thought a divine, a philoſopher, and what not; and my doctrine had a ſanction I could not have given to it. Whether I can proceed in the ſame grave march like Lucretius, or muſt deſcend to the gaieties of Horace, I know not, or whether I can do either: But be the future as it will, I

ſhall

ſhall collect all the paſt in one fair quarto this winter, and ſend it to you, where you will find frequent mention of yourſelf. I was glad you ſuffered your writings to be collected more completely than hitherto, in the volumes I daily expect from Ireland; I wiſh it had been in more pomp, but that will be done by others: Your's are beauties that can never be too finely dreſt, for they will ever be young. I have only one piece of mercy to beg of you: Do not laugh at my gravity, but permit me to wear the beard of a philoſopher, till I pull it off, and make a jeſt of it myſelf. It is juſt what my Lord B. is doing with metaphyſics. I hope you will live to ſee and ſtare at the learned figure he will make on the ſame ſhelf with Locke and Malbranche.

You ſee how I talk to you, (for this is not writing). If you like I ſhould do ſo, why not tell me ſo? If it be the leaſt pleaſure to you, I will write once a-week moſt gladly: But can you abſtract the letters from the perſon who writes them, ſo far as not to feel more vexation in the thought of our ſeparation, and thoſe misfortunes which occaſion it, than ſatisfaction in the nothings he can expreſs? If you can, really and from my heart I cannot. I return again to melancholy. Pray, however, tell me, is it a ſatisfaction? That will make it one to me; and we will think alive, as friends ought, and you ſhall hear from me punctually juſt when you will.

P. S. Our friend, who has juſt returned from

a progreſs of three months, and is ſetting out in three days with me for the Bath, where he will ſtay till towards the middle of October, left this letter with me yeſterday, and I cannot ſeal and diſpatch it, till I have ſcribbled the remainder of this page full. He talks very pompouſly on my metaphyſics, and places them in a very honourable ſtation. It is true, I have writ ſix letters and an half to him on ſubjects of that kind; and I propoſe a letter and an half more, which would ſwell the whole up to a conſiderable volume. But he thinks me fonder of the name of an author than I am. When he and you, and one or two other friends, have ſeen them, *ſatis magnum theatrum mihi eſtis*, I ſhall not have the itch of making them more public *. I know how little regard you pay to writings of this kind. But I imagine, that if you can like any ſuch, it muſt be thoſe that ſtrip metaphyſics of all their bombaſt, keep within the ſight of every well-conſtituted eye, and never bewilder themſelves whilſt they pretend to guide the reaſon of others. I writ to you a long letter ſome time ago, and ſent it by the poſt. Did it come to your hands? or did the inſpectors of private correſpondence ſtop it, to revenge themſelves of the ill ſaid of them in it? *Vale, et me ama.*

LETTER

* As Lord B. (Let. 49.) tells us, they ſhew that all our metaphyſical theology is ridiculous and abominable.

LETTER DCV.

DR ABUTHNOTT TO DR SWIFT.

Hampſtead, Oct. 4. 1734.

MY DEAR AND WORTHY FRIEND,

YOU have no reaſon to put me amongſt the reſt of your forgetful friends; for I wrote two long letters to you, to which I never received one word of anſwer. The firſt was about your health; the laſt I ſent a great while ago, by one De La Mar. I can aſſure you, with great truth, that none of your friends or acquaintance has a more warm heart towards you than myſelf. I am going out of this troubleſome world, and you, amongſt the reſt of my friends, ſhall have my laſt prayers, and good wiſhes.

The young man whom you recommended came to this place, and I promiſed to do him what ſervice my ill ſtate of health would permit. I came out to this place ſo reduced by a dropſy and an aſthma, that I could neither ſleep, breathe, eat, or move. I moſt earneſtly deſired and begged of God that he would take me. Contrary to my expectation, upon venturing to ride, (which I had forborn for ſome years, becauſe of bloody water), I recovered my ſtrength to a pretty conſiderable degree, ſlept, and had my ſtomach again; but I expect the return of my ſymptoms upon my return to London, and the return of the winter. I am not in circumſtances

to

to live an idle country-life; and no man, at my age, ever recovered of ſuch a diſeaſe, further than by an abatement of the ſymptoms. What I did, I can aſſure you, was not for life, but eaſe. For I am, at preſent, in the caſe of a man that was almoſt in harbour, and then blown back to ſea; who has a reaſonable hope of going to a good place, and an abſolute certainty of leaving a very bad one. Not that I have any particular diſguſt at the world; for I have as great comfort in my own family, and from the kindneſs of my friends, as any man; but the world, in the main, diſpleaſeth me; and I have too true a preſentiment of calamities, that are like to befal my country. However, if I ſhould have the happineſs to ſee you before I die, you will find that I enjoy the comforts of life with my uſual chearfulneſs. I cannot imagine why you are frighted from a journey to England. The reaſons you aſſign, I am ſure, are not ſufficient; the journey, I am ſure, will do you good. In general, I recommend riding, of which I have always had a good opinion, and can now confirm it from my own experience.

My family give you their love and ſervice. The great loſs I ſuſtained in one of them, gave me my firſt ſhock; and the trouble I have with the reſt, to bring them to a good temper, to bear the loſs of a father who loves them, and whom they love, is really a moſt ſenſible affliction to me. I am afraid, my dear friend, we ſhall never ſee one another more in this world.

I ſhall, to the laſt moment *, preſerve my love and eſteem for you, being well aſſured you will never leave the paths of virtue and honour for all that is in the world. This world is not worth the leaſt deviation from that way. It will be great pleaſure to me to hear from you ſometimes; for none can be with more ſincerity than I am, my dear friend, your moſt faithful friend and humble ſervant,

JO. ARBUTHNOTT.

LETTER DCVI.

FROM DR SWIFT.

Nov. 1. 1734.

I HAVE your's with my Lord B——'s poſtſcript, of Sept. 15. It was long on its way; and for ſome weeks after the date, I was very ill with my two inveterate diſorders, giddineſs and deafneſs. The latter is pretty well off; but the other makes me totter towards evenings, and much diſpirits me. But I continue to ride and walk; both of which, although they be no cures, are at leaſt amuſements. I did never imagine you to be either inconſtant, or to want right notions of friendſhip: But I apprehend your want of health; and it hath been a frequent wonder to me, how you have been able to entertain the world ſo long, ſo frequently, ſo happily, under ſo many bodily

* Dr Arbuthnott died in March, 1734-5.

bodily diſorders. My Lord B. ſays you have been three months rambling, which is the beſt thing you can poſſibly do in a ſummer-ſeaſon; and when the winter recalls you, we will, for our own intereſts, leave you to your ſpeculations. God be thanked, I have done with every thing, and of every kind that requires writing, except now and then a letter; or, like a true old man, ſcribbling trifles only fit for children or ſchool-boys of the loweſt claſs at beſt, which three or four of us read and laugh at to-day, and burn to-morrow. Yet, what is ſingular, I never am without ſome great work in view, enough to take up forty years of the moſt vigorous healthy man; altho' I am convinced, that I ſhall never be able to finiſh three treatiſes that have lain by me ſeveral years, and want nothing but correction. My Lord B. ſaid in his poſtſcript that you would go to Bath in three days. We ſince heard that you were dangerouſly ill there, and that the newſmongers gave you over. But a gentleman of this kingdom, on his return from Bath, aſſured me he left you well; and ſo did ſome others, whom I have forgot. I am ſorry at my heart, that you are peſtered with people who come in my name; and I profeſs to you, it is without my knowledge. I am confident I ſhall hardly ever have occaſion again to recommend; for my friends here are very few, and fixed to the freehold, from whence nothing but death will remove them. Surely I never doubted about your Eſſay on Man; and I would lay any odds, that I would never

never fail to diſcover you in ſix lines, unleſs you had a mind to write below, or beſide yourſelf, on purpoſe. I confeſs I did never imagine you were ſo deep in morals, or that ſo many new and excellent rules could be produced ſo advantageouſly and agreeably in that ſcience, from any one head. I confeſs in ſome few places I was forced to read twice. I believe I told you before what the Duke of D—— ſaid to me on that occaſion, how a judge here, who knows you, told him, that, on the firſt reading thoſe eſſays, he was much pleaſed, but found ſome lines a little dark: On the ſecond moſt of them cleared up, and his pleaſure increaſed: On the third he had no doubt remained; and then he admired the whole. My Lord B——'s attempt of reducing metaphyſics to intelligible ſenſe and uſefulneſs, will be a glorious undertaking; and as I never knew him fail in any thing he attempted, if he had the ſole management, ſo I am confident he will ſucceed in this. I deſire you will allow that I write to you both at preſent; and ſo I ſhall while I live. It ſaves your money and my time; and he being your genius, no matter to which it is addreſſed. I am happy that what you write is printed in large letters; otherwiſe, between the weakneſs of my eyes, and the thickneſs of my hearing, I ſhould loſe the greateſt pleaſure that is left me. Pray command my Lord B—— to follow that example, if I live to read his metaphyſics. Pray God bleſs you both. I had a melancholy account from

from the Doctor of his health. I will anſwer his letter as ſoon as I can. I am ever entirely your's.

LETTER DCVII.

THE REV. MARMADUKE PHILIPS TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *Marſton, in Somerſetſhire, Nov.* 2. 1734.

YOU may be aſſured that I ſhould not have denied myſelf ſo long the pleaſure of that great privilege and favour you allowed me at our parting, of correſponding with you whilſt I ſtaid in England, but that I waited to give ſome account of the ſucceſs of your kindly and friendly negociations for me in the letter that you were ſo good to give me to Lord Orrery, and that I could not do before this week; for though I delivered my credentials to his Lordſhip near a month ago, yet we did not talk over the affair till very lately; for as I thought it my duty to wait his time and leiſure, I did not preſs him for an anſwer; and as I have all the reaſon in the world to imagine, from the many friendly offices you have done me, that you would rejoice at any good that may befal me; ſo I can at length tell you, that it was as favourable as I could well wiſh for, conſidering every thing and circumſtance attending that affair; for it ſeems the ſcheme in relation to Mr Taylor's giving my mother

ther and me ſo much money for our good will in the leaſe, can never take place, for many very good reaſons his Lordſhip gave me, which are too tedious now to trouble you with; and therefore he only told me in general terms, that as he thought our caſe a little hard and ſevere, ſomewhat or other at the expiration of the leaſe muſt be done for me, but in what manner it was not poſſible for him yet to ſay; which ſurely was as much as any conſcionable and reaſonable man (and God forbid that I ſhould ever prove otherwiſe) could expect: In ſhort, his kind reception of me at Marſton, and the handſome manner he has behaved himſelf towards me in every particular ſince I came to him, has been like Lord Orrery himſelf: And now to whom muſt I attribute all this, not to any merit or conduct of my own, for I am conſcious of none, but to the worthy Dean of St Patrick's, who takes delight in doing all the good he can to thoſe who have the invaluable happineſs and honour of being acquainted with him; and therefore what a monſter of ingratitude ſhould I be not to acknowledge the channel, through which this intended bounty of his Lordſhip is to flow to me, let it be more or leſs? No; *agnoſco fontem*; for, without controverſy, you have been the means of bringing all this about: For which I ſhall ſay no more, (being but bitter bad at making ſpeeches), but the Lord reward you, and to aſſure you, good Sir, that this your act of friendſhip *manet et manebit alta mente repoſtum*. His Lordſhip told me that

he would anfwer your letter very ſoon; and as his pen and head infinitely tranſcend mine, it is likely you will have then a clear and better account of this matter than I can poſſibly give you.

I have been under an unſpeakable concern at an account I lately ſaw from Ireland of a return of your old diſorders of giddineſs and deafneſs; but I ſtill flatter myſelf that it is not ſo bad with you as my fears have repreſented it, which makes me long impatiently to hear how you really are; but I am in hopes your uſual *medicina gymnaſtica* will carry it all off; if it does not, more the pity ſay I; and ſo will all ſay, I am confident, that know you; but ſurely ten thouſand times more pity is it that you are not like one of Gulliver's Struldbrugs, immortal: But alas! that cannot be, ſuch is the condition of miſerable man; which puts me often in mind of the following lines I have ſomewhere or other met with, which I apply now and then to myſelf, by way of cordial.

What's paſt we know, and what's to come
muſt be,
Or good or bad, is much the ſame to me;
Since death muſt end my joy or miſery,
Fix'd be my thoughts on immortality.

But hold! I believe I begin to preach; and 'tis well if you don't think by this time that I imagine myſelf in Rathenny * pulpit inſtead of writing

* Mr Philips's beneſice about three miles from Dublin.

writing a letter to the Dean; and therefore I forbear.

I know writing in your preſent circumſtances muſt be ſo very troubleſome and uneaſy to you, that I am not quite ſo unreaſonable as to expect it from you; but whenever your health permits you, it will be an infinite pleaſure and ſatisfaction to me to hear from you; and the ſafeſt way of ſending a letter to me will be under cover to Lord Orrery, at Marſton, near Froome in Somerſetſhire. I ſhall trouble you, Sir, with my compliments to my very good friends and neighbours Lady Acheſon and her mother, for whom I have a very real eſteem and value, and alſo to Dr Helſham and his Lady, and with my very affectionate love and ſervice to all my Sunday companions at the deanry *.

I have no novelties to entertain you with from hence; for here we lead a very retired and perfectly rural life: but when I get to London, (which I believe will not be till after Chriſtmas, becauſe as I am within ten or a dozen miles of Bath, I have ſome thoughts of making a trip thither, and try what good thoſe waters will do me), you may depend upon having an account of what paſſes in the political and learned world that is poſſible for me to come at and convey to you, and I hope to be then honoured with all

† It was cuſtomary for the Doctor's friends and acquaintance to viſit him on Sunday afternoons, and ſpend the evening with him; ſo that every one, who was at leiſure to go there, was ſure of meeting variety of good company.

your commiſſions and commands in that place; for I wiſh for nothing more than an opportunity of ſhewing with how much gratitude and true eſteem for all your favours, I am, Sir, your moſt obedient and much obliged humble ſervant,

MARMADUKE PHILIPS.

I have ſeen your friend Mr Cope at Bath, and ſhe deſired me to ſend her compliments to you.

LETTER DCVIII.

LADY B—— G—— TO DR SWIFT.

London, Nov 7. 1734.

DON'T accuſe me of forſaking you: Indeed it is not the leaſt in my thoughts; but I heard you were ill, and I had no letter from you, ſo doubted being troubleſome. I was, about two months ago, at my own houſe, and had my Duke and Dutcheſs with me. The reſt of my time was divided between Lord Preſident * and Knole. I have now left their Graces in the country, where I hope they will not ſtay long; for ſhe has been very ill, though now recovered.

I am always more frightful when my friends are ſick there, becauſe there is neither phyſic norphyſician that's good for any thing. Indeed, I cannot anſwer whether your Lord Lieutenant will be the ſame or not. All that I can ſay is, that if he aſks my conſent for it, he ſhall not have

* Spencer Earl of Wilmington.

have it. I have no acquaintance with the Duke of Chandois, nor I believe has the Duke of Dorſet much. And to be ſure it would be to no purpoſe to aſk him for thoſe records * again, becauſe, if he would have parted with them, he would have done it on your aſking. And whether it be uſeful, or not juſt to him, yet few people would care to part with what muſt enhance the value of their libraries; but if he ſucceeds the Duke of Dorſet, then for certain he will be eaſily perſuaded to make a compliment of them to the kingdom. Your friend Dr Arbuthnott, I hear, is out of order again. I have not ſeen him lately, and I fear he is in a very declining way. I fancy it would be prodigiouſly good for your health to come to England, which would be a great pleaſure to your moſt ſincere old friend and humble ſervant.

* Theſe records were manuſcripts relating to the hiſtory of Ireland, which had been collected by Sir James Ware, before, after, and during the troubles of 1641. When Lord Clarendon was Lord Lieutenant, in 1686, he got theſe manuſcripts from the heir of Sir James, and brought them into England. After Lord Clarendon's death, they were ſold to the Duke of Chandois. The catalogue of them was printed in 1697, in the large folio catalogue of all the libraries both in England and Ireland; and the Dean having read that account of them, was very deſirous to procure them for public uſe. See a letter written by the Dean to the Duke of Chandois, ſoliciting his Grace to preſent them to the public library at Dublin, in the volumes publiſhed by Mr Deane Swift.

LETTER DCIX.

MRS PENDARVES TO DR SWIFT.

St Mary's-Square, Gloceſter, Nov. 20. 1734.

SIR,

I AM truly concerned at your having been ſo much out of order: I moſt heartily wiſh you conſtant health and happineſs, though that's of little uſe to you, and only ſerves to do honour to myſelf, by ſhewing I know how to prize what is valuable.

I ſhould have returned you thanks much ſooner for the favour of your laſt letter; but when I received it I was preparing for my journey hither, and have ever ſince had ſo great a diſorder in one of my eyes, that till this moment I have not been able to make my acknowledgments to you. I wonder you ſhould be at a loſs for a reaſon for my writing to you; we all love honour and pleaſure: Were your letters dull, do you imagine my vanity would not be fond of correſponding with the Dean of St Patrick's? But the laſt reaſon you give I like beſt, and will ſtick by, which is, that I am a more conſtant nymph than all your goddeſſes of much longer acquaintance; and furthermore, I venture to promiſe you are in no danger of receiving a Boutade, if that depends on my will. As for thoſe faſting days you

you talk of *, they are, I confeſs, alluring baits; and I ſhould certainly have been with you in three pacquets, according to your commands, could I either fly or ſwim: But I am a heavy lump, deſtined for a few years to this earthly element, and can't move about, without the concurrent aſſiſtance of ſeveral animals that are very expenſive.

Now for buſineſs: As ſoon as I received your letter, I went to your brother Lanſdown, and ſpoke to him about the Duke of Chandois. He deſired me to make his compliments to you, and to tell you he was very ſorry he could be of no ſervice to you in that affair; but he has had no manner of correſpondence, or even acquaintance, with the Duke theſe fifteen years. I have put it however into hands that will peruſe it diligently, and I hope to obtain for you what you deſire; if they do not ſucceed, you muſt not call me negligent; for whatever lies in my power to ſerve you, is of too much conſequence for me to neglect.

I have left my good friend, and your humble ſervant, Mrs Donnellan, behind me in London, where ſhe meets with little entertainment ſuitable to her underſtanding; and ſhe is a much fitter companion for the Dublin Thurſday Society than for the trifling company ſhe is now engaged in; and I wiſh you had her with you, (ſince I can't have her), becauſe I know ſhe would be

* *i. e.* Dining upon two or three diſhes at the deanry; which, in compariſon of magnificent tables, the Doctor uſed to call faſting.

be happier than where ſhe is; and my wiſh I think no bad one for you. Neither my eyes nor paper will hold out any longer. I am, Sir, your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

M. PENDARVES.

I beg my compliments to all your friends.

LETTER DCX.

MR JARVIS * TO DR SWIFT.

Hampton, Nov. 24. 1734.

DEAR MR DEAN,

YOU can hardly imagine how rejoiced I am at finding my old friend the Biſhop of Worceſter †, ſo hale at 83-4! No complaint; he does but begin to ſtoop, and I am forced myſelf, every now and then, to awaken myſelf to walk tolerably upright, famous as I was lately for a wight of uncommon vigour, and, conſequently, ſpirits to ſpare. If ever I ſee Dublin again, and your Teague eſcapes hanging ſo long, I will myſelf truce him for non-admittance, when you were in a converſable condition. I am ſure the Lady will ſend you Mr Connolly's picture with pleaſure, when I tell her you expect it. Our friend Pope is off and on, here and there, every where and no where, *a ſon ordinaire;* and therefore as well as we can hope, for a carcaſs ſo

* A celebrated painter, and contemporary with Sir Godfrey Kneller.

† Dr John Hough, Biſhop of Worceſter.

ſo crazy. He aſſures me, he has done his duty in writing frequently to the Dean, becauſe he is ſure it gives you ſome amuſement, as he is rejoiced at all your's; therefore you muſt write away. Upon inquiry, I learn that exerciſe is the beſt medicine for giddineſs. Penny made Mrs Pendarves happy with a print of your's, and I do not fail to diſtribute them to all your well-wiſhers. I am, dear Dean, your's moſt affectionately,

CHA. JARVIS.

I held out bravely the three weeks fog, *&c.* and am very well.

LETTER DCXI.

Twickenham, Dec. 19. 1734.

I AM truly ſorry for any complaint you have; and it is in regard to the weakneſs of your eyes that I write (as well as print) in folio. You'll think, (I know you will, for you have all the candour of a good underſtanding), that the thing, which men of our age feel the moſt, is the friendſhip of our equals; and that therefore whatever affects thoſe who are ſtept a few years before us, cannot but ſenſibly affect us who are to follow. It troubles me to hear you complain of your memory; and if I am in any part of my conſtitution younger than you, it will be in my remembering every thing that has pleaſed me in you,

you, longer than perhaps you will. The two ſummers we paſſed together dwell always on my mind, like a viſion which gave me a glimpſe of a better life and better company, than this world otherwiſe afforded. I am now an individual, upon whom no other depends; and may go where I will, if the wretched carcaſs I am annexed to did not hinder me. I rambled, by very eaſy journeys, this year to Lord Bathurſt and Lord Peterborow, who, upon every occaſion, commemorate, love, and wiſh for you. I now paſs my days between Doyley, London, and this place; not ſtudious nor idle, rather poliſhing old works than hewing out new. I redeem now and then a paper that hath been abandoned ſeveral years; and of this ſort you'll ſoon ſee one, which I inſcribe to our old friend Arbuthnott.

Thus far I had written; and thinking to finiſh my letter the ſame evening, was prevented by company; and the next morning found myſelf in a fever, highly diſordered, and ſo continued in bed for five days, and in my chamber till now; but ſo well recovered as to hope to go abroad tomorrow, even by the advice of Dr Arbuthnott. He himſelf, poor man, is much broke, though not worſe than for theſe two laſt months he has been. He took extremely kind your letter. I wiſh to God we could once meet again, before that ſeparation, which yet, I would be glad to believe, ſhall re-unite us. But he who made us, not for ours, but his purpoſes, knows only whether it be for the better or the worſe, that the affections

affections of this life ſhould, or ſhould not continue into the other: And doubtleſs it is as it ſhould be. Yet I am ſure, that while I am here, and the thing that I am, I ſhall be imperfect without the communication of ſuch friends as you. You are to me like a limb loſt, and buried in another country. Though we ſeem quite divided, every accident makes me feel you were once a part of me. I always conſider you ſo much as a friend, that I forget you are an author, perhaps too much; but it is as much as I would deſire you would do to me. However, if I could inſpirit you to beſtow correction upon thoſe three treatiſes, which you ſay are ſo near completed, I ſhould think it a better work than any I can pretend to of my own. I am almoſt at the end of my morals, as I have been long ago of my wit. My ſyſtem is a ſhort one, and my circle narrow. Imagination has no limits; and that is a ſphere in which you may move on to eternity: But where one is confined to truth, (or, to ſpeak more like a human creature, to the appearances of truth), we ſoon find the ſhortneſs of our tether. Indeed, by the help of a metaphyſical chain of ideas, one may extend the circulation, go round and round for ever, without making any progreſs beyond the point to which Providence has pinned us. But this does not ſatisfy me, who would rather ſay a little to no purpoſe, than a great deal. Lord B. is voluminous, but he is voluminous only to deſtroy volumes. I ſhall not live, I fear, to ſee that work printed.

printed. He is ſo taken up ſtill (in ſpite of the monitory hint given in the firſt line of my eſſay) with particular men, that he neglects mankind, and is ſtill a creature of this world, not of the univerſe; this world, which is a name we give to Europe, to England, to Ireland, to London, to Dublin, to the court, to the caſtle, and ſo diminiſhing till it comes to our own affairs, and to our own perſons. When you write either to him or to me, (for we accept it all as one), rebuke him for it; as divine, if you like it; or as a badineur, if you think that more effectual.

What I write will ſhew that my head is yet weak. I had written to you by that gentleman from the Bath, but I did not know him; and every body that comes from Ireland pretends to be a friend of the Dean's. I am always glad to ſee any that are truly ſo; and therefore do not miſtake any thing I ſaid, ſo as to diſcourage your ſending any ſuch to me. Adieu.

LETTER DCXII.

DR SHERIDAN TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SOAR, *Dec.* 25. 1734.

EYE ray mice elf too May jor Par rots yes ſtair day morn in Two mete they ten ants off Drum lean, two pea me ſum Mow knee dew of Michael Maſs and March Gale. Eye ſup hoſe Eye ſhall race have a bout to hun dread pounds, or

or they raw bouts. Eye am ſore Eye two here ewer health is knot bet her. Eye wood heave yew take ſum ray maid Eyes firſt, and then go in aſh hays two week low, where Eye no you will bee as well come as a knee 1 * in ire land. Yew no eye promiſs ſaid too right yew a Nun inn tell liege eye bell Let her. He writ is. Eye main aſs crop off it.

Duglidge gravelſon meltronimon bagaron reſonſa fore monra pe nos fatas epronſa car filomen ſezindo crapenter forami danſa prezina mentre foga ni ſon im contra ferez imilo ſsik mitigan naſtico dna ciſa meliſnot dlor calica doen ap fagen geſonda refilo namis ſendo.

I ſuppoſe by this time thoſe laſt ſix lines have given you amuſement enough; and to put you from farther labour, I tell you honeſtly, that they have no meaning at all. So let them paſs for a Chriſtmas trick—But I deſire that Doctor Helſham, and ſome other friends may take a turn at them; for it is not reaſonable that you ſhould be at all the trouble.

Mr Hamilton is glad the veniſon got ſafe to you; it was carried by a County-Cavan man in the 75th year of his age, who went off on Wedneſday morning, was back with us on Saturday night, in all 104 miles.——He was much affronted that a young fellow was propoſed for the expedition.—There's a County-Cavan man for you.

As for myſelf, I am grown thirty years young-

* *i. e.* One.

er, by no other method than eating, drinking, and breathing freely in this Elyſium of the univerſe. Happy will it be for you (if I misjudge not, and very ſeldom I do, as you yourſelf can witneſs, who have known me above ſixteen years, and I believe a little more, if my memory fails me not, as I have no reaſon to think it does; for I do not find it in the leaſt impaired) to convey yourſelf into the fineſt apartment of our Elyſium, I mean to Caſtle-Hamilton, where you will find a moſt hearty welcome, and all the delights this world can give.——But you muſt take me along with you.——

Nothing could give me greater pleaſure than to hear that your innocent ſubjects of the Keven-Bayl * eſcaped the gallows, in ſpite of Bettiſworth † and all his add hayrents.——If he were to make them a holiday, it ſhould make one for me and my boys likewiſe.

Sunday we had a very hard froſt—Yeſterday morning fair—The afternoon, all night, and this morning to ten, was rain—Now fair again, but lowering.

We are juſt now going to dinner at Captain Perott's, where your health is never omitted, both as Dean and Drapier—I forgot to tell you that

* Dr Swift uſed to call the people who lived in the liberty of St Patricks his ſubjects: and without diſpute they would have fought up to their knees in blood for him.

† The right ſpelling of this name is Betteſworth, conſtantly pronounced as a word of two ſyllables, until ſome poems had come out againſt him, and then Betteſworth affected to pronounce it as three ſyllables, to which this ſpelling by Dr Sheridan alludes.

that there is a Drapier's Club fixt in Caven of about thirty good fighting fellows: from whence I remark you have the heart of Ireland. Vid. Grierſon's new map——There is another Caven-Bayl for you.

I have no more to trouble you with, but my good wiſhes for your long health and happineſs. I am, dear Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

If you go out of town before I return, leave the key of your ſtrong box with Jane *, that I may put my money among your's.

LETTER DCXIII.

TO THE DUKE OF DORSET.

MY LORD, *January* 14. 1734-5.

I AM aſſured that your Grace will have ſeveral repreſentations of an affair relating to the univerſity here, from ſome very conſiderable perſons in this kingdom. However, I could not refuſe the application made me by a very worthy perſon of that Society, who was commiſſioned by ſome principal members of the body to deſire my good offices to your Grace; becauſe they believed you thought me an honeſt man, and be-

* Dr Swift's cook-maid.

cauſe I had the honour to be known to you from your early youth. The matter of their requeſt related wholly to a dreaded apprehenſion they lie under, of Dr Whitcomb's endeavour to procure a diſpenſation for holding his fellowſhip along with that church-preferment beſtowed on him by your Grace. The perſon ſent to me on this meſſage, gave me a written paper, containing the reaſons why they hope your Grace will not be prevailed upon to grant ſuch a diſpenſation. I preſume to ſend you an abſtract of theſe reaſons; becauſe I may boldly aſſure your Grace, that party or faction have not the leaſt concern in the whole affair; and as to myſelf, it happens that I am an entire ſtranger to Dr Whitcomb.

It is alledged that this preferment given to the Doctor conſiſts of a very large pariſh, worth near ſix hundred pounds a-year, in a very fine country, thirty miles from Dublin: That it abounds very much with Papiſts, and conſequently a moſt important cure, requiring the Rector's reſidence, beſides ſome other aſſiſtant; which, being ſo rich, it might well afford.

That as to ſuch diſpenſations, they find in their college-books but three or four inſtances ſince the Revolution, and theſe in caſes very different from the preſent. For thoſe few livings, which had diſpenſations to be held with a fellowſhip, were ſinecures of ſmall value, not ſufficient to induce a fellow to leave his college; and in the body of thoſe diſpenſations is inſerted a reaſon for granting them. That they were ſuch livings

as

as could be no hindrance in the diſcharge of a fellow's duty.

That diſpenſations are very hurtful to their ſociety, becauſe they put a ſtop to the ſucceſſion of fellowſhips, and thereby give a check to that emulation, induſtry, and improvement in learning, which the hopes of gaining a fellowſhip will beſt incite young ſtudents with.

That if this diſpenſation ſhould take place, it may prove a precedent for the like practice in future times; which will be very injurious to the ſociety, by encouraging fellows to apply for diſpenſations, when they have intereſt enough to get preferments, by which the ſenior fellows will be ſettled in the college for life; and thus, for want of a ſucceſſion any other way than by death or marriage, all encouragement to young diligent ſtudents will be wholly loſt.

That a junior fellowſhip is of very ſmall value, and to arrive at it requires good ſenſe, as well as long and cloſe ſtudy; to which young ſtudents are only encouraged by hopes of ſucceeding, in a reaſonable time, to be one of the ſeven ſeniors; which hopes will be quite cut off, when thoſe ſeniors are perpetuated by diſpenſations.

That the fellows, at their admittance into their fellowſhips, take a ſolemn oath never to accept of any church-preferment above a certain value and diſtance from Dublin, as long as they continue fellows: To which oath the accepting of a diſpenſation by Dr Whitcomb is directly con-

trary, in both particulars of value and diſtance.

That at this time there is a ſet of very hopeful young men in long and cloſe ſtudy, to ſtand for the firſt vacant fellowſhip, who will be altogether diſcouraged, and drop their endeavours in the purſuit of learning, by being diſappointed in their hopes of Dr Whitcomb's leaving the college, and opening a way for one of them to ſucceed in a fellowſhip.

Theſe, my Lord, are the ſum of the reaſons brought me by a very worthy perſon, a fellow of that college, and recommended by ſome of the moſt deſerving in that body; and I have ſhortened them as much as I could.

I ſhall only trouble your Grace with one or two of my own remarks upon this ſubject.

The univerſity, and in ſome ſenſe the whole kingdom, are full of acknowledgment for the honour your Grace hath done them, in truſting the care of one of your ſons to be educated in the college of Dublin, which hopes to be always in your Grace's favour; and by your influence, while you govern here, as well as the credit you will always deſerve at Court, will ever deſire to be protected in their rights.

Your Grace will pleaſe to know, that a fellowſhip in this univerſity differs much in ſome very important circumſtances from moſt of thoſe in either of the univerſities in England.

My Lord George will tell your Grace, that a fellowſhip here is obtained with great difficulty, by the number of candidates, the ſtrict examination

nation in many branches of learning, and the regularity of life and manners. It is alſo diſpoſed of with much ſolemnity: The examiners take an oath at the altar to give their vote according to their conſciences.

The univerſity is patron of ſome church-preferments, which are offered to the ſeveral fellows downwards to the loweſt in holy orders.

I beg your Grace to conſider, that there being very little trade here, there is no encouragement for gentlemen to breed their ſons to merchandiſe: That not many great employments in church or law fall to the ſhare of perſons born here: That the laſt reſource of younger ſons is to the church; where, if well befriended, they may chance to riſe to ſome reaſonable ſpiritual maintenance; although we do not want inſtances of ſome clergymen, well born and of good reputation, who have been, and ſtill are, curates for thirty years; which hath been a great diſcouragement to others, who have no other means left to provide for their children.

Your Grace will not want opportunities, while you continue in this government, and by your moſt deſerved favour with his Majeſty, to make Dr Whitcomb eaſier in his preferment, by ſome addition that no perſon or ſociety can have the leaſt pretence to complain of. And I humbly beg your Grace, out of the high veneration I bear to your perſon and virtues, that you will pleaſe to let Dr Whitcomb content himſelf for a while with that rich preferment, (one of the

beſt

beſt in the kingdom), until it ſhall lie in your way further to promote him to his own content. If, upon his admittance to his fellowſhip, he took an oath never to accept a church-living thus circumſtantiated, and hold it with his fellowſhip, it will be thought hardly reconcileable to conſcience to receive a diſpenſation.

I humbly intreat your Grace to forgive this long trouble I have given you, wherein I have no ſort of intereſt, except that which proceeds from an earneſt deſire, that your Grace may continue, as you have begun from your youth, without incurring the leaſt cenſure from the world, or giving the leaſt cauſe of diſcontent to any deſerving perſon. I am, *&c.*

LETTER DCXIII.

MRS DONNELLAN TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *London, Jan.* 19. 1734-5.

MY brother tells me you are ſo good to inquire after me, and, to ſpeak in a very kind manner of me, which as it gives me the greateſt pleaſure, ſo it raiſes in me the higheſt gratitude. I find I have a great advantage in being very inconſiderable; I dare believe people ſincere when they profeſs themſelves my friends; I conſider I am not a wit, a beauty, nor a fortune; then why ſhould I be flattered? I have but two or three qualities that I value myſelf upon, and

and thoſe are ſo much out of faſhion, that I make no parade of them: I am very ſincere, I endeavour to be grateful, and I have juſt ſenſe enough to diſcern ſuperior merit, and to be delighted with the leaſt approbation from it. My brother, ſome time ago, gave me hopes of receiving a letter from you; but he now tells me your ill ſtate of health has made writing uneaſy to you. I grieve much at my loſs, but more at the occaſion of it; and I write now only to return my beſt thanks for your good opinion and deſigns, not to ſolicit new favours, or give you the trouble of anſwering this. I hope next ſummer to be in Ireland, where I ſhall expect to receive your anſwer in perſon, when the ſun, with its uſual bleſſings, ſhall give us this additional one, of reſtoring you to that ſtate of health, that all thoſe, who have the happineſs of either knowing you as a friend and companion, or lover of your country, muſt with the greateſt earneſtneſs deſire. You will laugh perhaps, Sir, at my ſaying I hope to ſee Ireland this year; indeed the generality of our country-folks, who ſpend a little time here, and get into any tolerable acquaintance, ſeem to forget they have any other country, till a knaviſh receiver, or their breaking tenants, put them in mind of it; but I aſſure you I have ſo little of the fine lady in me, that I prefer a ſociable evening in Dublin to all the diverſions of London, and the converſation of an ingenious friend, though in a black gown, to all the powdered toupees at St James's. What has

kept

kept me ſeven years in London, is the duty I owe a very good mother, of giving her my company ſince ſhe deſires it, and the conveniency I enjoy with her of a houſe, coach, and ſervants, at my command. I ſuppoſe, Sir, you know that Mrs Pendarves has been for ſome time at Gloceſter: She has preferred a pious viſit to a ſick mother in a dull country-town to London in its gayeſt dreſs; ſhe tells me ſhe deſigns next month to return to us; the only uneaſineſs I ſhall have in leaving London, is the parting with ſo valuable and tender a friend; but as ſhe promiſes me, that if I ſtay in Ireland ſhe will make it another viſit, I think, for the good of my country, I muſt leave her. But whilſt I am indulging myſelf in telling you my thoughts and deſigns, I ſhould conſider I am perhaps making you a troubleſome or unreaſonable viſit; if ſo, uſe me as all impertinent things ſhould be uſed; take no notice of me: All I deſigned in writing to you, was to let you know the high ſenſe I have of all your favours, and that I am, with the greateſt gratitude and eſteem, Sir, your moſt obliged obedient humble ſervant.

H. DONNELLAN.

I beg you will be ſo good to give my beſt wiſhes and ſervices to Dr Delany and Dr Helſham.

LETTER

LETTER DCXV.

FROM SOME UNKNOWN GENTLEMAN TO DR SWIFT *.

REV. SIR, *Jan.* 21. 1734.

THIS letter is not to return your country thanks for your royal bounty to the army of Parnaſſus. Every body knows that Louis the XIV. built and endowed the nobleſt foundation in the world for his invalids; we, in imitation, have our Greenwich, Chelſea, and Kilmainham; and 'twas but fit that the king of poets ſhould provide for his jingling ſubjects, that are ſo maimed and wounded in reputation, they have no other way of ſubſiſtence †. The occaſion of this is as follows: This evening two learned gentlemen (for aught I know) laid a wager on the matter following, and referred it to you to decide; *viz.* Whether Homer or Tacitus deſerves moſt praiſe on the following account? Homer makes Helen give a character of the men of gallantry and courage upon the wall; but, as if it were not a fine lady's province to deſcribe wiſdom in Ulyſſes, the hero of his ſecond poem, he makes Antenor, the wiſeſt of all Troy, interrupt her. The paſſage in Tacitus is as follows, *viz.* On this year died Junia, being the ſixtieth after the Philippi

* This letter is endorſed, 'Whimſical, and little in it.'

† The writer ſeems to allude to Swift's then deſigned hoſpital for idiots and lunatics.

Philippi battle, wife to Caſſius, ſiſter to Brutus, niece to Cato; the images of twenty houſes were carried before her, *&c. Sed præfulgebant Brutus et Caſſius, eo ipſo quod imagines eorum non viſebantur.* Theſe gentlemen beg they may not have apartments aſſigned them in your obſervatory. Your moſt obedient humble ſervant.

T. L. P.

Be pleaſed to direct to the Reverend Mr Birch at Roſcrea.

LETTER DCXVI.

LORD B——— G——— TO DR SWIFT.

Feb. the 13th, 1734-5.

YOU are a fine gentleman indeed, to teach his Grace of Dorſet ſuch ſaucy words; and we have quarrelled ſo much about it, that I don't know but I ſhall oblige him to meet me behind Montague-houſe *. He ſays it is ſome time ago that he commanded me to write to you, to aſſure you he thought himſelf very much obliged to you for your letter, and that he takes it as a proof of your friendſhip and good-will to him. So far I own is true; he did humbly beg the favour of me to write you this a great while ago; but I underſtood he had ſomething elſe more to ſay, ſo I cannot but own I have ſeen him pretty often

* Where duels were frequently fought.

often ſince; but yet (at the times I could ſpeak to him) my idle head conſtantly forgot to aſk him what he had to ſay. So now he ſays he will do his own buſineſs, and write to you ſoon himſelf.

The Counteſs * has quitted the court, becauſe, after a long illneſs at Bath, ſhe did not meet with a reception that ſhe liked; though her miſtreſs appeared exceſſively concerned, and expreſſed great uneaſineſs at parting with her; and my opinion is, that not only her maſter and miſtreſs, but her very enemies, will have reaſon to repent the part they have acted by her.

Now I have anſwered all I can tell you, that you want to know, I bid my dear Dean adieu.

LETTER DCXVI.

THE EARL OF STAFFORD † TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *London, Feb.* 18. 1734-5.

TO honour, and eſteem, and admire you, is general to all that know or have heard of you; but to be pleaſed with your commands, and glad and diligent to obey them, is peculiar to your true friends, of which number I am very deſirous to be reckoned. On receiving your letter by Mr Skerret, I immediately undertook to do him the

* The Counteſs of Suffolk.

† He had been ambaſſador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the States General, during the treaty for the peace of Utrecht.

beſt ſervice I could, and thought myſelf happy in having advanced his affair ſo far, as to get his petition to the Houſe of Lords read and agreed to, and a peremptory day agreed to for his being (as this day) heard *ex parte*, if the other party did not put in their anſwer before. I likewiſe got ſeveral Lords to attend; but, on printing his caſe, our new Lord Chancellor * (who at preſent has a great party in the houſe) found out, that the petition I had preſented for Mr Skerret, had not fully explained matters to the Houſe; becauſe, upon comparing dates, the petition of appeal laſt year was preſented late in the ſeſſions; and that though there was then an order for the reſpondents to put in their anſwer in five weeks, (the uſual time for cauſes in Ireland), yet the parliament did not ſit above a fortnight after; ſo that it was impoſſible for the reſpondent's anſwer to be put in by that time. That the parliament being diſſolved, the reſpondents in Ireland might expect to have been ſerved with a new order this ſeſſion, which it did not appear was done: And that though in the courts below, if anſwers were not put in, they proceeded to hear cauſes *ex parte*; yet there was this difference, that there they always allowed a time for the defendant to have his cauſe reheard; but in the Houſe of Lords our decrees are final, and it would be hard for any, by ſurpriſe, to be abſolutely cut out from making his defence. The whole houſe ſeeming to be of the ſame mind, they put off the cauſe to Thurſ-

day

* Talbot.

day five weeks, and ordered the reſpondents, in the mean time, to be ſerved with an order to put in their anſwer; and if they did not anſwer by that time, the houſe would proceed abſolutely to hear the cauſe *ex parte*. I muſt own to you, the Chancellor propoſed to put it off only for a month; and it was I alone deſired it might be for five weeks, giving for a reaſon, that ſince the appellant was diſappointed once, after having been at the expence of ſeeing his counſel, he might not be ſo a ſecond time: And ſince his adverſaries were ready to make all the chicane poſſible, they might not have the pretence for another, by ſaying, as the uſual time was five weeks, and this order but for a month, they expected they were to be allowed the uſual time; ſo I thought it was better giving them a week more, than leaving them any room for further chicane.—As I have not ſeen your friend Mr Skerret ſince this order, I do not know how he takes it: But I was reſolved to give you this account of what happened but a few hours ago, that you might be convinced of my diligence to gratify you in every thing, you deſire of, Sir, your moſt ſincere faithful humble ſervant.

As the Houſe of Commons were but yeſterday on the practice of opening letters, you will not wonder if I expect this to be opened.

LETTER DCXVIII.

DR SHERIDAN TO DR SWIFT.

Feb. 25. 1734-5.
Fy brew Harry 25. 1734-5.

RAVE E'ER DAY ANN,

EYE fan ſee they Rake order is a deel a tory jant ill man, bee cauſe he mite heave ſcent his o pin eye on beef o'er this. Yew no eye heave ſum mow knee too pay miſs tear Hen a wry, Ann damn inn hay eaſt to bring Matt Eyrs twack on clue ſhun. Eye maid a nap point mean too Bee at they Dean a wry tun eye't, but am pray vent head buy a ten an ant in Jew red buy Ann at Ur ni, buy home eye muſt and. Eye am ewer mow ſtob ay dy ant Ann dumb bell ſerve aunt,

Tom aſs She rid Ann.

LETTER DCXIX.

LORD C—— TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *Jermyn-ſtreet, March* 6. 1734-5.

I HAD the honour of your letter, and attended the cauſe yeſterday, and the day before: It went for your friend upon the juſteſt principle, and that unanimouſly. He did not only carry his cauſe before the Houſe, but his future cauſe, ſpringing out of this, is mended by the decree. The Chancellor ſaid, the reſpondent had more

reaſon

reaſon to appeal than the appellant. Mr Lindſay, who informed you right in all the matters you mentioned to me, will inform you, on peruſing our decree, of the reaſon of the Chancellor's expreſſion. I have a partiality for Captain Rowley in every thing but judicature; and in that capacity, if Judge Lindſay and I ſat together, I fancy, by what I know of him, that we ſhould ſeldom diſagree.

I thank you for taking notice of the proſperous events that have happened to my family. If alliance and the thoughts of proſperity can bind a man to the intereſt of his country, I am certainly bound to ſtand by liberty; and when you ſee me forgetful of that, may you treat me like * Traulus and Piſtorides. I am impatient for four volumes, ſaid to be your works, for which my wife and I have ſubſcribed; and we expected a dozen of copies from Mr Tickell laſt packet.

I intend theſe works ſhall be the firſt foundation of the libraries of my three grandſons. In the mean time, they will be ſtudied by my ſons and ſons-in-law.

I deſire you will condeſcend to make my compliments to Dr Delany, for whom I have a moſt hearty eſteem, though I know he thinks me not ſerious enough upon certain arduous points of antiquity.

SIR,

That you may enjoy the continuance of all

 happineſs,

* Joſhua, Lord Allen, a privy counſellor, and Richard Tighe, Eſq;

happineſs, is my wiſh: As for futurity, I know your name will be remembered, when the names of kings, lords, lieutenants, archbiſhops, and parliament-politicians, will be forgotten; at laſt, you yourſelf muſt fall into oblivion; which may happen in leſs than a thouſand years, though the term may be uncertain, and will depend on the progreſs that barbarity and ignorance may make, notwithſtanding the ſedulous endeavours to the contrary of the great prelates in this and ſucceeding ages. My wife, my mother, my mother-in-law, my, *&c. &c. &c.* all join with me in good wiſhes to you; and I hope you will continue to believe that I am with the greateſt reſpect, Sir, your moſt humble and moſt obedient ſervant.

LETTER DCXX.

WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ; TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *London, March* 11. 1734-5.

I HAVE often deſired our friend Pope, when he wrote to you, to allow me a corner of his letter, to aſſure you of my moſt humble ſervice; but the little man never remembered it, and it was not worth troubling you with a letter of my own on ſo inſignificant an occaſion.

Your recommending Mr Lorinan to me, gives me great pleaſure and ſatisfaction, as it is an inſtance of your kind remembrance and friendſhip

I promiſe you, whoever at any time comes to me from you, ſhall be ſure of meeting with the utmoſt of my endeavours to ſerve them. I am glad I can acquaint you Mr Lorinan has all the ſucceſs he could expect or wiſh for: His cauſe was a good one, and he had the honour of having it greatly attended. When it was over, he aſked me, (but in a very modeſt way) whether it was poſſible to get him made receiver of the new Biſhop of Derry's rents? I told him I would try; I did ſo; but found it would not ſucceed, and ſo dropped it immediately.

What do you ſay to the buſtle made here to prevent the * man from being an Engliſh biſhop, and afterwards allowing him to be a good Chriſtian enough for an Iriſh one? Sure the oppoſition or the acquieſcence muſt have been moſt abominably ſcandalous. By what I can learn of Dr Rundle's character, (for I am not in the leaſt acquainted with him myſelf), he is far from being the great and learned man his friends would have the world believe him; and much farther yet, from the bad man his enemies repreſent him. Our right reverend brethren continue to dwell together

† Dr Thomas Rundle was promoted to the rich ſee of Derry in Ireland, in February 1734-5, after being prevented from getting the ſee of Glouceſter, in England, which had been intended for him in November 1734; but he was then, as is ſaid, charged with Arianiſm, and alſo with denying the truth of Abraham's offering up his ſon. The diſpute concerning his promotion to the ſee of Glouceſter, was between the Chancellor and the Biſhop of London. The Chancellor was his friend, and the Biſhop his enemy.

ther in the ſtricteſt political unity; whether it be like the dew of Hermon upon the hill of Sion, or like the ointment that ran down into Aaron's beard, and to the ſkirts of his cloathing, I cannot ſay; but I am ſure it is a good joyful thing for the miniſters to behold. This has enabled them to prevent any enquiry into the ſcandalous method of nominating, inſtead of electing the ſixteen Scotch peers: And theſe, and they together, make a moſt dreadful body in that houſe. We are not quite ſo bad in ours; but I own to you, that I am heartily tired of ſtruggling, to no purpoſe, againſt the corruption that does prevail, and I ſee always will prevail there. Poor Arbuthnott, who grieved to ſee the wickedneſs of mankind, and was particularly eſteemed of his own countrymen *, is dead. He lived the laſt ſix months in a bad ſtate of health, and hoping every night would be his laſt; not that he endured any bodily pain, but as he was quite weary of the world, and tired with ſo much bad company †. What I have ſaid of the Doctor, may perhaps deter you from coming among us; but if

* 'He was a native of Scotland.'

† This, admitting the fact, is very remarkable of a man of Arbuthnott's turn; a man of humour, whoſe mind ſeemed to be always pregnant with comic ideas, and turned chiefly, if not only, to that which is ridiculous even in vice itſelf. That to ſuch a man, to whoſe fancy almoſt every character, and every event furniſhed a comedy, death ſhould be welcome, becauſe life was inſipid, is a melancholy and ſtriking proof, that even in laughter the heart is ſorrowful; or that thoſe, who are moſt

if you had any thoughts of viſiting England this ſummer, I can aſſure you of ſome friends, who wiſh to live with you, and know how to value and eſteem you. Among them, there is none that does ſo, more ſincerely than, dear Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

WILLIAM PULTENEY.

Mrs Pulteney is very much your humble ſervant, and joins in inviting you here next ſummer.

LETTER DCXXI.

MRS PRATT TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *London, April* 4. 1735.

I THINK you know me ſufficiently not to doubt of a letter any way coming from you being acceptable; therefore any omiſſion but that cannot fail of an excuſe from me, whoſe friendſhip is pleaſingly gratified by the honour of having it returned from one of your diſtinguiſhing talents and merit, whoſe life I wiſh to preſerve, but wiſh

beſt qualified to make others merry, are not always merry themſelves; that their mirth is not an effuſion of hillarity that overflows their own breaſts, but often the mere effect of a painful effort, exerted chiefly for the gratification of vanity, the ſad concomitant of vexation of ſpirit. See the Doctor's own account of himſelf, which ſeems not perfectly to agree with what is here ſaid of him in his letter, dated October 4th 1734.

wiſh more to make it agreeable to you by the full enjoyment of health, friends, fortune, and ſituation; and my next deſire ſhould be, that I had a power to contribute to your attainment of any of theſe comforts.

Your kind inquiries in relation to myſelf, only juſtify taking up your time with ſo inſignificant a ſubject, which I ſhall be particular upon, merely in obedience to your commands.

I have no obligations to the court, nor am likely to have any; I have to my Lord Shelburne, whoſe houſe in London is my ſettled habitation; though I am afraid two years will put an end to my good fortune, the leaſe of the houſe, which is an old one, being then expired; and ſo perhaps may be that of my life, which I have been long tired of. Added to my Lord Shelburne's favours, I have great and many, more than I can expreſs here, to the Dutcheſs of Buckingham, whoſe table is my conſtant one, and her coach much oftener mine than I aſk for it; beſides fetching me every day, and bringing me home, makes me ſhare in public amuſements without expence; and in ſummer the variety of change of air, which her ſtation impowers her to take, and more her inclination, to impart to her friends the beneſit of, who cannot fail of being ſo to her, if they have merit enough to be capable of being obliged by the moſt agreeable ſincere manner, to engage approbation and gratitude: Then I hope you think I have enough to do juſtice, both in my thoughts and actions, to one ſo worthy

thy of it. I am, Sir, your ſincerely obliged and affectionate humble ſervant,

H. PRATT.

LETTER DCXXII.

DR SHERIDAN TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *April* 5. 1735.

AMONG all the reſt of Mrs Sheridan's diabolical proceedings, ſhe is at this juncture carrying on an intrigue of marriage between her daughter——and a finical thorough fop * * * For Heaven's ſake, as you have been my beſt friend, talk to the monſter upon this occaſion, (for it is the town talk), ſhe will not know how you came to know it; and among other queſtions deſire her to produce her daughter's work for theſe two years paſt, and you will find not the fourth part of a poor ſpider's day labour. This I have been from time to time preſſing for to no purpoſe, becauſe prevented out of ſpite to me; yet every b——h in town are advocates againſt me, as I cannot drink mountain, ſnivel, complain, and out-lie the father of lies, I beg you will only obſerve her damnable hypocritical countenance when you charge her with this, and if you do not ſee it transformed into a maſk in one inſtant, I will forfeit all title to your friendſhip. Thus have I been linked to the devil for twenty-four years, with a coal in my heart,

heart, which was kindled in the firſt week I married her, and could never by all my induſtry be extinguiſhed ſince. For this cauſe I have often been charged with peeviſhneſs and abſence among my beſt friends. When my ſoul was uneaſy, every little thing hurt it, and therefore I could not help ſuch wrong behaviour. You were the only one who had an indulgence for me. And now I earneſtly aſk this laſt friendſhip; (for I ſhall be aſhamed to aſk any more) that you will interpoſe your authority to prevent what may prove a greater affliction, if poſſible, than my marriage. Mrs —— was ſo charitable as to give me a hint of this affair, and at the ſame time her advice to hurry away that girl as ſoon as I poſſibly could. I did not know what method to take before this inſtant that Mrs Perott has invited my two eldeſt daughters to her houſe till ſuch time as I may be ſettled at Cavan. She is a lady the beſt houſewife in Ireland, and of the beſt temper I ever knew. Her daughters are formed by her example, ſo that it is impoſſible to place them where they will have a better opportunity of learning what may be hereafter of real advantage to them. Dear Sir, I ſhall impatiently wait your advice; for my affairs here require a longer attendance than I expected. You will be ſo good as to let me know from Mr Lingen whether the Duke of Dorſet's letter be come in anſwer to the Lords Juſtices, that I may hurry to Dublin; for people are here impatient at having their children ſo long idle. I

am

am apt to believe that if you put this matter in what light you think proper to the Lord Chancellor, he will not inſiſt upon a punctilio, which may prove a great loſs to me. The Biſhop of Killmore can produce a letter I think ſufficient to juſtify their Excellencies the Lords Juſtices in granting us patents.

I wiſh you long health and happineſs, and ſhall, dear Sir, ever have a grateful ſenſe of your friendſhip, and be with all reſpect, your moſt obedient and very humble ſervant.

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

LETTER DCXXIII.

LADY B—— G—— TO DR SWIFT.

April the 5th, 1735.

PART the firſt, you order me to give up my ſecretaryſhip; and part the ſecond, called poſtſcript, you employ me about Dr Sheridan's exchange, when the letters for it muſt have been at Dublin long before your's came away. I was juſt thinking, that you was a little upon the dear joy; but, to be ſure, you were in the right, for what ſignified my ſecretaryſhip when I had no buſineſs?

The Counteſs of Suffolk did not give up the firſt employment at court, for ſhe had no other than miſtreſs of the robes, being 400 l. a-year, which the Dutcheſs of Dorſet quitted to her,

there being no lady of the bed-chamber's place vacant, and it not being quite proper for a Counteſs to continue bed-chamber-woman. As to her part about Gay, that I cleared to you long ago: for, to my certain knowledge, no woman was ever a better friend than ſhe by many ways proved herſelf to him. As to what you hint about yourſelf, as I am wholly ignorant what it is you mean, I can ſay nothing upon it. And as to the queſtion, whether you ſhould congratulate or condole? I believe, you may do either or both, and not be in the wrong: for I truly think ſhe was heartily ſorry to be obliged, by ill uſage, to quit a maſter and miſtreſs that ſhe had ſerved ſo juſtly and loved ſo well. However, ſhe has now much more eaſe and liberty, and accordingly her health better.

Mrs Floyd has a cough every winter, and generally ſo bad that ſhe often frightens me for the conſequences. My ſaucy niece * preſents her ſervice to Parſon Swift. The Dutcheſs of Dorſet is gone to Bath with Lady Lambert, for her health; ſhe has not been long enough there yet to find the good effects of the waters, but, as they always did agree with her, I have great hopes they will now quite cure her colick.

In all likelihood, you are weary by this time of

* Mary, eldeſt daughter, and one of the co-heirs of Thomas Chambers of Hanworth in Middleſex, Eſq; by Lady Mary Berkeley, ſiſter to Earl Berkeley, and to Lady B —— G——. She married in April 1736, Lord Vere Beauclerc, now Lord Vere.

of reading, and I am of writing ſuch a long letter; ſo adieu, my dear Dean.

LETTER DCXXIV.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHELL TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Caſhell, April* 7. 1735.

I SUPPOSE by this time you have been informed, that Mr * Dunkin was ordained here laſt Thurſday, and that your recommendations got the better of my prejudices to his unhappy genius; which I hope will in ſome degree convince you, that your power over me is not yet quite worn out.

It is one of the greateſt evils that attends thoſe whom fortune has forſaken, that their friends forſake them too; and let me tell you, that your not ſeeing me the whole winter I was laſt in Dublin, was not a leſs mortification to me, than all the hard ſayings of the great parliament-orators. However, I muſt own your taking any occaſion to write to me at all, has made ſome amends: for though you ſeem deſignedly to cover it, I think I perceive ſome little marks of that former kindneſs, which I once pleaſed myſelf to have had a ſhare in with your lawyer-friends. When I converſed with politicians, I learned that it was not prudent to ſeem fond of what

* The Reverend Mr Dunkin, the author of ſeveral poetical pieces that have been well received.

one moſt deſires: for which reaſon, I won't tell you, that if this accident of your poetical friend ſhould open a way to our frequent meeting together again, and being put upon the old foot, as when I was your ſubject at St Patrick's, I ſhould think myſelf the happieſt man in the world; but this I will ſay, that if it falls out ſo, this laſt heavy period of my life will be much more tolerable than it is at preſent.

I am now wholly employed in digging up rocks, and making the way eaſier to my church; which if I can ſucceed in, I deſign to repair a very venerable old fabric, that was built here in the time of our ignorant (as we are pleaſed to call them) anceſtors. I wiſh this age had a little of their piety, though we gave up, inſtead of it, ſome of our immenſe erudition. What if you ſpent a fortnight here this ſummer? I have laid aſide all my country-politics, ſheriffs elections, feaſts, &c. And I fancy it would not be diſagreeable to you, to ſee King Cormack's chapel, his bed-chamber, &c. all built, beyond controverſy, above eight hundred years ago, when he was the King, as well as Archbiſhop. I really intend to lay out a thouſand pounds to preſerve this old church; and I am ſure you would be of ſervice to poſterity, if you aſſiſted me in the doing it; at leaſt, if you approved the deſign, you would give the greateſt pleaſure, I aſſure you, to your moſt affectionate and faithful humble ſervant,

THEO. CASHELL.

LETTER

LETTER DCXXV.

ALDERMAN BARBER TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Queen-ſquare, April* 22. 1735.

IT was with great pleaſure I had the favour of your moſt obliging letter by the hands of Mr Richardſon, agent to the Iriſh ſociety; for as I am always proud to receive your commands, he may depend upon any ſervice I can do him that is in my power: When I ſay this, I make you no great compliment; for as that gentleman's merit has raiſed him to the poſt he now enjoys under the ſociety, it is hardly to be doubted but that his integrity, and good conduct for the future, will eaſily preſerve his intereſt in that body.

I am very ſorry to hear that your old complaints from your head continue; and the more ſo, becauſe they have deprived your friends here of the great pleaſure and ſatisfaction of ſeeing you among them, which is a ſenſible mortification to them indeed; but I am very much pleaſed with the account you give of your way of living, becauſe I am a living inſtance how the œconomy you are under muſt neceſſarily preſerve your life many years. I have the gout ſometimes, the aſthma very much, and of late frequent pains in my bowels; and yet, by keeping in a conſtant regular way, I battle them all, and am in much better health than I was twelve years ago, when

four top phyſicians pronounced me a dead man, and ſent me abroad to die. I ride when I can, but not in winter; for the fogs and miſts, and cold weather, murder me. I drink a pint of claret at dinner (none at night) and have a good ſtomach, with a bad digeſtion: But I have good ſpirits, and am chearful, I thank God.

I beg pardon for entertaining you ſo long with my infirmities, which I would humbly apply, that if my being regular, with ſo many diſtempers, preſerves me to almoſt a miracle, what muſt the ſame method produce in you?

About ten days ago I ſaw Mr Pope, who is very well; ſo is the Lord of Dawley *.

It is a melancholy reflection you make, how many friends you have loſt ſince good Queen Anne's time. Many indeed! for there are very few left. The loſs of a friend is the loſs of a limb, not to be reſtored. Poor Lady Maſham among the reſt. Our friend the Dr †, I am afraid, did not take the care he ought to have done. I am told he was a great epicure, and denied himſelf nothing. Poſſibly he might think the play not worth the candle. You may remember Doctor Garth ſaid he was glad when he was dying; for he was weary of having his ſhoes pulled off and on. As for my part, I am reſolved to make the remains of my life as eaſy as I can, and ſubmit myſelf entirely to the will of God.

You will give me leave, Sir, juſt to congratulate you on your public ſpirit (and for which all mankind

* Bolingbroke. † Arbuthnott.

mankind applaud you) in erecting an hoſpital for the unhappy. It is truly worthy of your great ſoul, and for which the preſent and the future age muſt honour and revere your memory! I dare ſay no more on this head for fear of offending.

That God Almighty would pleaſe to reſtore your health, and preſerve you many years for the good of mankind, is the hearty prayer of, Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

J. BARBER.

My ſervice to Mr Delany.

LETTER DCXXVI.

MRS PRATT TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *London, April* 22. 1735.

I WROTE in ſuch haſte that I forgot to make my Lady Saville's acknowledgments, which, before ſhe left this, ſhe engaged me to do in a particular manner from her, by aſſuring you that ſhe is your obliged humble ſervant, and wiſhes you all happineſs, as many more do amongſt your friends here. Her number of children is three, two girls and a boy; who, thank God, ſeem promiſing.

My Lord Shelburne, who is juſt come to town for two or three days, deſires his ſincere compliments to you, invites you next June to an empty

empty-town houſe, and wiſhes that accommodation of removing you from the inconveniencies of a lodging, may tempt you to a change of air, and to come amongſt your friends. I wiſh I could tempt you to come hither, as I long to have the pleaſure of aſſuring you in perſon, how ſincerely I am, Sir, your ever obliged and moſt faithful humble ſervant,

H. PRATT.

LETTER DCXXVII.

WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ; TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *London, April* 29. 1735.

I AM obliged to you for your letter by Dr Stopford; to which I am ſorry I can ſo ſoon, by him, return you an anſwer. I have ſcarce had any opportunity of ſeeing him. One day, believing we ſhould have had no buſineſs in parliament, I deſired him to dine with me; but unluckily a debate aroſe, which kept us till nine at night before we ſat down to dinner. We have had a very fatiguing ſeſſion, more from the ſevere attendance on elections, than any other public buſineſs. The miniſters have been defeated in their expectations of weeding the houſe; and, upon the whole, we ſtand ſtronger in numbers than we did at firſt ſetting out. I have ſent you the copy of a bill, now depending in our Houſe, for the encouragement of learning,

as

(as the title bears *), but I think it is rather of advantage to booksellers than authors. Whether it will pass or not this session, I cannot say, but, if it should not, I should be glad of your thoughts upon it against another session. It seems to me to be extremely imperfect at present. I hope you have many more writings to oblige the world with, than those which have been so scandalously stolen from you. And when a bill of this nature passes in England, (as I hope it will next year), you may then secure the property to any friend, or any charitable use you think fit.

I thank you for the many kind expressions of friendship in your letter. If my public conduct has recommended me to your esteem, I am extremely proud of the reward, and value it more than those do, who attain foolish ribbons, or foolish titles, *vilia servitutis premia* †. Pray therefore continue me your friendship, and believe me, with the greatest sincerity and regard, dear Sir, your most humble and obedient servant,

W. PULTENEY.

Lord Bolingbroke is going to France with Lord Berkeley; but, I believe, will return again in a few months.

I will take a proper opportunity of recommending Dr Stopford to the Duke of Dorset; but

* 'The title of it was, An Act for the better Encouragement of Learning.'

† This was before he attained the title of Earl of Bath.

but I think it is not yet quite certain that he will continue Lord Lieutenant. I mean, that if he perceives that he is to be turned out ſoon after his return from Ireland, poſſibly he may deſire not to go.

LETTER DCXXVIII.

DR SWIFT TO LADY B—— G——.

MADAM, *May* 5. 1735.

I FIND your Ladyſhip ſeems not very much pleaſed with your office of Secretary; which, however, you muſt be obliged to hold during the Duke's government, if I happen to outlive it, which, for your comfort, conſidering my health, is not very likely. I have not been a troubleſome petitioner to his Grace, and intend to be leſs; and, as I have always done, will principally conſider my Lord Duke's honour. I have very few friends in want. I have kindred enough, but not a grain of merit among them, except one female, who is the only couſin I ſuffer to ſee me. When I had credit for ſome years at court, I provided for above fifty people in both kingdoms, of which not one was a relation. I have neither followers, nor foſterers, nor dependers; ſo that if I lived now among the great, they might be ſure I would never be a ſolicitor, out of any regard but merit and virtue; and in that caſe, I would reckon I

was

was doing them the beſt ſervice in my power: And if they were good for any thing, I would expect their thanks; for they want nothing ſo much as an honeſt judicious recommender, which, in perfect modeſty, I take myſelf to be. Dr Sheridan is gone to his ſchool in the country, and was only delayed ſo long on account of ſome very unneceſſary forms, contrived by his Grace's moſt cautious deputies.

My letter is but juſt begun; the larger half remains: And your Ladyſhip is to make a freſh uſe of your ſecretary employment. The Counteſs of Kerry, my long friend and miſtreſs, commanded me to attend her yeſterday: She told me that Mr Deering, late deputy-clerk of the council, being dead, ſhe had thoughts of ſoliciting the ſame office for her younger ſon, Mr John Fitzmaurice. Her eldeſt ſon, Lord Fitzmaurice, hath for ſome years been plagued with a wife and no wife *. The caſe hath been tried in both kingdoms, and he ſtands excommunicated and forced to live abroad, which is a very great misfortune to the Earl of Kerry and his lady; and they have nothing left to comfort them but their younger ſon, who hath lately married honeſtly and

* When the woman died, who claimed a marriage with this young nobleman, he married Lady Gertrude Lambert, eldeſt daughter to Richard Earl of Cavan, 29th June 1738, by whom he had the preſent Earl of Kerry. The Honourable John Fitzmaurice, here recommended by Dr Swift for ſmall employments, afterwards ſucceeded his uncle, Henry Earl of Shelburn, in his honours and an immenſe eſtate both real and perſonal. The preſent Earl of Shelburn is his ſon.

and indiſputably. He is a young gentleman of great regularity, very well educated, but hath no employment; therefore his parents would be very deſirous he ſhould have one, and this, of deputy-clerk of the council here, would be a very proper introduction to buſineſs. It is underſtood here, that the purchaſe of the deputy-clerk's office is the uſual perquiſite of the chief clerk, with the conſent of the chief governor, with which my Lord and Lady Kerry would very readily and thankfully fall in. And as the Earl of Kerry's is one of the moſt ancient and noble families of the kingdom, his younger ſon might well pretend to ſucceed in ſo ſmall an office, upon an equal foot with any other perſon. I own this propoſal of mine is more ſuitable to the corruption of the times, than to my own ſpeculative notions of virtue; but I muſt give ſome allowance to the degeneracy of mankind, and the paſſion I have to my Lady Kerry, *&c.*

LETTER DCXXIX.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHELL TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Caſhell, May the 6th,* 1735.

I HAVE been ſo unfortunate in all my conteſts of late, that I am reſolved to have no more, eſpecially where I am like to be over-matched: And as I have ſome reaſon to hope what is paſt will be forgotten, I confeſs I did endeavour in my

my laſt to put the beſt colour I could think of upon a very bad cauſe. My friends judge right of my idleneſs, but in reality it has hitherto proceeded from a hurry and confuſion, ariſing from a thouſand unlucky unforeſeen accidents, rather than mere ſloth.

I have but one troubleſome affair now upon my hands, which by the help of the prime ſerjeant I hope ſoon to get rid of; and then you ſhall ſee me a true Iriſh biſhop. Sir James Ware has made a very uſeful collection of the memorable actions of all my predeceſſors. He tells us they were born in ſuch a town of England or Ireland; were conſecrated ſuch a year, and if not tranſlated, were buried in their cathedral church, either on the north or ſouth ſide. From whence I conclude, that a good biſhop has nothing more to do than to eat, drink, grow fat, rich, and die; which laudable example I propoſe for the remainder of my life to follow: For, to tell you the truth, I have for theſe four or five years paſt met with ſo much treachery, baſeneſs, and ingratitude among mankind, that I can hardly think it incumbent upon any man to endeavour to do good to preſerve a generation.

I am truly concerned at the account you give me of your health. Without doubt a ſouthern ramble will prove the beſt remedy you can take to recover your fleſh; and I don't know, except in one ſtage, where you can chuſe a road ſo ſuited to your circumſtances, as from Dublin hither. You have to Kilkenny a turnpike and good inns,

at every ten or twelve miles end. From Kilkenny hither is twenty long miles, bad road, and no inn at all: But I have an expedient for you. At the foot of a very high hill, juſt mid-way, there lives, in a neat thatched cabin, a parſon, who is not poor; his wife is allowed to be the beſt little woman in the world. His chickens are the fatteſt, and his ale the beſt in all the country. Beſides, the parſon has a little cellar of his own, of which he keeps the key, where he always has a hogſhead of the beſt wine that can be got, in bottles well corked, upon their ſide; and he cleans, and pulls out the cork better, I think, than Robin. Here I deſign to meet you with a coach: If you be tired, you ſhall ſtay all night; if not, after dinner, we will ſet out about four, and be at Caſhell by nine; and by going through fields and by-ways, which the parſon will ſhew us, we ſhall eſcape all the rocky and ſtony roads that lie between this place and that. I hope you will be ſo kind as to let me know, a poſt or two before you ſet out, the very day that you will be at Kilkenny, that I may have all things prepared for you. It may be, if you aſk him, Cope will come: He will do nothing for me. Therefore, depending upon your poſitive promiſe, I ſhall add no more arguments to perſuade you; and am, with the greateſt truth, your moſt faithful and obedient humble ſervant,

THEO. CASHELL.

LETTER

LETTER DCXXX.

MRS DONNELLAN TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *May* 10. 1735.

I SHOULD before this have returned you thanks for the favour of your letter, but that I feared too quick a correſpondence might be troubleſome to you. When I receive a very great honour and favour, I think it ungenerous immediately to ſue for another, though I have the higheſt ſenſe of the obligation.

You ſay you want me to aſſert your right over our ſex; and your letter is ſo powerful a bribe, that I fear I ſhall give them up to you, though I am a great aſſerter of their rights and privileges. As to the employments you aſſign me, I readily undertake them all, though I know myſelf very unfit for ſome of them; but I have ſuch high examples on my ſide, that I am not at all aſhamed of pretending to more than I can do. I think I can be a very good nurſe; you ſhall teach me to be your companion; and, for a houſekeeper, I will aſſure you I know, to a farthing, the loweſt price of every thing, though I am ever ſo ignorant of the matter.

Mrs Pendarves hath, as you ſay, forſaken us: By my Lord Lanſdown's death, her brother, Mr Granville, is become poſſeſt of eight hundred pounds a-year, and twenty thouſand pounds in money; which was ſo ſettled that my Lord Lanſ-

down could not touch it. Mr Granville is a man of great worth, and a very kind brother, and has it now in his power to provide for their ſiſter, Miſs Granville, whom Mrs Pendarves is extremely fond of: This, you may imagine, has been a cordial to her for Lord Lanſdown's death, though ſhe had a great regard for him. I tell her when ſhe has married and ſettled her brother and ſiſter, if ſhe does not ſettle herſelf, ſhe muſt think of her friends in Ireland; and ſhe promiſes me ſhe will.

It is ſo much my intereſt, Sir, to believe you ſincere, that I will not doubt it: I will rather think you want judgment, (which is very hard for me to do), or why ſhould not I (which is ſtill more pleaſing) believe I have really thoſe good qualities you aſcribe to me? It will only make me vain; and who can be humble when praiſed by you?

I think your indignation againſt our abſenters very juſt, though ſome of my family ſuffer by it; but we are reſolved to be no longer of the number, and propoſe leaving London this month. Poor Mrs Barber has been confined with the gout theſe three months; and I fear we ſhall leave her ſo: Her poems are generally greatly liked: There are, indeed, a few ſevere critics (who think that judgment is only ſhewn in finding faults) that ſay they are not poetic; and a few fine ladies, who are not commended in them, that complain they are dull.

I am very ſorry Dr Delany has given up his houſe in Dublin; for one cannot, as often as one

one may wiſh it, command time and a coach to viſit him at Delville. I hope though to be admitted into the new apartment, and to have the happineſs of ſeeing you there.

My brother is highly honoured in the character you give him, which, though he is my brother, I muſt ſay I think a very juſt one: He will deliver you this letter, and with it my beſt thanks for all your favours; being, Sir, with the higheſt gratitude, your moſt obliged obedient ſervant,

H. DONNELLAN.

My beſt reſpects attend Dr Delany and Dr Helſham.

LETTER DCXXXI.

FROM DR SWIFT.

May 12. 1735.

YOUR letter was ſent me yeſterday by Mr Stopford, who landed the ſame day, but I have not yet ſeen him. As to my ſilence, God knows it is my great misfortune. My little domeſtic affairs are in great confuſion, by the villainy of agents, and the miſeries of this kingdom, where there is no money to be had. Nor am I unconcerned to ſee all things tending towards abſolute power in both nations *, (it is here in perfection

* The Dean was frequently troubled, he tells us, with a giddineſs in his head. *Warb.*

already), although I ſhall not live to ſee it eſtabliſhed. This condition of things, both public, and perſonal to myſelf, hath given me ſuch a kind of deſpondency, that I am almoſt unqualified for any company, diverſion, or amuſement. The death of Mr Gay and the Doctor * hath been terrible wounds near my heart. Their living would have been a great comfort to me, although I ſhould never have ſeen them; like a ſum of money in a bank, from which I ſhould receive at leaſt annual intereſt, as I do from you, and have done from my Lord Bolingbroke. To ſhew in how-much ignorance I live, it is hardly a fortnight ſince I heard of the death of my Lady Maſham, my conſtant friend in all changes of times. God forbid that I ſhould expect you to make a voyage that would in the leaſt affect your health. But in the mean time how unhappy am I, that my beſt friend ſhould have perhaps the only kind of diſorder for which a ſea-voyage is not in ſome degree a remedy? The old Duke of Ormond ſaid, he would not change his dead ſon (Oſſory) for the beſt living ſon in Europe. Neither would I change you, my abſent friend, for the beſt preſent friend round the globe.

I have lately read a book imputed to Lord B. called, A Diſſertation upon Parties. I think it very maſterly written.

Pray God reward you for your kind prayers. I believe your prayers will do me more good than thoſe of all the prelates in both kingdoms, or

* Arbuthnott. He died Feb. 27. 1734-5.

or any prelates in Europe, except the Biſhop of Marſeilles *. And God preſerve you for contributing more to mend the world than the whole pack of (modern) parſons in a lump.

I am ever entirely your's.

LETTER DCXXXII.

DR SWIFT TO WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ.

SIR, *Dublin, May* 12. 1735.

MR Stopford landed yeſterday, and ſent me the letter which you were pleaſed to honour me with. I have not yet ſeen him; for he called when I was not at home. The reaſon why I ventured to recommend him to your protection, was your being his old patron, to whom he is obliged for all the preferment he got in the church. He is one of the moſt deſerving gentlemen in the country, and hath a tolerable proviſion, much more than perſons, of ſo much merit, can in theſe times pretend to, in either kingdom. I love the Duke of Dorſet very well, having known him from his youth, and he hath treated me with great civility ſince he came into this government. It is true, his original principles, as well as his inſtructions from your ſide of the water, make him act the uſual part in managing

* Who continued there with his flock all the time a dreadful peſtilence deſolated that city, in 1720. He ſold all his plate, *&c.* for the relief of the poor.

naging this nation, for which he muſt be excuſed: yet I wiſh he would a little more conſider, that people here might have ſome ſmall ſhare in employments civil and eccleſiaſtic, wherein my Lord Carteret acted a more popular part. The folks here, whom they call a parliament, will imitate yours in every thing,, after the ſame manner as a monkey doth a human creature. If my health were not ſo bad, although my years be many, I fear I might outlive liberty in England. It hath continued longer than in any other monarchy, and muſt end as all others have done which were eſtabliſhed by the Goths, and is now falling in the ſame manner that the reſt have done. It is very natural for every king to deſire unlimited power; it is as proper an object to their appetites as a wench to an abandoned young fellow, or wine to a drunkard. But what puzzles me is, to know how a man of birth, title, and fortune can find his account in making himſelf and his poſterity ſlaves. They are paid for it; the court will reſtore what their luxury hath deſtroyed: I have nothing to object. But let me ſuppoſe a chief miniſter, from a ſcanty fortune, almoſt eaten up with debt, acquiring by all methods a monſtrous overgrown eſtate, why he will ſtill go on to endeavour making his maſter abſolute, and thereby in the power of ſeizing all his poſſeſſions at his pleaſure, and hanging or baniſhing him into the bargain. Therefore, if I were ſuch a miniſter, I would act like a prudent gameſter, and cut, as the ſharpers call

it,

it, before luck began to change. What if ſuch a miniſter, when he had got two or three millions, would pretend conviction, ſeem to dread attempts upon liberty, and bring over all his forces to the country ſide? As to the luſt of abſolute power, I deſpair it can ever be cooled, unleſs princes had capacity to read the hiſtory of the Roman emperors, how many of them were murdered by their own army; and the ſame may be ſaid of the Ottomans by their janiſſaries; and many other examples are eaſy to be found. If I were ſuch a miniſter, I would go farther, and endeavour to be king myſelf. Such feats have happened among the petty tyrants of old Greece, and the worſt that happened was only their being murdered for their pains.

I believe in my conſcience that you have ſome mercenary end in all your endeavours to preſerve the liberty of your country at the expence of your quiet, and of making all the villains in England your enemies. For you almoſt ſtand alone, and therefore are ſure, if you ſucceed, to engroſs the whole glory of recovering a deſperate conſtitution, given over by all its other phyſicians. May God work a miracle, by changing the hearts of an abandoned people, whoſe hearts are waxen groſs, whoſe ears are dull of hearing, and whoſe eyes have been cloſed; and may he continue you as his chief inſtrument, by whom this miracle is to be wrought.

I ſend this letter in a packet to Mr Pope, and by a private hand. I pray God protect you againſt

gainſt all your enemies; I mean thoſe of your country; for you can have no other; and as you will never be weary of well-doing, ſo may God give you long life and health the better to ſupport you.

You are pleaſed to mention ſome volumes of what are called my works. I have looked on them very little. It is a great mortification to me, although I ſhould not have been diſſatisfied if ſuch a thing had been done in England by bookſellers agreeing among themſelves. I never got a farthing by any thing I writ, except one about eight years ago, and that was by Mr Pope's prudent management from [for] me. Here the printers and bookſellers have no property in their copies. The printer applied to my friends, and got many things from England. The man was civil and humble, but I had no dealings with him; and therefore he conſulted ſome friends, who were readier to direct him than I deſired they ſhould. I ſaw one poem on you and a great miniſter, and was not ſorry to find it there.

I fear you are tired; I cannot help it; nor could avoid the convenience of writing, when I might be in no danger of poſt-officers. I am, Sir, with the trueſt reſpect and eſteem,

Your moſt obedient,
and obliged humble ſervant,
J. SWIFT.

I deſire to preſent my moſt humble reſpects to Mrs Pulteney.

LETTER

LETTER DCXXXIII.

MRS PENDARVES TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *May* 16. 1735.

YOU have never yet put it in my power to accuſe you of want of civility; for, ſince my acquaintance with you, you have always paid me more than I expected: But I may ſometimes tax you with want of kindneſs; which, to tell you the truth, I did for a month at leaſt. At laſt I was informed your not writing to me was occaſioned by your ill ſtate of health; that changed my diſcontent, but did not leſſen it; and I have not yet quite determined it in my mind, whether I would have you ſick or negligent of me: They are both great evils, and hard to chuſe out of: I heartily wiſh neither may happen. You call yourſelf by a great many ugly names, which I take ill; for I never could bear to hear a perſon I value abuſed. I, for that reaſon, muſt deſire you to be more upon your guard when you ſpeak of yourſelf again: I much eaſier forgive your calling me knave and fool. I am infinitely obliged to you for the concern you expreſs for the weakneſs of my eyes: They are now very well. I have had a much greater affliction on my ſpirits, which prevented my writing ſooner to you. My ſiſter (the only one I have, and an extraordinary darling) has been extremely indiſpoſed this whole winter.

ter. I have had all the anxiety imaginable on her account; but ſhe is now in a better way, and I hope paſt all danger. I would rather tell you ſomewhat that is pleaſant; but how can I? I am juſt going to loſe Mrs Donnellan, and that is enough to damp the livelieſt imagination: It is not eaſy to expreſs what one feels on ſuch an occaſion: The loſs of an agreeable, ſenſible, uſeful companion, gives a pain at the heart not to be deſcribed. You happy Hibernians, that are to reap the benefit of my diſtreſs, will hardly think of any thing but your own joy, and not afford me one grain of pity. Thus things are carried in this world, the rich forget the poor. I am ſorry the ſociable Thurſdays, that uſed to bring together ſo many agreeable friends at Dr Delany's, are broke up: Though Delville has its beauties, it is more out of the way than Stafford-ſtreet. I believe you have had a quiet winter in Dublin; not ſo has it been with us in London. Hurry, wrangling, extravagance, and matrimony, have reigned with great impetuoſity. The news-papers I ſuppoſe have mentioned the number of great fortunes that are going to be married. Our operas have given much cauſe of diſſenſion. Men and women have been deeply engaged; and no debate in the Houſe of Commons has been urged with more warmth: The diſpute of the merits of the compoſers and ſingers is carried to ſo great a height, that it is much feared, by all true lovers of muſic, that operas will be quite overturned. I own I think

we

we make a very ſilly figure about it. I am obliged to you for the two Latin lines in your laſt letter: It gave me a fair pretence of ſhewing the letter to have them explained; and I have gained no ſmall honour by that. I hope, Sir, though you threaten me with not writing, that you will change your mind: The ſeaſon of the year will give you ſpirits, and I ſhall be glad to ſhare the good effects of them. I am, Sir, your moſt obliged humble ſervant,

M. PENDARVES.

When you ſee Mrs Donnellan, ſhe will entertain you with a ſecond edition of Fauſet, too tedious for a letter. I have made a thouſand blunders, which I am aſhamed of.

LETTER DCXXXIV.

LADY BETTY BROWNLOWE TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *May* 19. 1735.

I HAVE the honour to ſend you the incloſed letter, and the cover, as it came to Mr Brownlowe. I hope your frugal correſpondence has not, at your expence, incurred the proverb of being penny wiſe, *&c.* and thereby occaſioned your being a ſufferer by any delay or buſineſs. I ſhould beg pardon for not having obeyed your commands in writing ſooner, but that

I am the only ſufferer by it, by being deprived of the ſatisfaction of hearing of your health. The extreme cold weather we have had this month, has made the country much leſs agreeable than uſual at this time of year; but this having been a fine morning, I have been amuſed, very much to my ſatisfaction, with laying out what I think a very pretty deſign in my garden. I like my gardener mightily, and found every thing in his care in perfect good order; but the coldneſs of the ſeaſon makes every thing very backward: The cucumbers are not larger than guerkins. I beg, if you honour me with a line, you will let me know how both Lady Acheſon and Mrs Acheſon do, for I have a ſincere concern for both their welfares. We go next week to make a viſit to our friends at Seaford, where we propoſe ſtaying about a fortnight. I heard yerſterday you had thoughts of going to Caſhell: If it were poſſible for me to have the happineſs to be preſent at your's and the Archbiſhop's converſation, I am certain I ſhould retrieve my character, and that you would allow me to be a good liſtener, which, through other peoples faults, you do not know; for I aſſure you I have too great a deſire to be informed and improved, to occaſion any interruption in your converſation, except when I find you purpoſely let yourſelf down to ſuch capacities as mine, with an intention, as I ſuppoſe, to give us the pleaſure of babbling. Mr Brownlowe

deſires

deſires you will accept of his compliments; and I am, Sir, with great reſpect, your truly affectionate humble ſervant,

ELIZABETH BROWNLOWE.

LETTER DCXXXV.

DR SHERIDAN TO DR SWIFT.

DRDN, *May* 26. 1735.

YEW mare aim Ember, a bout Ann our Ah go, Ire it Sum Ann glow Ann Glee, I nim it ay ſhun off Ewers. Butt if here they rare miſt eaks. I few fine day nigh, Eye may Kit mire eak queſt Tom end dumb. They'll aid Eyes Name Lee Mad damn Harry Son, White Whey, Sigh Cadn air ray dye Two join new, Sow add Yew Too Ale even, Ewer Mow Stumble add my rare,

THOUGH MASS SHE RID ANN.

Meath ay two went he Sick'ſt,
Wan thou Sand Say vain Hun dread, &c.

Tooth ay Revere End Dock tore Jo Nathan Dray Peer, Gull Liver, Inn They Dane a wry.

LETTER DCXXXVI.

TO LADY BETTY GERMAINE.

MADAM, *June* 8. 1735.

I TROUBLE you ſooner than uſual, in acknowledging your letter of May 27th, becauſe there are ſome paſſages in it that ſeem to require a quick anſwer. If I forget the date of mine, you muſt impute it to my ill head; and if I live two years longer, I ſhall firſt forget my own name, and laſt your Ladyſhip's. I gave my Lady Kerry an account of what you ſaid in relation to her ſon, with which ſhe is fully ſatisfied. I deteſt the Houſe of Lords for their indulgence to ſuch a profligate proſtitute villain as Curll; but am at a loſs how he could procure any letters written to Mr Pope, although, by the vanity or indiſcretion of correſpondents, the rogue might have pickt up ſome that went from him. Thoſe letters have not yet been ſent hither, therefore I can form no judgment on them. When I was leaving England, upon the Queen's death, I burnt all the letters I could find, that I had received from miniſters for ſeveral years before. But as to the letters I receive from your Ladyſhip, I neither ever did, or ever will burn any of them, take it as you pleaſe: For I never burn a letter that is entertaining, and conſequently will give me new pleaſure when it is forgotten. It is true, I have kept ſome letters merely out of friendſhip,

friendſhip, although they ſometimes wanted true ſpelling and good ſenſe, and ſome others, whoſe writers are dead. For I live like a monk, and hate to forget my departed friends. Yet I am ſometimes too nice; for I burnt all my Lord * * * *'s letters, upon receiving one where he uſed theſe words to me, "All I pretend to is a "great deal of ſincerity:" Which indeed was the chief virtue he wanted. Of thoſe from my Lord * * * *, I burnt all but one, which I kept as a moſt admirable original of court promiſes and profeſſions. I confeſs alſo that I have read ſome paſſages in many of your letters to a friend, but without naming you, only that the writer was a lady, which had ſuch marks of good ſenſe, that often the hearers would not believe me. And yet I never had a letter of mine printed, nor of any others to me.

Your Ladyſhip very much ſurpriſes me with one paſſage in your letter, which however I do not in the leaſt underſtand; where you ſay, you have been honoured in print by amorous, ſatirical, and gallant letters, where there was no word but your bare name mentioned. I can aſſure you, this is to me altogether a riddle, and what I never heard the leaſt ſyllable of; and wiſh you would explain it. No, Madam, I will never forgive your inſolent niece, without a moſt humble ſubmiſſion under her own hands; which if ſhe will not comply with, I ſhall draw up letters between us, and ſend them to Curll.

I will tell your Ladyſhip a cauſe I have of

complaint againſt the Duke of Dorſet. I have written to him about four times ſince he was lieutenant, and three of my letters were upon ſubjects that concerned him much more than it did any friend of mine, and not at all myſelf; but he was never pleaſed to return me an anſwer. Which omiſſion (for I diſdain to call it contempt) I can account for only by ſome of the following reaſons. He is either extremely buſy in affairs of the higheſt importance; or he is a Duke with a garter; or he is a lieutenant of Ireland; or he is of a very ancient noble extraction, or ſo obſcure a man as I am is not worth his remembrance; or like the Duke of Chandois, he is an utter ſtranger to me: And it would grieve me to the ſoul to put them together upon any one article. The laſt letter I writ to his Grace was upon an affair relating to one of the favourite party, and yet a very honeſt gentleman; which laſt circumſtance, with ſubmiſſion to your Ladyſhip, is what I ſeldom grant; and the matter deſired was a trifle. The letter before that related to a requeſt made him by a ſenior fellow of this univerſity, upon which I was earneſtly preſſed to write by ſome conſiderable members of the ſame body, which it highly concerned, as well as his Grace's honour; the demand being directly contrary to their ſtatutes, and of the moſt pernicious conſequence, not only to the univerſity, but the kingdom: And for that reaſon, it is thought his Grace hath choſen to let it fall, I ſuppoſe by much better cauſes of conviction than

mine.

mine. I do assure you, Madam, that I have not been troublesome to my Lord Duke in any particular: Since he hath been governor, my letters have been at most but one a-year, and my personal requests not so many; nor any one of them for the least interest that regarded myself. And although it be true that I do not much approve the conduct of affairs in either kingdom, wherein I agree with vast numbers of both parties; yet I have utterly waved intermeddling even in this enslaved kingdom, where perhaps I might have some influence to be troublesome; yet I have long quitted all such thoughts, out of perfect despair: Although I have sometimes wished, that the true loyal Whigs here might be a little more considered in the disposition of employments, notwithstanding their misfortune of being born on this side the channel; which would gain abundance of hearts both to the crown and his Grace. My paper is so full, that I have not room to excuse its length. I remain

Your Ladyship's
most obedient humble servant.

LETTER DCXXXVII.

TO SIR CHARLES WOGAN, IN SPAIN.

HONOURED SIR, 1735.

I THINK you are the only person alive who can justly charge me with ingratitude: Because, although I were utterly unknown to you, and

and become an obſcure exile in a moſt obſcure and enſlaved country; you were at the pains to find me out, and ſend me your very agreeable writings, with which I have often entertained ſome very ingenious friends, as well as myſelf; I mean not only your poetry, in Latin and Engliſh, but your poetical hiſtory in proſe of your own life and actions, inſcribed to me; which I often wiſhed it were ſafe to print here, or in England, under the madneſs of univerſal party now reigning: I mean particularly in this kingdom, to which I would prefer living among the Hottentots, if it were in my power *.

I have been often told, that you have a brother † and ſome near relations in this country, and have often employed my friends in vain to learn when any of them came to this town. But I ſuppoſe, on account of their religion, they are ſo prudent to live in privacy: Although the court hath thought it better in point of politics, and, to keep the good will of Cardinal Fleury, hath thought it proper to make the Catholics here much more eaſy than their ill-willers, of no religion, approve of in their hearts. And I can aſſure you, that thoſe wretches here, who call themſelves a parliament, abhor the clergy of our church more than thoſe of your's, and have made

* Theſe writings are at preſent in the hands of the editor of theſe volumes, all of them under Sir Charles Wogan's own hand.

† Mr Wogan of Rathcoffee.

made an univerſal aſſociation to defraud us of our undoubted dues.

I have further thanks to give you for your generous preſent of excellent Spaniſh wine, whereof I have been ſo choice, that my butler tells me there are ſtill ſome bottles left *. I did very often aſk ſome merchants here, who trade with Spain, whether this country could not afford ſomething that might be acceptable in Spain, but could not get any ſatisfaction. The price, I am ſure, would be but a trifle. And I am told by one of them, that he heard you were informed of my deſire: To which you anſwered, in a diſintereſted manner, That you only deſired my works. It is true indeed that a printer † here, about a year ago, did collect all that was printed in London which paſſed for mine, as well as ſeveral ſingle papers in verſe and proſe, that he could get from my friends, and deſired my leave to publiſh them in four volumes. He reaſoned, That printers here had no property in their copies: That mine would fall into worſe hands: That he would ſubmit to me and my friends what to publiſh or omit. On the whole, I would not concern myſelf; and ſo they have appeared abroad, as you will ſee them in thoſe I make bold to ſend you. I muſt now return to mention wine. The laſt ſeaſon for it was very bad in France, upon which our merchants

* Dr Swift, in grateful remembrance of Sir Charles Wogan, uſed to call this Spaniſh wine his Hero wine.

† Mr Faulkner.

chants have raiſed the price twenty *per cent.* already, and the preſent weather is not like to mend it. Upon this I have told ſome merchants my opinion, or perhaps my fancy: That, when the warmth of ſummer happens to fail in the ſeveral wine countries, Spain and Portugal wines, and thoſe in the South of Italy, will at leaſt be as ripe as thoſe of France in a good year. If there be any truth in this conceit, I would deſire our merchants to deal this year in thoſe warmer climates: Becauſe I hear that in Spain French vines are often planted, and the wine is more mellow; although, perhaps, the natural Spaniſh grape may fail for want of its uſual ſhare of ſun. In this point I would have your opinion; wherein, if you agree, I will make Mr Hall, an honeſt Catholic merchant here, who deals in Spaniſh wine, to bring me over as large a cargo as I can afford, of wines as like French claret as he can get. For my diſorders, with the help of years, make wine abſolutely neceſſary to ſupport me. And if you were not a perſon of too conſiderable a rank, (and now become half a Spaniard), I would try to make you deſcend ſo low, as to order ſome merchants there to conſign to ſome of ours, directed to me, ſome good quantity of wine that you approve of; ſuch as our claret drinkers here will be content with. For when I give them a pale wine, (called by Mr Hall Caſſalia), they ſay it will do for one glaſs, and then (to ſpeak in their language) call for Honeſt Claret.

LETTER

LETTER DCXXXVIII.

LORD OXFORD TO DR SWIFT.

Dover-ſtreet, June 19. 1735.

GOOD MR DEAN,

I COULD not ſuffer Mr Jebb to paſs into Ireland without giving you the trouble of reading a few lines from your humble ſervant, to inquire how you do, and to return you many thanks for your kind remembrances of me in your letters to my good friend Mr Pope. I am much concerned for the account you give, in your late letter to him, of the ſtate of your own health. I ſhould think that the change of air, and ſeeing ſome of your remaining friends you have left in this iſland, would be of ſervice to you, at leaſt to entertain and amuſe you: As for any other agreeable view, I cannot pretend to flatter you ſo far as that you muſt expect any; that is over, as I believe you know very well; but as I know you to be a truly good-natured man, I hope you will come over; for I aſſure you it will be an infinite ſatisfaction and pleaſure to your friends to embrace you here. If this motive will not do, I do not know what argument to make uſe of.

I troubled you laſt year with an account of the diſpoſal of my daughter: It has in every point anſwered our expectations and wiſhes. I was in hopes I ſhould have been able to have given you

you an account that my daughter was ſafely brought to-bed; we expect it every day. My wife is pretty well: deſires your acceptance of her humble ſervice: She, among others, would be very glad to ſee you here. My uncle, the auditor, is in a very ill ſtate of health; I am afraid he cannot laſt very long: His ſon has, this ſpring, put to Weſtminſter ſchool two ſons; he has three more, and a daughter. Mr Thomas Harley has had the gout; but he is better, and is at his ſeat in Herefordſhire. The Duke of Leeds is returned from his travels a fine gentleman, and has imported none of the fopperies and fooleries of the countries he has paſt through. My nephew Robert Hay travelled with the Duke, and is come home untainted, but much improved: He is returned to Oxford to follow his ſtudies: He deſigns for holy orders. My two youngeſt nephews are ſtill at Weſtminſter ſchool. Lord Dupplin has not yet got an employment; but lives upon hopes and promiſes. My ſiſter lives in Yorkſhire with her daughters, as well as ſhe can, conſidering the times, *&c. &c.* Now I aſk your pardon, dear Sir, for ſaying ſo much of family-affairs; but as you are a good man, and have always wiſhed my family well, I have ventured to be thus impertinent to give you the ſtate of it. Mr Pope is pretty well: He is under perſecution from Curll, who has by ſome means (wicked ones moſt certainly) got hold of ſome of Pope's private letters, which he has printed, and threatens more. We are in ſo free

a ſtate, that there is no remedy againſt theſe evils.

It is now time to releaſe you from this dull paper; but I muſt aſſure you, what I hope you know already, that I am with true reſpect and eſteem, Sir, your moſt obliged and faithful humble ſervant.

OXFORD.

Pleaſe be ſo good as to make my compliments to Lord Orrery.

LETTER DCXXXIX.

DR SWIFT TO DR SHERIDAN.

SIR, *June*, 1735.

I SUPPOSE you are now angle *ling* with your tack *ling* in a pur *ling* ſtream, or pad *ling* and ſay *ling* in a boat, or ſad *ling* your ſtum *ling* horſe with a ſap *ling* in your hands, and ſnare *ling* at your groom, or ſet *ling* your affairs, or trick *ling* your cat, or tat *ling* with your neighbour Price; not always Toy *ling* in your ſchool. This Dryes *ling* weather we in Dub *ling* are glad of a Dump *ling*, and Bab *ling* is our dare *ling*. Pray do not look as cow *ling* at me when I come, but get a fat *ling* for my dinner, or go a fow *ling* for fill *ling* my belly. I hope none of your towns-folks are Bub *ling* you: Have you a Bow *ling* Green at Cavan? I have been ill of my old Ay *ling*,

and yet you ſee I am now a ſcrib *ling*. Can you buy me an am *ling* Nag? I am bat *ling* for health, and juſt craw *ling* out. My breakfaſt is cut *ling* and ſugar to cure the Curd *ling* of my blood. My new Summer coat is cock *ling* already, and I am call *ling* for my old one. I am cob *ling* my riding ſhoes * and cur *ling* my riding periwig. My maid's hens keep ſuch a Cack *ling*, and Chuck *ling*, that I ſcarce know what I write. My mare is juſt foe *ling*, for which my Groom is Grum *ling* and grow *ling*, while the other ſervants are gob *ling* and gut *ling*, and the maids Gigg *ling*, and the dogs, how *ling*. My Bung *ling* Taylor was tip *ling* from morning till night. Do you know Drive *ling* Doll with her Drab *ling* tail, and drag *ling* petticoat, and gog *ling* eyes; always gag *ling* like a gooſe, and hob *ling* to the ale-houſe, hand *ling* a Mug and quar *ling* and ſquab *ling* with porters, or row *ling* in the kennel? I bought her a muzzle *ling* Pinner, Mr Wall walks the ſtreets with his ſtrip *ling* boy, in his ſham *ling* gait, as cuff *ling* for the wall, and juſt *ling* all he meets. I ſaw his wife with her pop *ling* gown; Pil *ling* oranges, and pick *ling* cucumbers. Her eyes are no longer Spark *ling*, you may find her twat *ling* with her neighbours, her noſe trick *ling*, aud ſpawl *ling* the floor, and then ſmug *ling* her huſband.

A

* As Dr Swift was, on all occaſions, fond of walking, he always wore ſtrong Jack-ſpatterdaſhes, which he could ſlip off as ſoon as he alighted from his horſe; and, to match theſe ſpatterdaſhes, he had ſhoes ſtrong in proportion to bear the dirt and weather; but he never wore boots.

A lady whoſe underſtanding was ſing *ling* me out as a Wit *ling* or rather a ſuck *ling*, as if ſhe were tick *ling* my fancy, tang *ling* me with queſtions, tell *ling* me many ſtories, her tongue toe *ling* like a clapper; ſays ſhe, an old man's dare *ling* is better than a young man's war *ling*. I liked her dad *ling* and plain deal *ling*: She was as wiſe as a goes *ling* or a duck *ling*, yet ſhe counted upon gull *ling* and grave *ling* me. Her maid was hack *ling* flax and humin *ling* her miſtreſs, and how *ling* in the Iriſh manner: I was fool *ling* and fiddle *ling* and fade *ling* an hour with them. We hear Tiſdall is puſs *ling* the Curates, or mud *ling* in an ale-houſe, or muff *ling* his chops, or rump *ling* his band, or mum-*ling* ſongs, though he be but a mid *ling* veſifyer at beſt, while his wife in her Mac *ling* lace is mull *ling* claret, to make her huſband Maud *ling*, or mill *ling* chocolate for her breakfaſt, or ruſt *ling* in her ſilks, or net *ling* her ſpouſe, or nurſe *ling* and ſwill *ling* her grand-children and a year *ling* calf, or oyl *ling* her pimple *ling* face, or ſet *ling* her head-dreſs, or ſtif *ling* a f— to a fizz *ling*, or boy *ling* ſowins for ſupper, or pew *ling* for the death of her kit *ling*, or over rue *ling* the poor Doctor. As to Madame votre femme, I find ſhe has been coup *ling* her daughters; I wiſh ſhe were to live upon a Cod *ling* or a Chit or *ling*: She has as mile *ling* countenance, which is yet better than as well *ling* belly: I wiſh ſhe were to go a bull *ling* and begin with a bill *ling*, and then go to hick *ling*. She hath been long as cram *ling* for power, and would fain be a fond

ling, and delights in a Fop *ling*, when ſhe ſhould be fur *ling* her ſails, and fil *ling* her belly, or game *ling* about Cavan, or Gall *ling* her company. Why do not you ſet her a truck *ling* witha vengeance, and uſe her like an under *ling*, and ſtop her ray *ling*, rat *ling*, rang *ling* behaviour? I would cure her ram *ling* and rum *ling*; but you are ſpy *ling* all, by rig *ling* into her favour, and are afraid of ruff *ling* her. I hear you are ſell *ling* your timber at Quilca: You love to have a fee *ling* of money, which is a grove *ling* temper in you, and you are for ſhove *ling* it up like a Lord *ling*, or rather like a Star *ling*. I ſuppoſe now you are vail *ling* your bonnet to every Squire. I wiſh you would grow a world *ling*, and not be ſtrow *ling* abroad nor always ſhake *ling* yourſelf at home. Can I have ſtabe *ling* with you for my horſe? Pray keep plain wholeſome table *ling* for your boys, and employ your maids in teaz *ling* cloth and reel *ling* yarn, and unravle *ling* thread without ſtay *ling* it. Set the boys a race *ling* for diverſion; ſet the ſcullion a rid *ling* the cinders without rife *ling* them. Get ſome ſcrub to teach the young boys their ſpell *ling*, and the cow-boy to draw ſmall-beer without ſpill *ling* or pall *ling* it: Have no more piſs to *ling* lads: Employ yourſelf in nay *ling* your broken ſtools. Whip all the libel *ling* rogues who are loll *ling* out their tongues, and kind *ling* quarrels, and rave eye *ling* their ſchool-fellows, and ſtick *ling* with their ſeniors, and ſnuff *ling* in a Jeer, and ſcraw *ling* on the ſchool-walls, and ſcut *ling* to the pye-houſe,

houſe, and yawl *ling* and yell *ling* to frighten little children, and fowl *ling* the houſe for miſchief ſake, and graple *ling* with the girls. Pray take care of ſpy *ling* your younger daughters, or ſty *ling* them *pets* *.

LETTER DCXL.

DR SHERIDAN TO DR SWIFT.

Ah Miſs cell a nee.

DEAR SIR, *Cavan, June* 23. 1735.

I RECEIVED your letter with the formidable accounts of your *lings*, no leſs than 160 in aſh hole, enough to bear down awe hale. What a change *ling* was I to prove oak yew by grove *ling* in the dark as I did? I ſhould rather have minded the cop *ling* of timber for an old houſe, which I am two reap air. I am now dale *ling* with a march aunt for boards, a droll *ling* logg or he add. His nay miſs Φως ter, It hink. Buy theſe aim to ken his toll a fat *ling* lamb from our butt chair. This ſent hence I feris ad I ſi culti an dume me quit o ut buy awl it ell ſtudji. Now fora new e ſi ſtyle. Ἐν νω Ἴνω ευρ μηνιν ας το

ſtand

Dye a bleſs Inn Fern ale, bee cauſe French.

eye

A very good name for ſue chaw help meet.

* The term *Pet*, which is a contradiction of the French *Petite*, ſignifies a favourite. It is here marked with a note of reprobation.

Mice cool encreaſes and wood faſter, butt that eye will not abait of my rates. Eye heave Ralph uſed a bove as core all ray dye. I do not yet here of Maſter Lucas from Caſtle Shane, for whom I have agreed, and have kept a room. If you ſee Dr Coghill, perhaps he may reſolve you what I have to depend upon, that I may not refuſe another in his place. I wiſh with all my ſoul you were here before my chickens and ducks outgrow the proper ſeaſon; as for the geeſe, they have ceaſed to be green, and are now old enough to ſee the world, which they do as far our river will let them ſail commodiouſly.

Our mutton is the beſt I ever taſted, ſo is our beef, our trouts, our pheaſants, particularly the eels. Dear Sir, I am almoſt perſuaded that the journey hither will not only remove your diſorder, but the good air will alſo get you a ſtomach, and of conſequence new fleſh, and good health. Your little ſtarts to the country from Dublin only make your lungs play quicker, to draw in more of your city-poiſon; whereas being here with me in the midſt of Arabia Felix, you draw in nothing but balſamick aromatick air, the meaneſt odour of which is that of our bean-bloſſom and lily of the valley. Every one ſwears who looks on my face, that I am grown already ten years younger; and this I am almoſt perſuaded to believe, becauſe I labour more than ever, drink leſs, ſee fewer company, and have abundantly more ſpirits. Mrs Sheridan began her athletic gambols by cuffing and kicking one

of

of the maids; for which I gave the wench money before her miſtreſs, with inſtructions to kick and cuff again; which had the effect intended. We have been quiet ever ſince.

I have almoſt finiſhed a walk of half a mile for you, and now it is ready for a coat of coarſe gravel; for I cannot afford a rolling-ſtone; ſo that my garden-walks will require a ſtrong pair of German ſhoes. To my great grief, I hear that my Lord Orrery is landed, and I fear will not be in Dublin at my Auguſt vacation. You are too happy while he is in Dublin for me to inveigle you from thence with all the charms of our Elyſium. What would I give that ſome necromancer would ſet you both down at Cavan upon an eaſy cloud, while my good wine laſts? If you would think it proper to let five dozen of my Mullan's wine come down for yourſelf, I do not think it would be amiſs; for I have a good cool cellar for it. I beſeech you to let me know the day you intend to ſet out, that I may meet you at Virginia; and be pleaſed be there on a Saturday.

You give me a great deal of good advice in your letter, for which I return you my hearty thanks, and I wiſh with all my ſoul I could take it as eaſily as you give it; but alas! I muſt ſay, as Taſſo did in a letter to his friend Antonio. Conſtantini, Il conſiglio di V. S. é ottimo; ma io conoſco grandiſſima difficoltá nell' eſeguire lo.

Doctor ——— was a fool to trouble himſelf about his rampant daughter; for he may be aſſured,

red, although he ſecures her from the preſent lover, ſince the love-fit is upon her, ſhe will try either his butler or coachman. And poor ſprig of *Aſh* I pity. He may now mourn in ſackloth and *Aſhes*. I ſuppoſe he is ſo much *Aſh* aimed, that he is worn away to *Aſh* add dough: Veſey, it ſeems, was *Aſh* Harper, and played him *Aſh* hitten trick. He muſt have been *Aſh* allow fellow, to loſe that beautiful Trollop ſo eaſily; I beg pardon, I ſhould have ſaid ſo Veaſily. If he had been *Aſh* hay rid Ann, he would not have loſt her ſo eaſily.

It is the faſhion here, among all manner of parties, to drink the Drapier's health. The reaſon I give you this cawſhun is, that you may not Ralph uſe it, when you come among us.

Ibis ſee itch yew tom eak my come Plea meant to Mrs Whiteway, and tell her no one in Ireland ſhall be more welcome to my houſe; do not fail to hawl her down with you. I can billet her at a relation's houſe; and ſhe can live and joke with us the beſt of the day. Pray let me know her reſolution, that I may ſettle my mind accordingly.

My next to you ſhall be in verſe, and what you little think of; nor is it to be wondered, becauſe I declare ſolemnly, I am an utter ſtranger to what I intend, either as to meaſure, rhyme, diction, or thought. May all happineſs attend you. I am, dear Sir, with all reſpect, your moſt obedient and very humble ſervant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

LETTER

LETTER DCXLI.

DR SHERIDAN TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *July* 5. 1735.

I RECEIVED your two receipts, *i. e.* race eats, or ray ſeats, and as ſoon as I can hear of Higingbothom, he ſhall get you the money. The Biſhop of Killmore has ordered him to get up all he can for him in the firſt place; for you muſt know that the Biſhop has my bond for the rent due to him, together with the fine, when I renewed with him the laſt February. This made me two hundred and eighty pounds in his debt. —The moment I can raiſe the devil among the tenants, I will ſecure your poor money. At preſent I have not a ſouſe but a guinea and a half, till ſome bird of paſſage brings me ſome. You muſt know that I have lately been be-Sheridan'd. A damnable rogue, one William Sheridan, couſin to counſellor Sheridan, has run away threeſcore and ſix pounds in my debt. He was tenant to Drumcor and Bleny-cup, part of the lands which I ſold you. I writ to counſellor Callaghan about him, and he tells me that I muſt eject him legally before I can ſet to another, although I have no diſtreſs on the land, but two acres of growing wheat. The villain keeps within ſix miles of this place, and will not give up his articles. One Smyth, a rich graſier, would pay moſt of his arrear to get into the lands now. I

ſent

ſent to Mr Hale for an ejectment and a writ, but hear nothing of it. I beſeech you to to let him have Sheridan's article, and Carter's bond, which you have among the papers I gave you, that he may ſhew them to counſellor Robert Callaghan; for it was to him I writ. Be pleaſed to ſend me a letter of attorney to receive your rents of Marahills, Drumcor, and Bleny-cup; and to ſet the two latter at forty two pounds a-year, which was the rent payable by that run-away villain. You cannot loſe, but I muſt be content to loſe forty-ſix pounds. Now a pox of all loſſes.—— To buſineſs more material.

Eye rage hoiſe X C Dingley tuff Hind mile Order or Eyes top Aſs awe inter inn Dubb Line ann damn well play ſaid two fine dimn inn aſs teat off Mare he meant: All aſs Ice he knot aſs mile inn knack wart her Theſe Quires he rare ſow ſtow eye call. Ann they par Suns ſow dam nab lye inn ſup port able Eye cann knot bay rum. O'er ay Rum (Sea dye two wan) ay rue awe vye car, O raw pray bend Harry, O rack Yew rat. Know ſea ſee, butt adge, uſe't is ſack woe rum. Ho! Rum! Hah! Rum! Ho! Rum! ſay dye.

I have no news from our parts, but that my man Pat (upon deſiring him to ſilence our dog) ſaid, by my ſoul, Sir, he would bark if his head were cut off. He preſents his humble ſervice to your Joe. For God ſake come as ſoon as you can poſſibly, while our weather and every thing is good. I am, dear Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant, THOMAS SHERIDAN.

LETTER

LETTER DCXLII.

LORD HOWTH TO DR SWIFT.

Killfane, July 6. 1735

I AM very much obliged to my good Dean of St Patrick's for the honour he did me in ſitting for his picture; and have wrote to Dr Grattan to give Mr Bindon ſtrick charge in the finiſhing of it: And when that is done, to bring it to his houſe, for fear I ſhould get a copy inſtead of the original. I am very much concerned at the account you gave me of your health, but don't in the leaſt doubt but the change of air would be of ſervice to you, and a moſt hearty welcome you may be ſure of. The Archbiſhop of Caſhel told me he would wait on you the day after he went to Dublin; and does mightily admire he has not ſeen you oftener. I have taken your advice, and kept very good hours ſince I came laſt here. Every ſecond day I am out ſix or ſeven hours at otter-hunting. As to reading and working, my wife obſerves your directions: And could wiſh ſhe would do the ſame as to exerciſe. She deſires me to tell you that the liking ſhe has to the Baboon * is out of the true regard ſhe has for you, he being one of your greateſt

* The Biſhop of Oſſory ſo called.

Could you ſee his grim, for a pound to a penny,
You'd ſwear it muſt be the Baboon of Kilkenny.
Vid. Swift's poem on the Biſhops.

greateſt favourites. Your giant † will uſe her endeavours to make Lord Bacon a liar, and inſtead of adding two inches to her height, would be very well ſatisfied to part with four. I am very ſorry Mrs Acheſon is too much out of order: She is one I have a great regard for; and ſhall deſire the favour of you to give my wife's ſervice and mine to her, and Lady Acheſon, when you ſee them. I thank God my family and I are very well. Some time this ſummer I deſign drinking Balliſpelling waters for a month. As for news we have no ſuch thing here; only the Baboon has done his viſitation; that is, he goes into the churches and looks about, then aſks the tumbler Sikes how long they have been coming? So long ſays Sikes. Aye, replies the Baboon, and we ſhall be as long going back; ſo mounts his horſe and away. Who durſt ſay the church is in danger when we have ſo good biſhops? My wife and all here join in their kind ſervice to the Drapier. I am, good Mr Dean, your moſt aſſured and affectionate humble ſervant,

HOWTH.

LETTER

† Miſs Rice, an exceeding tall young Lady, and niece to my Lord Howth.

LETTER DCXLIII.

LADY B—— G—— TO DR SWIFT.

London, July the 12th. 1735.

I HAVE not anſwered your's of the 15th of June ſo ſoon as I ſhould; but the Duke of Dorſet had anſwered all your's e'er your letter came to my hands. So I hope all cauſes of complaint are at an end, and that he has ſhewed himſelf, as he is, much your friend and humble ſervant, though he wears a garter, and had his original from Normandy, if heralds don't lie, or his grannums did not play falſe; and whilſt he is Lord Lieutenant (which I heartily wiſh may not be much longer) I dare ſay will be very glad of an opportunity to do what you recommend to him. Thus far will I anſwer for his Grace, though he is now in the country, and cannot ſubſcribe to it himſelf.

Now to quite another affair. The Counteſs of Suffolk (whom you know I have long had a great eſteem and value for) has been ſo good and gracious as to take my brother George Berkeley for better for worſe; though I hope in God the laſt will not happen, becauſe I think he is an honeſt good-natured man. The town is ſurpriſed; and the town talks, as the town loves to do, upon theſe ordinary extraordinary occaſions. She is indeed four or five years older than he, and no more; but for all that, he hath

appeared to all the world, as well as me, to have long had (that is, ever ſince ſhe hath been a widow, ſo pray don't miſtake me) a moſt violent paſſion for her, as well as eſteem and value for her numberleſs good qualities. Theſe things well conſidered, I do not think they have above ten to one againſt their being very happy: And if they ſhould not be ſo, I ſhall heartily wiſh him hanged, becauſe I am ſure it will be wholly his fault. As to her fortune, though ſhe has been twenty years a court-favourite, yet I doubt ſhe has been too diſintereſted to enlarge it, as others would have done. And Sir Robert *, her greateſt enemy, does not tax her with getting quite forty thouſand pounds. I wiſh—but fear it is not near that ſum. But what ſhe has ſhe never told me, nor have I aſked; but whatever it is, they muſt live accordingly; and he had of his own wherewithal to live by himſelf eaſily and genteely. In this hurry of matrimony I had like to forget to anſwer that part of your letter, where you ſay, you never heard of our being in print together. I believe it was about twenty years ago, Mr Curll ſet forth letters amorous, ſatirical, and gallant, between Dr Swift, Lady Mary Chamber, Lady Betty Germain, and Mrs Anne Long, and ſeveral other perſons. I am afraid ſome of my people uſed them according to their deſert; for they have not appeared above ground this great while. And now to the addition of writing the brave large hand you make

* Walpole, afterwards Earl of Oxford.

make me do for you, I have bruiſed my fingers prodigiouſly, and can ſay no more, but adieu.

LETTER DCXLIV.

DR SHERIDAN TO DR SWIFT.

DE ARMIS TER DE AN, *July* 15. 1735.

URIT tome ſum time ago an diam redito anſer it thus. A lac a de mi illinc, ducis in it, is notabit ſit fora de an; it is more ſit for a puppi. I-luſit toti. Irritato ripam flet an Dicti toral e ver ibit. Dic is abeſt Dic is a ſerpenti ſe. Dic is a turdi ſe. Dic is a fartor. Dic is piſti ſe. Dic is a vix en. Dic is as qui ter in naſti fuſti muſti cur. Dic is arantur. Dic is ab a boni ſe. Sed Ito Dicti cantu cum in as a dans in mas ter an dans ab ori ora minuet. Da me I fido ſed Dic. Quis mi ars ſe diu puppi, Ure as turdi rufi an ſed I. Ure a tori villa in ſed Dic. Ure ſit fora gallus ſed I; an dume dia dans in. Ure aras calli cur ſed Dic. Dicti ſed I ure regis a farto me.

Tanti vi ſed I tanti vi
Hi fora Dic in apri vi.

Imè Dic as te mas amo uſe foralis angor. I re collecta piper, ſed I, an dat rumpetur, an da ſume cur, an ad rumor, an das qui re, an ab lac a more in ure cum pani, an da dé al more me ac in a geſto uti. It is ali ad a me ſed Dic, as furas iſtinc. Senſu cæſo I cæno more.

I cum here formo ni. Itis apparent I canta ve

mi mærent, mi tenentis tardi. I curſim e veri de nota peni cani res. I ambit. Mi ſtomachis a cor morante ver re ad ito digeſta me ale in a minute. I eat nolam, noram, no dux, I generali eat a quale carbone dedat ſuper an da qualis as fine abit as arabit. I es ter de I eat atro ut at abit. De vilis in mi a petite. A cruſtis mi de lite. (I neu Eumenides ago eat tuent times more). As unde I eat off buccas fatas mi arſis. O nam unde I eat ſum pes. A tu es de I eat apud in migra num edit. A venis de I eat ſum paſti. Poſt de notabit. Afri de abit ab re ad. A Satur de ſum tripes.

Luis is mus tr in ter in an armi an de ſines carri in et as far as I tail, ſum ſe germani. I do es alarum mus; De vel partum. I fani nues is ſito rito me directo me at cava ni Virgini a. Miſer vice tomi de ter an, Capta in pari, Doctor de lanij, Major Folli ut; an mi complemento mi de armis treſſes, e ſpeciali WRLL.

I am at ure verens his cervice
fore ver an de ver.

LETTER DCXLV.

DR SHERIDAN TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *July* 16. 1735.

I RECEIVED your twenty pounds from Lord Laneſborough's agent yeſterday, and it travels to you from this on Saturday next, by one John

John Donaldſon, one of our nobility. You will get it I believe on Monday. You have nothing to ſay to the 280 l. you mention. That is, I told you the fine and rent of Drumlane, which I owe the Biſhop, and which will be paid him Auguſt 26th. I cleared off the rent which I owed him for your purchaſe the other day, or I ſhould have ſent your poor money, poor as I am, before this. Now are you ſatisfied that I am not negligent or giddy: But what, in the name of God, is the matter with you to delay ſo long? Can I overſee my workmen and a ſchool too? If you will not come and take your charge in hand, I muſt employ ſome body elſe. There is a long walk begun; ſtones a-drawing home for an addition to my houſe: The ſchool-houſe repaired at the charge of the country: A gravel-walk from the market-croſs to my houſe, at the town's expence: *Item*, a gravel-walk by the river, which will all require your attendance. As you were a good and faithful overſeer of my improvements at Quilca, I am willing to employ you rather than another; therefore I expect your anſwer immediately, for the ſummer is flying off apace. My Lord Orrery writ to me, that he would come from Munſter to ſee me ſoon; if you will but have the prudence to be here, you may have a fair opportunity of recommending yourſelf to him; and I ſhall perhaps give you the character of a vigilant overſeer, if I find you be not altered ſince you were laſt in my ſervice.

Now to be ſerious. I ſhall ſend you ſome ve-

niſon ſoon. You ſhall know next Monday when it ſets out; and you are to diſpoſe of it thus:

To Dr Helſham, four cuts.
Dr Delany, four.
Mrs Helſham, one and a half.
Mrs Whiteway, ditto.
Lady Acheſon, becauſe of her good ſtomach, three ſcruples.
Mr Warrel a pound and a quarter.

Pray let them be all wrapt up in clean paper, and ſent to the ſeveral above-mentioned perſons. Dine upon the reſt with your own company.

I have got you a mare, a very eaſy trotter: She ſhall go up with the veniſon. Whether ſhe will be ſhy at your city objects, I know not: Here ſhe is not in the leaſt. Your beſt way will be to let your ſervant ride her. She is one of my own rearing, ſprung of a good-natured family.

If you like, ſhe coſts you nothing but a low bow when you come to Cavan. I have a chaiſe juſt finiſhed to the lining in Dublin, made by a man ſo much in my debt: It will be your beſt way to come down in it. I tell you a project I have, which I believe will do: My ſcholars are to club and build me a little library in my garden. The lime and ſtones (freeſtone) are in my own fields, and building is dog-cheap here.

I beſeech you let me know how ſoon you will be here, that all things may be to your heart's deſire: Such veniſon! ſuch mutton! ſuch ſmall beer! ſuch chickens! ſuch butter! ſuch trouts! ſuch pouts! ſuch ducks! ſuch beef! ſuch fiſh!

ſuch

ſuch eels! ſuch turkies! ſuch fields! ſuch groves! ſuch lakes! ſuch ladies! ſuch fruit! ſuch potatoes! ſuch raſp-berries! ſuch bilberries! and ſuch a boat as Mr Hamilton's, were never yet ſeen in any one country yet!

Owe for tune a toes keen me 'um bone gnaw ſigh ſhoe awa knower in't Cave Ann eye.

God Almighty bleſs you, and ſend you ſafe to our Elyſium. My ſervice to Mrs Whiteway, and every body in Dublin, man, woman, and child. I am, with all reſpect, your moſt obedient and very humble ſervant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

LETTER DCXLVI.

EARL OF ORRERY TO DR SWIFT.

Limerick, July 18. 1735.

OFF break to forced and, interrupted! Alas! alas! Bays quoth i'faith ſimile good a. Paris at Victoire de Place the round driving Berlin a of noiſe the like, brains my round rowl that head my in words of jumble of kind a have I ſo and: Sex or perſon of diſtinction either without, about promiſcouſly ears his lent nineteenth the but, noiſy very were which of eighteen; table at day to people nineteen were we.

Strong get cannot I when beer ſmall with myſelf contenting ever, moon the with ſatisfied be to learn will I but: Again ſun the ſee never

ſhall

ſhall we believe I; ſummer than winter like more much and, indeed weather terrible is this O. Phyſician a other the, divine a one, doctors two the to faſhion and invention own my communicate will you hope and, Engliſh writing of ſample new a you offer here I, Latin writing of method new a me teach to kind ſo been have you as but. Honour and atchievements of ſearch in far thus come am and, Mancha la from out ſet am I that know you let to is this. You to inconvenient be may writing that imagine I when it curb always will I, Dean Mr Good,

great ſo ever be
you from hear to deſire
My Let.

LETTER DCXLVII.

MR MOTTE TO DR SWIFT.

HONOURED SIR,

I HAVE not had an opportunity of writing to you otherwiſe than by the poſt for above a twelvemonth, and though in that time I did trouble you with a letter or two relating to Mr Lancelot's buſineſs, yet I thought proper to mention only what related to that particular, conſidering I was then under the hands of the law, whence I was not diſcharged till the laſt day of the laſt term. I don't doubt but you have heard before now, that

that Mrs Barber was diſcharged at the ſame time.

I deſired, therefore, Mrs Hyde * to deliver this to your own hand, and make bold to trouble you with an account of ſome tranſactions which have happened within theſe two years, which I have long wiſhed for the pleaſure of doing by word of mouth, in hopes my behaviour would be excuſed at leaſt (if not approved) by you, the aſſurance whereof I ſhould receive with the utmoſt ſatisfaction.

Soon after Mr Pilkington had received the twenty guineas you ordered me to pay him, the Life and Character was offered me, though not by his own hands, yet by his means, as I was afterwards convinced by many circumſtances: one was, that he corrected the proof ſheets with his own hand; and as he ſaid he had ſeen the original of that piece, I could not imagine he would have ſuffered your name to be put to it, if it had not been genuine. When I found, by your advertiſement, and the letter you were pleaſed to write to me, that I had been deceived by him, I acted afterwards with more reſerve, and refuſed a pamphlet about Norton's will, which he pretended came from an eminent hand. It was bought afterwards by another bookſeller, who printed it, and loſt money by it.

He could not forbear obſerving my coldneſs, and applied to Mr Gilliver about the copy of verſes for which we are all brought into trouble; and,

* Widow to Mr Hyde, bookſeller, in Dublin.

and, by the way, when once an affair was communicated to two perſons, it was not in the power of any one, how juſt and faithful ſoever, to anſwer for it's being kept a ſecret. It was publiſhed three months before it was taken notice of; and when the printer was taken up, and had named Gilliver as the bookſeller, and it was reported a warrant was out againſt G. and he was likely to be apprehended next morning, we two had a meeting over-night, and I promiſed to take the advice of a gentleman of ſenſe and honour, whoſe name I did not mention to him, and to meet G. early the next morning at a certain tavern to conſult farther. Accordingly I went to a gentleman in Cork-ſtreet, and from thence to the tavern we had appointed to to meet at, where, after I had waited above an hour, a meſſage was ſent me that I need ſtay no longer, for Mr G. was gone to Weſtminſter and would not come. I went to ſee him in the meſſenger's hands; but he was ſo cloſely watched by a couple of ſharp ſluts, the meſſenger's daughters, that I could ſay nothing to him, but about indifferent matters. The conſequence was, he was examined, and made a confeſſion, like poor Dr Yalden's, of all that he knew, and more too; naming Mr Pilkington firſt, and then myſelf; which laſt, as many people have told me, was unneceſſary; only, as he before ſaid, he was reſolved, if he came into trouble, I ſhould have a ſhare of it, though I offered, in caſe he would not name me, that I would bear one

half

half of his expences. This confeſſion of his, together with his bearing the character of a wealthy man, expoſed him to an information; but as it was not my buſineſs to be induſtrious in recollecting what paſt three months before, I could not remember any thing that could affect me or any body elſe.

I am ſorry for the trouble this has cauſed to poor Mrs Barber. I ſaw her the other day; ſhe was confined to her bed with the gout. She deſired, when I wrote, that I would preſent her humble ſervice to you.

I would be glad to receive your directions what I muſt do with the two notes I have under Mr Pilkington's hand, of ten guineas each. They were allowed by you in the laſt account we ſettled; but whether you would pleaſe they ſhould be deſtroyed or ſent over to you, I am not certain, as for the ſtate of the account, as I have heard no exceptions to it, I flatter myſelf you find it all right.

Mr Faulkner's impreſſion of four volumes has had its run. I was adviſed that it was in my power to have given him and his agents ſufficient vexation, by applying to the law; but that I could not ſue him without bringing your name into a court of juſtice, which abſolutely determined me to be paſſive. I am told he is about printing them in an edition in twelves; in which caſe I humbly hope you'll pleaſe to lay your commands upon him (which, if he has any ſenſe of gratitude, muſt have the ſame power as an injunction

junction in chancery) to forbear ſending them over here. If you think this requeſt to be reaſonable, I know you will comply with it: If not, I ſubmit.

As we once had a meeting upon this affair, and he may poſſibly have miſrepreſented the offers he then made me; I beg leave to aſſure you that his propoſal was, that I ſhould have paid him a larger price for the book than I could have had it printed for here in England; and ſurely I had the ſame right of printing them here, as he had in Ireland, eſpecially having bought and paid for them. If he made any other offer, I declare I miſunderſtood him; and I am ſure, if I had complied with thoſe terms, I ſhould have been a laughing-ſtock to the whole trade.

Mr Pope has publiſhed a ſecond volume of his poetical works, of which, I ſuppoſe, he has made you a preſent. I am ſurpriſed to ſee he owns ſo little in the four volumes; and ſpeaks of theſe few things as inconſiderable. I am a ſtranger to what part of the copy-money he received; but you, who know better, are a competent judge whether he deſerved it. I always thought the Art of Sinking was his, though he there diſowns it.

Curll's edition of Letters to and from Mr Pope, I ſuppoſe you have ſeen. They were taken notice of in the Houſe of Lords; and Curll was ruffled for them in a manner, as, to a man of leſs impudence than his own, would have been very uneaſy. It has provoked Mr Pope to promiſe

miſe the world a genuine edition, with many additions. 'Tis plain the raſcal has no knowledge of thoſe letters of your's that Ewin of Cambridge has. Few as they are, he would tack ſome traſh to them, and make a five or ſix ſhilling book of them.

The Perſian Letters have been well received, ſo I choſe to ſend them; beſides that, they make a convenient cover for this letter.

Mr Tooke, who deſires me to preſent his moſt humble ſervice to you, acquainted me ſome time ago of your intention to erect an hoſpital for lunatics and idiots. I am glad to find, by the news-papers, that ſo noble a deſign proceeds; for beſides the general benefit to mankind that is obvious to every body, I am perſuaded there will a particular one ariſe by your example; namely, that you will lay down a ſcheme which will be a pattern for future founders of public hoſpitals, to prevent many of the vile abuſes, which, in proceſs of time, do creep into thoſe foundations, by the indolence, ignorance, or knavery of the truſtees. I have ſeen ſo many ſcandalous inſtances of miſapplications of that kind, as have raiſed my indignation ſo, that I can hardly think upon it with temper; and heartily congratulate you, that a heart to beſtow, is joined in you with a head to contrive: And therefore, without any mercenary views, (at the ſame time not declining any inſtance of your favour), I would beg leave to ſay, that as, while your thoughts are employed in this generous un-

dertaking, you muſt neceſſarily conſider it in the light I have placed it in; ſo if you would pleaſe to communicate theſe thoughts to the public, you might poſſibly give uſeful hints to perſons of fortune and beneficent intentions, though of inferior abilities. I heartily wiſh you ſucceſs in this and all other your undertakings; being, with grateful reſpect, Sir, your obliged and obedient humble ſervant,

B. MOTTE.

London, July 31. 1735.

Upon ſecond thoughts, I have incloſed Mr Pilkington's two notes; for I don't ſee how they can poſſibly be of any ſervice to you on this ſide the water.

LETTER DCXLVIII.

DR SHERIDAN TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Auguſt* 13. 1735.

BECAUSE of ſome droping young lads coming to me, and becauſe it was impoſſible for me to get any money before the 23d of this month, I could not fix my vacation. Now I do. On Saturday ſe'n-night, the 23d, I ſet out for Dublin to bring you home: And ſo, without Ifs, Ands, and Ors, get ready before our fields be ſtript of all their gaiety. I thank God, I have every good thing in plenty but money; and that,

as affairs are likely to go, will not be my complaint a month longer. Belturbet fair will make me an emperor. I have all this town, and ſix men of my own, at work at this juncture, to make you a winter walk by the river ſide; I have raiſed mountains of gravel, and diverted the river's courſe for that end——*Regis Opus*, you will wonder and be delighted when you ſee it. Your works at Quilca are to be as much inferior to ours here, as a ſugar-loaf to an Egyptian pyramid. We had a county of Armagh rogue, one Mackay, hanged yeſterday: Griffith the player never made ſo merry an exit. He invited his audience the night before, with a promiſe of giving them ſuch a ſpeech from the gallows as they never heard: And indeed he made his words good; for no man was ever merrier at a chriſtening than he was upon the ladder.

When he mounted to his proper height, he turned his face to each ſide of the gallows, and ſaid, in a chearful manner, Hah, my friend, I am come to you at laſt! Then turning to the people, Gentlemen, you need not ſtand ſo thick, for the fartheſt ſhall hear me as eaſily as the neareſt. Upon this a fellow interrupted him, and aſked him, Did he know any thing of a grey mare which was ſtolen from him? Why, what if I ſhould, would you pay for a maſs for my ſoul? Ay, by G—, ſaid the fellow, will I pay for ſeven. Why then, ſaid the criminal laughing, I know nothing of your mare. After this he entertained the company with two hours hi-

ſtory of his villanies, in a loud unconcerned voice. At laſt he concluded, with his humble ſervice to one of the inhabitants of our town, deſiring that he might give him a night's lodging, which was all he would trouble him for. He was not the leaſt touched by any liquor; but ſoberly and intrepidly deſired the hangman to do his office: And at laſt went off with a joke. Match me this with any of your Engliſhmen, if you can. I have no more news from Cavan, but that you have all their hearts, and mine among the reſt, if it be worth any thing. My love and ſervice to Mrs Whiteway, and all friends. I am, dear Sir, your moſt obedient and very humble ſervant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

LETTER DCXLIX.

LORD B——— TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR DEAN, *Cirenceſter, Sept.* 13. 1735.

THOUGH you never anſwer any of my letters, and I can never have a line from you, except in parliament time about an Iriſh cauſe, I do inſiſt that without delay you give me, either by yourſelf or agents, immediate ſatisfaction in theſe points. Firſt, whether the article which I read in the news about one Butler, a ſhooting parſon, be true or not; ſecondly, whether he has yet begged pardon, and atteſted upon oath that it was without deſign, and by accident

that

that the gun went off. In caſe the fact be true, and that he has not yet made any ſufficient or reaſonable excuſe, I require of you that you do immediately get ſome able painter to draw his picture, and ſend it over to me, and I will order a great number of prints to be made of it, which ſhall be diſperſed over all parts of the known world, that ſuch a worthleſs raſcal may not go any where without being known. I make no doubt of his being immediately drove out of Ireland, ſuch a brutal attempt upon the Drapier cannot be borne there; and he won't venture into England when theſe prints of his perſon are ſent about, for he would certainly be knocked on the head in the firſt village he paſſed through. Perhaps he may think to ſkulk in Holland, the common refuge of all ſcoundrels; but he will ſoon find out that Dr Swuft (for ſo they pronounce the name) is in great eſteem there, for his learning and political writings. In France he would meet with worſe reception; for his wit is reliſhed there, and many of his tracts, though ſpoiled by tranſlation, are yet more admired than what is writ by any among themſelves. Should he go into Spain, he would find Don Suifto is in the higheſt eſtimation, being thought to be lineally deſcended from Miguel de Cervantes by a daughter of Quevédo's. Perhaps he may think to be ſafe in Poland during the time of theſe troubles; but I can aſſure him, from the mouth of a Poliſh lady, who was lately in London, by name Madam de Monmorancy (for ſhe

was married to a French gentleman of that great family) that Dr Swift is perfectly well known there; and she was very solicitous to know whether he were a Stanislaist or not, she being a zealous partizan for that cause.

Now if this brute of a parson should find no security in Europe, and therefore slip into the East-Indies in some Dutch ship, for a Dutchman may be found, who would carry the devil for a stiver or two extraordinary; he will be confoundedly surprised to find that Dr Swift is known in China, and that next to Confucius his writings are in the greatest esteem. The missionaries have translated several European books into their language; but I am well informed that none of them have taken so well as his; and the Chinese, who are a very ingenious people, reckon Sif the only author worth reading. It is well known that in Persia Kouli-Can was at the pains to translate his works himself; being born a Scotsman, he understood them very well, and I am credibly informed that he read The Battle of the Books that night, before he gave that great defeat to the Persian army. If he hears of this, he may imagine that he shall find good reception at Constantinople; but he will be bit there; for many years ago an English renegado slave translated Effendi Soif for them, and told them it was writ by an Englishman, with a design to introduce the Mahometan religion; this having got him his liberty, and although it is not believed by the Effendi, the book and the author are

in

in the greateſt eſteem among them. If he goes into America, he will not be received into any Engliſh, French, or Spaniſh ſettlement; ſo that in all probability he would be ſoon ſcalpt by the wild Indians; and in truth there would be no manner of ſhame that a head ſhould be uncovered that has ſo little brains in it. Brutality and ill-nature proceed from the want of ſenſe; therefore without having ever heard of him before, I can decide what he is, from this ſingle action. Now I really believe no layman could have done ſuch a thing. The wearing petticoats gives to moſt of the clergy (a few only excepted of ſuperior underſtanding) certain feminine diſpoſitions. They are commonly ſubject to malice and envy, and give more free vent to thoſe paſſions: Poſſibly for the ſame reaſons that women are obſerved to do ſo, becauſe they cannot be called to account for it. When one of us does a brutal action to another, he may have his head broke, or be whipt through the lungs; but all who wear petticoats are ſecure from ſuch accidents. Now to avoid further trouble, I hope by this time his gown is ſtript off his back, and the boys of Dublin have drawn him through a horſe-pond. Send me an account of this, and I ſhall be ſatisfied. Adieu, dear Dean; I am got to the end of my paper, but you may be aſſured that my regard for you will only end with the laſt breath of your faithful ſervant.

LETTER

LETTER DCL.

FROM DR SWIFT.

Sept. 3. 1735.

THIS letter will be delivered to you by Faulkner the printer, who goes over on his private affairs. This is an anſwer to your's of two months ago, which complains of that profligate fellow Curll. I heartily wiſh you were what they call diſaffected, as I am. I may ſay as David did, I have ſinned greatly, but what have theſe ſheep done? You have given no offence to the miniſtry, nor to the Lords, nor Commons, nor Queen, nor the next in power. For you are a man of virtue, and therefore muſt abhor vice and all corruption, although your diſcretion holds the reigns. "You need not fear any "conſequence in the commerce that hath ſo "long paſſed between us, although I never de-"ſtroyed one of your letters. But my execu-"tors are men of honour and virtue, who have "ſtrict orders in my will to burn every letter "left behind me." Neither did our letters contain any turns of wit, or fancy, or politics, or ſatire, but mere innocent friendſhip. Yet I am loath, that any letters from you, and a very few other friends, ſhould die before me. I believe we neither of us ever leaned our head upon our left hand, to ſtudy what we ſhould write next; yet we have held a conſtant intercourſe from

from your youth and my middle age, and from your middle age it muſt be continued till my death, which my bad ſtate of health makes me expect every month. I have the ambition, and it is very earneſt as well as in haſte, to have one epiſtle inſcribed to me while I am alive, and you juſt in the time when wit and wiſdom are in the height. I muſt once more repeat Cicero's deſire to a friend, *Orna me.* A month ago were ſent me over by a friend of mine, the works of John Hughes, Eſq. They are in verſe and proſe. I never heard of the man in my life; yet I find your name as a ſubſcriber too. He is too grave a poet for me; and I think among the mediocribus in proſe as well as verſe. I have the honour to know Dr Rundle *. He is indeed worth all the reſt you ever ſent us; but that is ſaying nothing, for he anſwers your character. I have dined thrice in his company. He brought over a worthy clergyman of this kingdom as his chaplain, which was a very wiſe and popular action. His only fault is, that he drinks no wine, and I drink nothing elſe.

This kingdom is now abſolutely ſtarving, by the means of every oppreſſion that can be inflicted on mankind.——Shall I not viſit for theſe things, ſaith the Lord? You adviſe me right, not to trouble myſelf about the world. But oppreſſion tortures me; and I cannot live without meat and drink, nor get either without money; and money is not to be had, except they will make me

* Biſhop of Derry.

me a biſhop, or a judge, or a colonel, or a commiſſioner of the revenues. Adieu.

LETTER DCLI.

TO anſwer your queſtion as to Mr Hughes, what he wanted as to genius, he made up as an honeſt man; but he was of the claſs you think him.

I am glad you think of Dr Rundle as I do. He will be an honour to the biſhops, and a diſgrace to one biſhop; two things you will like: But what you will like more particularly, he will be a friend and benefactor even to your unfriended, unbenefited nation. He will be a friend to human race, where-ever he goes. Pray tell him my beſt wiſhes for his health and long life. I wiſh you and he came over together, or that I were with you. I never ſaw a man ſo ſeldom whom I liked ſo much as Dr Rundle.

Lord Peterborow I went to take a laſt leave of, at his ſetting ſail for Liſbon. No body can be more waſted, no ſoul can be more alive. Immediately after the ſevereſt operation of being cut into the bladder, for a ſuppreſſion of urine, he took coach, and got from Briſtol to Southampton. This is a man that will neither live nor die like any other mortal.

Poor Lord Peterborow! there is another ſtring loſt, that would have helped to draw you hither! He ordered on his death-bed, his watch to be given me,

me, (that which had accompanied him in all his travels), with this reaſon, "That I might have "ſomething to put me every day in mind of "him." It was a preſent to him from the King of Sicily, whoſe arms and inſignia are engraved on the inner caſe. On the outer I have put this inſcription. *Victor Amadeus, Rex Siciliæ, Dux Sabaudiæ*, &c. &c. *Carolo Mordaunt, Comiti de Peterborow, D. D. Car. Mor. Com. de Pet. Alexandro Pope moriens legavit.* 1735.

Pray write to me a little oftener; and if there be a thing left in the world, that pleaſes you, tell it one who will partake of it. I hear, with approbation and pleaſure, that your preſent care is to relieve the moſt helpleſs of this world, thoſe objects * which moſt want our compaſſion, though generally made the ſcorn of their fellow creatures, ſuch as are leſs innocent than they. You always think generouſly; and of all charities, this is the moſt diſintereſted, and leaſt vainglorious, done to ſuch as never will thank you, or can praiſe you for it.

God bleſs you with eaſe, if not with pleaſure; with a tolerable ſtate of health, if not with its full enjoyment; with a reſigned temper of mind, if not a very chearful one. It is upon theſe terms I live myſelf, though younger than you; and I repine not at my lot, could but the preſence of a few that I love be added to theſe. Adieu.

LETTER

* Idiots.

LETTER DCLII.

LADY B—— G—— TO DR SWIFT.

Sept. 4. 1735.

IF you are not angry with me for my long ſilence, I take it ill, and need make no excuſe; and if you are angry, then I would not willingly make you ſorry too, which I know you will be, when I tell you that I was laid up at Knowle with a ſevere fit of the gout. And ſince that infallible cure for all diſeaſes, which all great fools and talkers wiſh joy of, I have never been quite well, but have had continually ſome diſorder or other, which made my head and ſpirits unfit for writing, or indeed doing any thing I ſhould, I am ſtill ſo much out of order, that I am under great apprehenſions I ſhall not be able to go, next year, part of the journey to Ireland with their Graces; which is alſo part of the road to Drayton, where I intend to ſtay till November, in hopes that ſummer deferred its coming till I was there; for I am ſure, hitherto, we have had little but winter weather.

I am glad matters are ſettled between his Grace of Dorſet and you; and I dare anſwer, as you are both right thinkers, and, of courſe, upright actors, there wants but little explanation between you; ſince I, that am the go-between, can eaſily find out, that he has as ſincere a value for you, as you have for him. I do aſſure you I am extremely

tremely delighted, that ſince Lady Suffolk would take a maſter (commonly called a huſband) ſhe choſe my brother George: For if I am not partial to him, which indeed I don't know that I am, his ſincere value, love, and eſteem for her, muſt make him a good man.

We are now full of expection of his Royal Highneſs's * wedding. Her Highneſs's jewels are bought, and her cloaths beſpoke; and a gallery of comunication is making between his apartment and St James's; but as I do not love to pry into myſteries of ſtate, I don't at all know when the lady will come over. Your friend Mrs Floyd is grown fat and well, under the Dutcheſs of Dorſet's care and direction at Knowle. Our friend Curll has again reprinted what he called our letters, as a proper third part of Mr Pope's. He ſhould have made thoſe ſilly bitter verſes on me to have been his too, inſtead of Sir William Trumbal's, whom they juſt as much belonged to. But you patriots are ſo much affraid of ſuppreſſing the preſs, that every body muſt ſuffer under that, and the lyes of the news-papers, without hopes of redreſs. Adieu, my dear Dean

* Frederick, then Prince of Wales.

LETTER DCLIII.

DR SWIFT TO DR SHERIDAN.

Sept. 12. 1735.

HERE is a very ingenious obſervation upon the days of the week, and in rhyme, worth your obſervation, and very proper for the information of boys and girls, that they may not forget to reckon them. Sunday's a pun-day, Monday's a dun-day, Tueſday's a news-day, Wedneſday's a friend's-day, Thurſday's a curs'd-day, Friday's a dry-day, Saturday's the latter-day. I intend ſomething of equal uſe upon the months, as January women vary. I ſhall likewiſe in due time make ſome obſervation upon each year as it paſſes. So for the preſent year.

One thouſand ſeven hundred and thirty-five,
When only the d—— and b——ps will thrive.

And for the next:

One thouſand ſeven hundred and thirty-ſix,
When the d—— will carry the b——ps to Styx.

Perge:

One thouſand ſeven hundred and thirty-ſeven,
When the Whigs are ſo blind they miſtake hell for heav'n

I will carry theſe predictions no further than to

to the year 2001, when the learned think the world will be at an end, or the fine-all-ca-ta-ſtrow fee.

The laſt is the period, two thouſand and one,
When m—— and b—— to hell are all gone.

When that time comes, pray remember the diſcovery came from me.

It is now time I ſhould begin my letter. I hope you got ſafe to Cavan, and have got no cold in thoſe two terrible days. All your friends are well, and I as I uſed to be. I received your's. My humble ſervice to your Lady, and love to your children. I ſuppoſe you have all the news ſent to you. I hear of no marriages going on. One Dean Croſs, an eminent divine, we hear, is to be Biſhop of Cork.——Stay till I aſk a ſervant what Patrick's bells ring for ſo late at night.—— You fellow, is it for joy or ſorrow? I believe it ſome of our royal birth-days.——Oh, they tell me, it is for joy a new maſter is choſen for the corporation of butchers. So farewel.

LETTER DCLIV.

DR SHERIDAN TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Cavan, Sept.* 17. 1735

E[illegible] not butt reap rhyme an [illegible] for wry tinn ſow long an ape is till a bout bees knees,

when Tom eye Noll edge ευ cool das i lyre eye't a pun no thing. Μυςηρ Δην what ις ευρ μηνιν το πλεονος in e veri epiſtolas ευδω Inn Angle owe Law Tigh no. Cann knott yew right in nap lean met hood as I do ει εω ευ αρ α πονηρον all o key ſhuns. But cantu gay tann other ſubject toſs at her eyes bis eyed my wife? The woman is grown good for nothing. However I would not have her ſo much abuſed, but when ſhe deſerves it. I no u ſe it is e veri de of her life, but I ſea it is not rue; for it is only everi our o fit. She ſwears if heu come tuck have Ann, ſhe will give you αδους Inn the chops.

I beg pardon for troubling you ſo long with buſineſs, and therefore I will now be as merry as I can. The devil a farthing I can get among my tenants but cows, bullocks and ſheep. Will you let me know whether ſuch coin can paſs in Dublin? that I may pay you ſome money which I owe. My purſe, God help me, is grown as ſlender as a famiſhed weezle. I long much to ſee it have in alderman's belly; but Quando, Mr Dean, Quando. We cannot ſay that our weather is the devil here: for it is all water. If it continues, I muſt have thoughts of building an ark; but I ſhall not, like Noah, let any unclean beaſt enter. Eat pone linck waiter conjux. My mutton is grown too fat, and I want you much to eat of it, while it is in its prime. I hear of no cadger going to Dublin, or I would ſend you a baſket full of it. All I can do now is to ſend a fine roaſted ſhoulder in my wiſhes, and pray invite

vite Mrs Whiteway to ſhare of it. I wiſh you both a good ſtomach to it, with all my heart. Pray do not chide her for aſking you to eat, as you uſed to do. I aſſure you (if I may be allowed to judge) ſhe preſſes you to her victuals out of pure good nature and friendſhip.

I am ſorry that the ſhortneſs of my laſt letter gave you cauſe to complain. This ſhall may cup for that deaf he ſhe An ſhe, for I have laid in a good ſtock of learning this laſt week; and therefore quoniam tu inter literatos primaria ſedes in claſſe, quorundam decanorum nomina (minime noſtratium) qui ſcientiis omnigenis inclaruerunt tibi mittam. This part I mention in Latin, for fear the letter ſhould fall into Dean Croffe's hands.

Having lately read a very entertaining book, whoſe title page runs thus—*Hiſtoire generale Des pais-bas*, I met with accounts of ſeveral great men, whoſe names I never read before, and every one of them were deans, ſome became biſhops, others cardinals; All of them on account of their great learning and merit. Lord have mercy upon us, Chriſt have mercy upon us. How the world is altered ſince! But you muſt know, that Charles the Great lived in that age, alias Char Lay Main. Now for the great ſcholars I promiſed you. Among thoſe, who became Biſhops of Antwerp, you will find Philip Nidri, Aubert Vanden Eade, Jean Ferdinand de Benghem, Pierre Joſeph Frenken-Sierflorff. Among thoſe of Bois-le Duc, Clement Crabeels,

Giſbert Maſins, Michel Ophove, Joſeph de Bergaigne. In the ſame town you will find among the Vicaries apoſtoliques, Henry Uan Leempute, Joſſe Houbraecken, Martin Steyaert, Pierre Govaerts, *&c. &c. &c.* The next place you dine, you may make a figure with theſe names, and ſilence even Robin Leſle *. But pox upon learning, I ſay. It is enough to turn a man's head. I have a great mind to have done with it; for the devil a thing is to be got by it. Idcirco libris valedico.

I cannot, now my memory ſerves me, omit an account of ſome learned phyſicians, which I read of in other authors, *viz.* Hermannus Conringius, Lucas Schrochius, Melchior Sebizius, Sebaſtian Schefferus, Guernlrus Rolfinckius, Hoffmannus Altorſi, Seb. Jovius Lugani, Petrus Dapples, Theodore Kerchringius, Regnerus de Graef, Swammerda, Antonius Scarellius, Hieronymus Copelazzi, Jacobus Gonzato, Bernardinus Malacreda, Johannes Petrus Lotichius, Chriſtianus Keekins, Julius Richeltus, Joan. Chriſtoph. Vaganſeilius, Jacobus Kerſcherus, Antonius Magliabechius, and many others. Pray aſk Grattan how many of theſe he has read.

You ſay (I thank you for that) that you know nobody. No matter for that; ſo much the better for me, becauſe I know every body knows you, and therefore more likely to ſucceed in ſubſcriptions

* Mr Leſle was the moſt inceſſant talker in the world. However, he had a great variety of learning, and talked well.

ſcriptions for mice cool. Pray is this letter long enough? If it be not ſend it back, and I will fill the other ſide. In the mean time I remain your moſt obedient and very humble ſerve aunt,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Mice or vice two awl my if riends.
Send me word what a clock it is, that I may ſet my watch by your's.

LETTER DCLV.

DR KING TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *London, Sept.* 20. 1735.

SOON after I came into England I was obliged to croſs the ſeas again, and go into France, upon a buſineſs of conſequence to my private affairs. I am but juſt returned to this place, where I have met with your letter the 21ſt of laſt month. Since you are ſo kind as to repeat the promiſe you made me when I was in Ireland, I ſhall expect the paper with the greateſt impatience. While I was reading your letter, a perſon called on me, who does buſineſs for you. I was in hopes he had brought it with him: But he told me, it would be ſent by another hand. I will ſay nothing more of it here, than that I am very ſure it will pleaſe the public and do honour to the author.

The gentleman, concerning whom you inquire,

quire, is a member of our hall; but I have never yet ſeen him. He had left Oxford about the time I came from Dublin to ſpend the ſummer vacation in Herefordſhire. My ſon, who is well acquainted with him, aſſures me that he is very ſober, that he ſtudies hard, and conſtantly attends the exerciſes of the houſe. But I ſhall be able to give you a more particular account of him in the next term, when I ſhall probably meet him in the hall; and he ſhall find me ready to do him any kind of ſervice that may be in my power.

I don't know whether my law-ſuit will force me into Ireland again the next term: As yet I have not received any ſummons from my managers. I ſhould indeed be well pleaſed to defer my journey till the next ſpring, for Dublin is not a very good winter abode for a water-drinker. However, I do not neglect my defence, eſpecially that part of it which you mention *. It is now in ſuch forwardneſs, that, as I compute, it will be finiſhed in ſix weeks at fartheſt. There are ſome alterations, which I hope you will approve.

I rejoice to hear that the honeſt Doctor † hath good ſucceſs in his new ſchool. If the load of his baggage ſhould endanger his veſſel again, I think he hath no other remedy left, but to throw it into the ſea. What is he doing with his bons mots?

* This alludes to The Toaſt, a ſatirical Poem, to which Dr King was inſtigated by ſome monſtrous uſage that he had received from his antagoniſts in the ſuit.

† Sheridan.

mots? and when does he deſign to ſend them abroad?

My ſon, who is very proud to be in your thoughts, deſires me to preſent his moſt humble ſervice to you. I am, with great truth, Sir, your moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant,

W. K.

LETTER DCLVI.

MR MOTTE TO DR SWIFT.

HONOURED SIR, *London, Oct.* 4. 1735.

MRS Launcelot, who dined with me to-day, and deſired me to preſent her humble ſervice, ſhewed me part of a letter from you, which gave me ſo much concern, that I would not let a poſt ſlip without writing to you upon the ſubject of it. You are pleaſed to expreſs an apprehenſion, that Mrs Fenton's money has not been regularly paid, becauſe you have not heard from me for above a twelvemonth. I hope I have accounted to your ſatisfaction for my ſilence in a letter which Mrs Hyde delivered to you ſince the date of your's to Mrs Launcelot: And as to Mrs Fenton's annuity, I have punctually paid it, and ſhall continue to do ſo until I receive your commands to the contrary. The next payment will be called for a few days after the firſt of November, and unleſs you forbid it before that time, I ſhall pay it. Mr Fenton

ton, her ſon, who receives it, is a man of worth and honour, and I am perſuaded will return me the money, ſhould it be paid him from any other quarter. I am ſurpriſed to find by Mrs Hyde that my laſt, which was written the latter end of July, had ſo ſlow a paſſage, as not to come to your hand until the 13th of September

I have been ſo particular (I fear even to tediouſneſs) in that letter, that I have nothing to add, but a repetition of the ſincere profeſſion I there made, that I am, with all poſſible gratitude, truth, and ſincerity, Sir, your obliged and obedient hnmble ſervant,

B. MOTTE.

LETTER DCLVII.

DR SHERIDAN TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *October* 5. 1735.

IN the firſt place I was heartily rejoiced to ſee your letter, for I was afraid you were not well. Now I ſhall anſwer as much as my time will permit; (but before I proceed, remember I expect you here next Saturday; for I am both in humour and capacity to receive you. I ſhall get your anſwer on Thurſday next, and then I ſhall go as far as Virginia to meet you. Leave Dublin on Wedneſday; ride to Dunſhaughlan that day, 12 miles. From thence to Navan on Thurſday,

Thurſday, 11 miles. A Friday to Virginia, 15 miles, where I will meet you that evening with a couple of bottles of the beſt wine in Ireland, and a piece of my own mutton, &c. A Saturday morning we ſet out for Cavan, where you will find dinner ready at your arrival. Bring a cheeſe-toaſter to do a mutton-chop now and then; and do not forget ſome rice; we have none good here; but all other eatables in perfection) I beg pardon for the long foregoing parentheſis (the next ſhall be ſhorter) you ſee it was neceſſary. Ure Dolis a de vel it hinc. Mi mollis ab uti, an angeli ſe. An has fine iis, a fine face, ab re aſt as no, a belli fora que en. An di me quis mi molli as I ples. As for your jogg Ralph Eye, I may ſay, without vanity, that I exceed you as far as from eaſt to weſt. Firſt, with ſubmiſſion, you ſhould have begun with the Poles Arc Tick Ann Tarr Tick, next the May read dye Ann, the Eak water, the whore Eyes on, the Eak lip Tick, the Trow Pick of can ſir, the Traw pick of Cap rye corn, or Cap Rick horn, the twelve ſignes Are I eaſe. Tower us, Jay me knee, Can Sir, lay O, Veer goe, lye braw (quoth the Scotchman) Sage it rre eye us, Cay wrye corn us, hack weary us, and piſs is; together with Cullewers, Zounds, and Clim bats, &c. &c. In order to give you a full idea of the chief towns in Europe, I ſhall only mention ſome of Lord Peterborow's rambles. He had like to break all Liſbon in Portugal; he Mad rid through Spain: He could not find room in Italy: He was conſtant

ſtant in a pull among the Turks: He met with his names's ſake Peter's burgh in Muſk O vye: He had like to Crack O in Poland: When he came to Vye any, he did there jeer many: In France he declared the King of Great-Britain, with its king upon the Par is; in a certain northern country he took a frolic to put on a Fryer's Cope; and then he was Cope in Hag in. Pray Dean mark that. In Holland he met with a G—amſter,— Dam you, ſaid he in a paſſion, for a cheat; he was there poxt by a whore; and he cried out, Rot her, dam her. Thus far I know of his travels to the Low Countries, and no farther. Thus far you ſee I am in humour; although the devil be in one end of my houſe, I defy her, becauſe I have the other for you and me. Another thing I muſt promiſe when you come, that we ſhall not quit our learned correſpondence, but write up and down ſtairs to one another, and ſtill keep on our agreeable flights. The devil take all the D's in Chriſtendom, for a pack of ſaucy ſcabs. When you are here you will deſpiſe them all; and you ſhall be troubled with no club, but ſuch as will keep you out of the dirt. Do not loſe this good weather, I beſeech you; for every thing is ready for you. If you do not like your lodgings, you ſhall not pay a farthing; and if you do, I have the remedy in my own purſe. Do not think to ſpunge upon me for any thing but meat, drink, and lodging; for I do aſſure you, as the world goes, I can afford you nothing elſe. Yes,

I beg pardon, I can give your horſes good graſs, and perhaps a feed of oats now and then. My turf is all home, ſo is my corn, but my hay not yet. I expect it on Monday, which is the next day after Sunday, the very day you will receive this, the day before Tueſday, and I hope two days before you begin your journey, which I hope will be an happy one. May you arrive ſafe, is the ſincere wiſh of, dear Sir, your moſt obedient and very humble ſervant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

LETTER DCLVIII.

DR SICAN TO DR SWIFT.

HONOURED SIR, *Paris, Oct.* 20. 1735.

MR Arbuthnott's abſence from Paris was the occaſion of his not receiving your kind letter till within theſe few days; but upon the reception of it, he treated me with great civility, invited me to dinner, and inquired very earneſtly concerning your health, which was drunk by a large company then preſent; for though you were pleaſed to tell me you had no acquaintance at Paris, I can ſafely affirm, that as often as I have been for half an hour with any Engliſh gentlemen, ſome one or other has had the vanity to ſay he knew you. He has, in a very obliging manner, promiſed me any acts of friendſhip in his power, whether I remain at Paris, or ſhould

proceed to the ſouth of France; and ſeems to be a gentleman poſſeſſed of a large ſhare of wit, good humour, ſincerity, and honeſty: Though, upon the cloſeſt inſpection, I could not perceive the hair in the palm of his hand. I have met with another exception to that rule in the Chevalier Ramſay, who ſends you his beſt reſpects. I have employed the greateſt part of this ſummer in taking a view of every thing curious within four leagues of this city; but ſhall not trouble you with a detail of palaces, paintings, ſtatues, &c. as I flatter myſelf Mr Arbuthnott's friendly ſolicitations, joined to a due regard to your health, will prevail upon you to undertake that journey next ſummer. The roads are excellent, poſt-chaiſes very commodious, and the beds the beſt in the world; but the face of the country in general is very wretched; of which I can't mention a more lively inſtance, than that you meet with wooden ſhoes and cottages like thoſe in Ireland, before you loſe ſight of Verſailles. I am perſuaded, Sir, you will find a particular pleaſure in taking a view of the French noblemen's houſes, ariſing from the ſimilitude between the good treatment the Houyhnhnms meet with here, and that which you have obſerved in your former travels. The ſtables that Lewis XIV. has built, are very magnificent; I ſhould do them an injury in comparing them to the palace of St James's: yet theſe ſeem but mean to any one who has ſeen that of the Duke of Bourbon at Chantilli, which lies in a ſtraight line,

and

and contains ſtalls for near a thouſand horſes, with large intervals between each; and might very well, at firſt view, be miſtaken for a noble palace: Some hundreds of Yahoos are conſtantly employed in keeping it clean. But if any one would be aſtoniſhed, he muſt pay a viſit to the machine of Marly; by means of which, water is raiſed half a mile up a hill, and from thence conveyed a league further to Verſailles, to ſupply the water-works. Lewis might have ſaved this vaſt expence, and have had a more agreeable ſituation, finer proſpects, and water enough, by building his palace near the river; but then he would not have conquered nature.

Upon reading Boileau's account of the Petit Maiſon, or Bedlam at Paris, I was tempted to go ſee it; it is a low flat building, without any upper rooms, and might be a good plan for that you intend to found, but that it takes up a greater ſpace than the city perhaps would give; this is common to men and women: There is another vaſtly more capacious, and conſiſting of ſeveral ſtories, called the Hoſpital de Femmes, for the uſe of the fair ſex only. I ſhall not preſume to take up any part of your time in deſcribing the people of France, ſince they have been ſo excellently painted by Julius Cæſar near two thouſand years ago: If there be any difference, they are obliged for it to the taylors and peruke-makers. The ladies only might help to improve the favourable opinion you have always entertained of the ſex, upon account of their great uſefulneſs to

mankind, learning, modeſty, and many other valuable qualities. I ſhould have informed you, Sir, that Mr Arbuthnott inquired very kindly after Mr Leſlie; but, as I had not the honour to know that gentleman, I was not able to ſatisfy him, but referred him to you, who can do it much better than, Sir, your moſt obliged humble ſervant,

J. SICAN.

LETTER DCLIX.

REV. MR DONNELLAN TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *Cloyne, Oct.* 31. 1735.

THOUGH I have hitherto forbore troubling you with my acknowledgments for many favours, which very juſtly demanded them, yet the late application to the Duke in my behalf, (which I had an account of from my ſiſter), is ſuch an inſtance of kindneſs and regard, as will not ſuffer me to be ſilent: I muſt beg leave to return you my beſt thanks for it, and, at the ſame time, let you know what a thorough and true ſenſe I have of your goodneſs to me, and the great honour you have done me by appearing in my favour. I am ſufficiently acquainted with your diſlike to recommending, as well as the deſerved regard that is paid to your judgment and opinion, to know how to ſet a proper value on both. And, be the ſucceſs of this affair what it will, I think myſelf

myſelf happy in having engaged in it, as it has been the occaſion of your ſhewing that you honoured me with ſome ſhare of your friendſhip and regard, which will always be my greateſt pleaſure and praiſe.

I ſuppoſe, Sir, you have heard what an handſome mark I have lately received of the Biſhop of Cloyne's favour, and how handſomely it was given; unaſked and unexpected, and without any regard to kindred or application. It is a very good preferment, worth at leaſt 300 l. *per annum;* and is made much more valuable and agreeable, by the manner in which it was beſtowed, and eſpecially by coming from a perſon whom you have an eſteem for. I was t'other day to view my houſe, and was much pleaſed with the ſituation, which is very pretty and romantic. It ſtands on the bank of a fine river, in a vale between two ridges of hills that are very green, pleaſant, and woody. Its nearneſs to Corke (being within four miles of it) would make the deanry of that place a very convenient and deſirable addition, and was what induced my friends to think of it for me. What ſucceſs their applications are likely to meet with, I can't ſay: This I am ſure of, that I cannot be deprived of the ſincere ſatisfaction I received from having your intereſt and good wiſhes, and ſhall always retain a moſt grateful remembrance of them. The Biſhop of Cloyne deſires you will accept of his beſt ſervices; and I beg you will believe me, with the greateſt reſpect, Sir, your moſt obliged and obedient humble ſervant,

CHR. DONNELLAN.

LETTER DCLX.

MRS PENDERVAS TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *Paradiſe, Nov.* 8. 1735.

I THINK I have been a great while without writing to you, and hope you are of my mind, I would rather be chid by you for my ſilence, than have you paſs it over quietly, for that would have ſuch an air of indifference as would greatly alarm me. Abſence is generally thought a great weakener of inclination: I am apt to think it will prove my friend with you: Our acquaintance was ſo ſhort, I had not time to diſgrace myſelf with you. I am ambitious of gaining your eſteem, and put on all my beſt airs to effect it: I left you at a critical moment; another month's converſation might have ruined all. I ſtill beg you will encourage your indulgent way of thinking of me. What will you gain by diſcovering my follies? and I ſhall loſe the honour of your friendſhip; which loſs cannot be repaired in England or Ireland. If Mrs Donnellan is my true friend, ſhe has, by way of excuſing me, told you my diſtreſs for my ſiſter, which now I hope is over. I refer you to Mrs Donnellan for her character; and that will juſtify to you my great care and concern for her.

I ca'nt help lamenting Dr Delany's retirement. I expected his benevolent diſpoſition would not have ſuffered him to rob his friends

of

of the pleaſure and advantage of his company: If you have not power to draw him from his ſolitude, no other perſon can pretend to do it. I was in hopes the weekly meetings would have been renewed and continued. Mrs Donnellan is much diſappointed, and I fear I am no longer a toaſt.

I am thoroughly convinced that a reaſonable creature may live with more comfort and credit in Dublin than in London: As much convinced of it as that I ſhould be richer with eight hundred pounds a-year than four. But to what purpoſe is it for me to regret my poverty? My lot is thrown on Engliſh ground; I have no pretence to fly my country: Furniſh me with one, and you have laid temptations enough in my way to make me ready to embrace it.

I have been two months in this place, which has all the advantages of the country; as quietneſs, cheapneſs, and wholeſome air. I uſe a good deal of exerciſe in the morning; in the evening I read a play with an audible voice. I am now reading Beaumont and Fletcher's works: They entertain me extremely. Sometimes I read a little philoſophy, Derham's lectures: many things are too abſtruſe for me in that ſtudy; but I fancy myſelf, in ſome reſpects, much wiſer than I was before I read them. If you don't approve of my ſtudies, I hope you will recommend what you think will be more to my advantage.

I am ſorry to find, by your letter, that Mrs Donnellan does not ſee you often: She cannot be pleaſed with a ſituation that prevents her having that ſatisfaction. I depended upon your meeting often; and what is more, upon being ſometimes the ſubject of your converſation. I am glad to hear of her brother's promotion: He very well deſerves good fortune; he knows how to enjoy it handſomely, and ſcorns to court it meanly. I think I have made you a country viſit: If I have not quite tired you, I hope you will ſoon challenge another: I know you pay me a great compliment in writing; and, if I was very well bred, I ought not to inſiſt upon your doing any thing that may give you trouble; but I only conſider my own advantage, and cannot give up a correſpondence I value ſo much. I am, Sir, your moſt obliged and humble ſervant,

M. PENDERVAS.

LETTER DCLXI.

DR SWIFT AND DR SHERIDAN TO MRS WHITEWAY.

Thoſe parts of the letter marked thus, " and concluding thus," were written by Dr Sheridan.

MADAM, *Nov.* 8, 1735.

NOV. 3. to Dunſhallan, twelve long miles, very weary; Nov. 4. to Kells, ſixteen miles, ten times wearier; the 5. to Croſs-keys, ſeventeen

ſeventeen long miles, fifty times wearier; the 6. to Cavan, five miles, wearieſt of all: Yet I baited every day, And dined where I lay; and this very day I am weary, and my ſhin bad, yet I never looked on it. I have been now the third day at Cavan, the Doctor's Canaan the dirtieſt place I ever ſaw, with the worſt wife and daughter, and the moſt curſed ſluts and ſervants on this ſide Scotland. Let the Doctor do his part. "Not quite ſo bad, I aſſure you, although his "teal was ſpoiled in the roaſting: And I can aſ-"ſure you that the dirt of our ſtreets is not quite "over his ſhoes, ſo that he can walk dry. If "he would wear golaſhes, as I do, he would "have no cauſe of complaint. As for my wife "and daughter, I have nothing to ſay to them, "and therefore nothing to anſwer for them. I "hope, when the weather mends, that every "thing will be better, except the two before "mentioned. Now the Dean is to proceed." In ſhort, but not literally in ſhort, I got hither, not ſafe and ſound, but ſafe and ſore. Looking in my equipage, I ſaw a great packet that weighed a pound: I thought it was iron, but found it Spaniſh liquorice, enough to ſerve this whole country who had coughs for nine years. My beaſt told me it was you forced him to put it all up. Pray go ſometimes to the deanry, and ſee how the world goes there. The Doctor is a philoſopher above all œconomy, like philoſopher Webber. I am drawing him into a little cleanlineſs about his houſe. The cook roaſted this day

day a fine teal to a cinder; for the wife and daughter ſaid, they did not know but I loved it well roaſted. The Doctor, ſince his laſt illneſs, complains that he hath a ſtraitneſs in his breaſt, and a difficulty in breathing. Pray give him your advice, and I will write to your brother Helſham this poſt for his. Write me no news of the club, and get one of them to frank your letters, that they may be worth reading. "Dear "Madam, I beg you may rather think me like "the devil, or my wife, than Webber, I do aſ- "ſure you that my houſe, and all about it, is "clean in Potentia. If you do not underſtand "ſo much logic, Mr Harriſon * will tell you; "but I ſuppoſe you ignorant of nothing but do- "ing any thing wrong. Be pleaſed to ſend me "one of your fatteſt pigeons in a poſt letter, and "I will ſend you in return a fat gooſe under "cover to one of the club. The Dean may ſay "what he pleaſes of my Ay Con O my; but I "aſſure you I have this moment in my houſe, a "quarter of fat beef, a fat ſheep, two mallards, "a duck and a teal, beſides ſome fowl in ſqua- "drons. I wiſh you were here. Aſk the Dean "if I have not fine ale, table drink, good wine, "and a new pair of tables. Now hear the Dean." It grows dark, and I cannot read one ſyllable of what the Doctor laſt writ; but conclude all to be a parcel of lies. How are eldeſt maſter and miſs, with your clerk and ſchool-boy? So God bleſs you all. If the Doctor hath any thing more

* Mrs Whiteway's eldeſt ſon.

more to ſay, let him conclude, as I do, with aſſurance that I am ever, with great affection, your's, &c.

Read as you can, for I believe I have made forty miſtakes. Direct for me at Dr Sheridan's, in Cavan; but let a club-man frank it, as I do this. Mr Rochfort is my franker: your's may be general——, or ſome other (great beaſt of a) hero. My two puppies have, in the whole journey, overpuppied their puppyſhips. Moſt abominable bad firing: nothing but wet turf. "The Devil a lie I writ, nor will I write to the "end of my life. May all happineſs attend you "and your family. I am, with all good wiſhes "and affection, your moſt obedient humble ſer-"vant.

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

"You were plaguy ſaucy who did not like my "nuts: I do aſſure my dog Lampey cracks "them; the Dean is my witneſs."

LETTER DCLXII.

FROM SOME UNKNOWN LADY TO DR SWIFT.

HON. SIR, *Caſtletown, Nov.* 9. 1737.

EXCUSE a ſtranger's addreſs; nothing but the opinion I have of your generoſity and humanity could encourage me to lay before you the incloſed poem, being the product of a woman's

man's pen *. I see the severe strokes you lay on the faulty part of our sex, from which number I do not pretend to exempt myself; yet venture to desire your judgment of this little unfinished piece, which I send you without giving myself the leisure to correct it, willing that your hand should bestow the last beauties. The Muse is my best companion; and if you compassionate the desolate, permit me this satisfaction, since a book and a lonely walk are all the gratifications I afford my senses, though not dulled with years. I must entreat you to throw away two or three lines in answer to this; and beg leave to conceal my name, till I have the honour of writing to you again; which, if you will allow, I shall trouble you with a view of several sketches that I writ occasionally, and will no longer conceal the name of, Honoured Sir, your most humble servant,

M. M.

Sir, direct to Mrs Mary Moran, at Castletown, near Gorey, in the county of Wexford.

LETTER DCLXIII.

LADY B—— G—— TO DR SWIFT.

London, Nov. the 13th. 1735.

I HONESTLY confess I was honoured with your's above a month ago, which ought, in all

* Poem is lost.

all love and reaſon, to have been anſwered above a month ſince; but I know your ſaucineſs, as well as you know my niece's; with this difference, that as age is to mend her's, it makes your's grow worſe; and the anſwer to me had been,—— Oh! ſhe can give a quick reply to mine; now the Duke and Dutcheſs are here, ſhe wants to know more frequently how and what they do.

I can tell you no ſtory of the ring, (which you want to know), but that it came to my hands through proper windings and turnings from an Earl of Peterborow; and the connoiſſeurs ſay, it is an antique, and a pretty good one. I am very well pleaſed, and happy if it ever ſerves to put you in mind that I am your humble ſervant.

I came laſt week from my houſe in Northamptonſhire. I cannot ſay the weather permitted me much exerciſe abroad; but as that houſe is large, the neceſſary ſteps the miſtreſs muſt make, is ſome; and I never loſt any time I could get to walk out, and ſometimes drove abroad in a chair, with one horſe; for being a bad rider, I approve much more of that than mounting my palfry. And whether it was this, or the country air, or chance, I know not; but, thank God, I am at preſent as well as ever I was in my life.

I am wholly ignorant who is or will be Biſhop of Corke; for his Grace is ſuch a ſilly conceited man, that he never vouchſafes to conſult me in the affairs of his kingdom. I only know that I wiſh heartily for Dr Whetcombe *, becauſe he

 ſeems

* John Whetcombe, D. D. then fellow of Dublin college,

ſeems to be a modeſt good ſort of a man; and if I was his Grace, ſince there can be no objection againſt him in this, he ſhould have it. But as theſe matters are above my capacity, I do aſſure you I do not in the leaſt pretend to meddle with them.

I hope, whenever you aſk me about the Counteſs and George, I ſhall be able to anſwer you, as I can ſafely do now, that as yet there is no ſort of appearance that they like one another the worſe for wearing. Mrs Compoſition * is much your humble ſervant, and has not yet got her winter cough. God bleſs you, and adieu.

LETTER DCLXIV.

DR SWIFT AND DR SHERIDAN TO MRS WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, *Cavan, Nov.* 15. 1735.

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I WRIT the above lines in the dark, and cannot read them by a candle: What I meant was,

lege, made Biſhop of Clonfert in Ireland, 24th of December, 1735, and conſecrated 4th of January following. He was afterwards tranſlated to the Archbiſhoprick of Caſhell, and died in 1754.

* Mrs Biddy Floyd.

was, to boaſt of having written to you firſt, and given you a full account of my journey. I incloſed it in a cover to Mr Rochfort, in which I deſired he would ſend it to your houſe: The Doctor had his ſhare in the letter: Although we could not give ſatisfaction to all your queſtions, I now will to ſome. My leg is rather worſe; but an honeſt man, an apothecary here, ſays it begins to ripen, and it is in no manner of danger: But I ventured to walk, which inflamed it a little. I now keep my leg upon a level, and the eaſier, becauſe the weather is ſo foul that I cannot walk at all. This is the dirtieſt town, and, except ſome few, the dirtieſt people I ever ſaw, particularly the miſtreſs, daughter, and ſervants of this houſe. My puppy butler is very happy, by finding himſelf among a race of fools almoſt as naſty as himſelf. I muſt now put you upon travelling. You muſt inquire where Shale my wine-merchant lives, and order him to have the twelve dozen of wine in bottles ready packt up. It muſt be the wine that was two months in bottles (as he aſſured me) before I left Dublin: For theſe a carrier will be ready next week to bring them hither. The deanry woman muſt be ready, and Kenrick and Laud muſt aſſiſt; and the carrier muſt take them from Shale's cellar, ready packt up. My ſervice to Miſs Harriſon. Pray ſend her hither by the firſt carrier; and give her eighteen-pence to bear her charges; of which I will pay threepence, and the Doctor intends to pay another

penny. By the conduct of this family, I apprehend the day of judgment is approaching; the father againſt the daughter, the wife againſt the huſband, &c. I battle as well as I can, but in vain; and you ſhall change my name to Dr Shift. We abound in wild fowl, by the goodneſs of a gentleman in this town, who ſhoots ducks, teal, woodcocks, ſnipes, hares, &c. for us. Our kitchen is a hundred yards from the houſe; but the way is ſoft, and ſo fond of our ſhoes, that it covers them with its favours. My firſt attempt was to repair the ſummer-houſe, and make the way paſſable to it; whereupon Boreas was ſo angry, that he blew off the roof. This is the ſeventh day of my landing here, of which we have had two and a half tolerable. The Doctor is at ſchool; when he comes I will inquire who is this romantic Chevalier——. As to Waller's advertiſement, if I was in town I would, for the ten guineas, let him know the author of the narrative; and I wiſh you would, by a letter in an unknown hand, inform him of what I ſay; for I want the money to repair ſome deficiencies here. My ſervice to Miſs Harriſon and the Doctor *, and my love to the two boys. I ſhall ſtill incloſe to John Rochfort, except he fails in ſending you my letters. Service to Mrs Morgan; I hope her huſband's man has prevailed to be of the club. Adieu. Pray take care of the wine, on which my health depends. Beg a duck from the Doctor.

" Beg

* Young Mr Harriſon.

" Beg a duck! beg a dozen. You ſ——hall " not beg, but command. The Dean may talk " of the dirtineſs of this town; but I can aſſure, " that he had more upon his ſhoes yeſterday " than is at the worſt in our corporation, where- " ever he got it. As for my part, I am tired of " him, for I can never get him out of the dirt; " and that my ſtairs, and the poor cleanly maids, " know very well. You know that he talks " ironically. My wife and I are perfectly eaſy; " for we never ſee one another but by chance," &c.

LETTER DCLXV.

MRS SICAN TO DR SWIFT.

REV. SIR, *Nov.* 15. 1735.

A GENTLEMAN, who is juſt arrived from Paris, brought me a letter from my ſon, who preſents his duty to you, and deſires me to ſend you the incloſed. I am ſure I was glad of any occaſion to write to you, in hopes of the pleaſure of hearing you were well, and arrived ſafe at the land of Canaan. The hurt you received in your ſhin, I was afraid would prevent your going out of town: I beg to know how it is now. I believe you will be pleaſed to hear poor Throp has had juſtice done him in College-Green. The trial laſted till midnight, and two-thirds of the Houſe were for him: He is now going

ing to petition the Houſe to oblige Col. Waller to wave his privilege; but it is thought he will not obtain that favour.

Lady Acheſon came to town yeſterday. She deſired me to preſent her beſt reſpects to you, and tell you ſhe is ſomething better. Lord Orrery is fretting himſelf to death that he did not come to town time enough to enjoy the happineſs of your converſation. Our Iriſh ladies made a fine appearance the birth-day at the caſtle; nothing about them Iriſh but their ſouls and bodies: I think they may be compared to a city on fire, which ſhines by that which deſtroys them. Several dealers in raw ſilk are broke: The weavers having no encouragement to work up the ſilk, ſold it, and drank the money. I beg you will give my ſervice to Dr Sheridan, who I hope is recovered. His old friend, Lord Clancarty, drinks ſo hard it is believed he will kill himſelf before his law-ſuit is ended. I hope you will like the country about a month, and then order Mrs Whiteway and me to bring a coach and ſix, and ſet you ſafe at home, for this is not riding weather. I am, with the moſt profound reſpect, dear Sir, your moſt obliged humble ſervant,

E. SICAN.

LETTER

LETTER DCLXVI.

MRS WHITEWAY TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *Nov.* 15. 1735.

I AM moſt extremely obliged to you for the honour you have done me, and the account is juſt what I feared, that you would be exceſſive weary, your ſhin bad, and diſappointed in the Doctor's Canaan. The latter I am ſorry is not agreeable to you, but your ſhin gives me infinite trouble. I hope in God you have taken care of it: If it is any running ſore, dreſs it twice a-day with Venice turpentine, and the yoke of an egg beaten together, an equal quantity of each. Spread it thick on a cloth, and bathe it once a-day in warm milk: If it is only black and painful, apply warm rum to it often. Pray, Sir, give orders your meat may be indifferently done; and if the cook fails, then deſire it may be ill done: I have known this receipt very ſucceſsful, and a dinner eaten with pleaſure cooked with theſe directions. You are very rude, Dr Sheridan, to interrupt me when I am ſpeaking to the Dean: No wonder I am ſo bad a liſtener, when you are always putting in your word. Pox take that ſtraitneſs in your breaſt, and difficulty in breathing. Drink warm ptiſan, and nothing elſe, except liquorice tea in the morning, and ride every day. Sir, I know nothing of the Spaniſh liquorice, unleſs it came with the reſt of the things

things from the apothecary's, or Mrs Sican; but ſo far your ſervant is right, that what bundles I found on the bed, I put up: I was wrong that I did not examine them; let Dr Sheridan take it plentifully, it is very good for him. I was at the deanry two days ago; every thing is right there; the floor you lie in is all clean, and I deſired Mrs Ridgeway to get the great chair covered, and Jane to put a fire once a-week in your chamber, and in the drawing-room, to air the ladies and gentlemen. One of the incloſed papers Mr Kenrick deſired me to ſend; you ſee I keep to my word, and am determined never to trouble you with other people's buſineſs. The vengeance take you, Doctor, will you never be quiet? I tell you I have never a fat pigeon for you, your gooſe I will not have; we are overſtock'd with them; but I ſend you Col. Waller's caſe, that came before the houſe on Thurſday. I believe you will wonder that after the heavy charges laid on Mr Throp ſo juſtly by the Colonel that he was not ordered into cuſtody; but, to the ſurpriſe of every body, the chairman was voted out of the chair at one of the clock in the morning, and ſo the affair ended. It is true, there was a miſtake of about a month between Col. Waller's account and Mr Throp's in the ſerving of a ſubpœna; and I think it was a ſcandalous thing, that a worthy member's word ſhould not be taken before a little parſon's oath. I ſuppoſe you expect I ſhould anſwer your logic and compliments; but do you think I have nothing

thing elſe to employ me but trifling away my time in murdering the language with your ay Con O my's? I am no more a liar than yourſelf; therefore you are obliged to accept of my beſt wiſhes and moſt humble reſpects: So I have done with you this time for good and all. Mr Dean, I am ſure Rochefaucault's maxim never fails: I am this moment an inſtance of it, taking a ſecret pleaſure in all the little ruffles you meet with in the country, in hopes it will haſten you to town. My He olive branch has a more immediate loſs than any of us; his body ſuffers as well as his mind; for ſince he cannot enjoy the happineſs and benefit of your converſation, he applies himſelf too cloſe to his ſtudies: In ſhort I think he is almoſt in the ſtate of the company he entertains himſelf with all the morning; and if you ſaw him in company of the attendants of the governor of Glubbdubdrib, you would find the ſame horror ſeize you by looking on his countenance *. My fair daughter preſents you her moſt humble and obedient reſpects; ſays, ſhe is not at all changed by your abſence, for whenever ſhe hath the honour to ſee you, you will ſtill find her the ſame. I am, Sir, your moſt obedient and obliged humble ſervant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

Jane

* Mr Harriſon was always very thin, and of a weakly conſtitution.

Jane juſt came here with a poem of Mr Dunkin's, that was ſent to the deanry, and this letter that I incloſe.

LETTER DCLXVII.

DR SWIFT AND DR SHERIDAN TO MRS WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, *Cavan, Nov.* 18. 1735.

WE were undone for want of your anſwer, and thought that Mr Rockfort was at his country ſeat, to whom I directed mine, as he was a franker. Never any thing of ſo ſmall a kind was ſo vexatious to me as this broken ſhin. If I had apprehended the conſequences, I would not have ſtirred from Dublin until it was cured. It hath prevented my walking and riding. An apothecary, the only doctor here, has it in care, and I cannot ſay I am better. But the ſurgeon of the barrack here, a friend to the Doctor, has been with me this morning, ſaw the ſore, and ſays it is in a good way; and that he will conſult with the apothecary, and ſoon make me well. It ſmarts more to-day than ever; but the ſurgeon ſaid, it was becauſe ſome powder, called præcipitate, (an like you), was put on this morning to eat off the black ſkin in the middle of the ſore. It digeſts every day, but I cannot digeſt it. I ſhall loſe my health by ſitting ſtill, and my leg in a chair, like a Grattan in the gout. I wiſh I had

ſtaid

ſtaid at home, and you had been my ſurgeon. To ſay truth, this town and country are ſo diſagreeable by nature and art, that I have no other temptation to ride or walk except that of health, our houſe, and ſhoes, and ſtreets are ſo perpetually and abominably dirty. Eight of the inhabitants came out to meet me a mile or two from town. The reſt would have come but for ſome unexpected impediment. In ſome days after, I invited the principal men in town to ſup with me at the beſt inn here. There were ſixteen of them, and I came off rarely for about thirty ſhillings. They were all very modeſt and obliging. Wild fowl is cheap, and all very good, except the ducks, which, though far from ſea, have a rank taſte from the lakes. It is nothing to have a preſent of a dozen ſnipes, teal, woodcock, widgeon, duck, and mallard, &c. You would admire to ſee me at my endeavours to ſupply deanry conveniences. The curſed turf is two hours kindling, and two minutes decaying. You are a little too jocoſe upon Mr Harriſon's countenance. I hope he hath no return of illneſs, nor is more lean than I left him. He muſt borrow an hour more from his ſtudies, and beſtow it on exerciſe and mirth; otherwiſe he may be like the miſer, who, by not affording himſelf victuals, died a dozen years the ſooner, by which he loſt many thouſand pounds more than if he had fed upon pheaſants, and drank burgundy every day. I muſt now repeat the commiſſion I mentioned. The old woman, Kenrick, and

Laud

Laud muſt find out Shale the wine-merchant: A carrier will go next week to the deanry, be taught to find out Shale with Kenrick. Shale muſt, as he promiſed, pack up twelve dozen of his claret which hath been bottled three months already. This muſt be given to the carrier by Shale, and ready put up in ſome hampers as he will contrive. I hope Mr Rochfort will be in town to ſend you this letter. I am ever your's, and my love to the girls and boys.

LETTER DCLXVIII.

DEAR MADAM,

"TO ſay the truth, I am not concerned for "the Dean's accident, ſince my friend "Jacob ſays there is no danger in it; becauſe it "keeps him from his long walks, by which "means I ſee he is gathering fleſh, and I hope "will gather health and wealth by being here; "for as the Scotchman ſays, Whare there is Muck, "there is Luck. I have no news but too much "plenty of guttables; if we had agreeable com- "panions as plenty as woodcocks, ducks, ſnipes, "*cum ſociis*, this would be a paradiſe. I am, "dear Madam, with all ſervices as aforeſaid, your "moſt obedient and very humble ſervant,

"T. S.

"Pray write to the Dean to behave himſelf "better to me. I want you to ſtand by me."

LETTER

LETTER DCLXIX.

LORD B—— TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *Bath, Nov.* 22. 1735.

I HAVE been waiting for an opportunity to write to you with ſafety, becauſe I had a mind to do it with freedom; and particularly to explain to you what I meant, when I told you ſome time ago, that I was almoſt tired with ſtruggling to no purpoſe againſt univerſal corruption. I am now at the Bath, where there are at preſent many Iriſh families; and though I have inquired of them all, if any gentleman or ſervant was returning thither, yet I can hear of none, ſo that I am forced, if I write at all, to truſt my letter by the common poſt. Nothing is more certain than that this letter will be opened there, the raſcals of the office have moſt infamous directions to do it upon all occaſions; but they would, every man of them, be turned out, if a letter of mine to you ſhould eſcape their intuition. I am thinking what the miniſters may get by their peeping; why, if I ſpeak my mind very plainly, they may diſcover two things; one is, that I have a very great regard for you; the other, that I have a very great contempt for them; and in every thing I ſay or do, ſtill ſet them at defiance. Theſe things, if they did not know before, they are very welcome to find out now; and I am determined in ſome other points like-

wiſe, to ſpeak my mind very plainly to you. You muſt know then, that when I ſaid I grew weary of contending with corruption, I never meant abſolutely to withdraw myſelf from parliament; perhaps I may not ſlacken even my perſonal oppoſition to the wicked meaſures of the adminiſtration, but really I find my health begins to require ſome attention, and I labour under a diſtemper which the long ſittings in parliament by no means agree with. When Mr Faulkner delivered me your former letter, (for I have ſince had one ſent me hither by Mr Pope), I was juſt got up from my bed, where I had lain the whole night in moſt exceſſive torture, with a violent fit of the gravel. I was not able to write you any anſwer by him, who was to depart in two days, and ever ſince I have been at this place drinking the waters, in hopes they may be of ſervice to me. Beſides this of my ill ſtate of health, I am convinced that our conſtitution is already gone, and we are idly ſtruggling to maintain, what in truth has been long loſt, like ſome old fools here, with gout and palſies at four ſcore years old, drinking the waters, in hopes of health again. If this was not our caſe, and that the people are already in effect ſlaves, would it have been poſſible for the ſame miniſter, who had projected the exciſe ſcheme (before the heats it had occaſioned in the nation were well laid) to have choſen a new parliament again exactly to his mind? and though perhaps not altogether ſo ſtrong in numbers, yet as well diſpoſed

in

in general to his purpoſes as he could wiſh. His maſter, I doubt, is not ſo well beloved as I could wiſh he was; the miniſter I am ſure, is as much hated and deteſted as ever man was, and yet, I ſay, a new parliament was choſen of the ſtamp that was deſired, juſt after having failed in the moſt odious ſcheme that ever was projected. After this, what hopes can there ever poſſibly be of ſucceſs? Unleſs it be from confuſion, which God forbid I ſhould live to ſee. In ſhort, the whole nation is ſo abandoned and corrupt, that the crown can never fail of a majority in both Houſes of Parliament; he makes them all in one houſe, and he chuſes above half in the other. Four and twenty biſhops, and ſixteen Scotch Lords, is a terrible weight in one; forty-five from one country, beſides the Weſt of England, and all the government-boroughs, is a dreadful number in the other. Were his Majeſty inclined to-morrow to declare his body-coachman his firſt miniſter, it would do juſt as well, and the wheels of government would move as eaſily as they do with the ſagacious driver, who now ſits in the box. Parts and abilities are not in the leaſt wanting to conduct affairs; the coachman knows how to feed his cattle, and the other feeds the beaſts in his ſervice, and this is all the ſkill that is neceſſary in either caſe. Are not theſe ſufficient difficulties and diſcouragements, if there were no others; and would any man ſtruggle againſt corruption, when he knows, that if he is ever near defeating it, thoſe who make uſe of it

only doubt the doſe, and carry all their points farther, and with a higher hand, than perhaps they at firſt intended. Beſides all this, I have had particular misfortunes and diſappointments: I had a very near relation, of great abilities, who was my fellow-labourer in the public cauſe: He is gone; I loved and eſteemed him much, and perhaps wiſhed to ſee him one day ſerving his country in ſome honourable ſtation: No man was more capable of doing it, nor had better intentions for the public ſervice than himſelf; and I may truly ſay, that the many mortifications he met with, in ten or twelve years ſtruggling in parliament, was the occaſion of his death. I have loſt likewiſe the trueſt friend, I may almoſt ſay ſervant, that ever man had, in Mr Merril; he underſtood the courſe of the revenues, and the public accounts of the kingdom as well, perhaps better, than any man in it; and in this reſpect he was of ſingular uſe to me: It is utterly impoſſible for me to go through the drudgery by myſelf, which I uſed to do eaſily with his aſſiſtance, and herein it is that oppoſition galls the moſt

Theſe ſeveral matters I have enumerated, you will allow to be ſome diſcouragements; but nevertheleſs, when the time comes, I believe you will find me acting the ſame part I have ever done, and which I am more ſatisfied with myſelf for having done, ſince my conduct has met with your approbation: And give me leave to return you my ſincere thanks for the many kind expreſſions of your friendſhip, which I eſteem as

I ought, and will endeavour to deſerve, as well as I can. You inquire after Bolingbroke, and when he will return from France. If he had liſtened to your admonitions and chidings about œconomy, he need never have gone there; but now I fancy he will ſcarce return from thence, till an old gentleman, but a very hale one, pleaſes to die. I have ſeen ſeveral of your letters on frugality to our poor friend John Gay, (who needed them not), but true patriotiſm can have no other foundation. When I ſee lords of the greateſt eſtates meanly ſtooping to take a dirty penſion, becauſe they want a little ready money for their extravagancies, I cannot help wiſhing to ſee ſome papers writ by you, that may, if poſſible, ſhame them out of it. This is the only thing can recover our conſtitution, and reſtore honeſty. I have often thought, that if ten or a dozen patriots, who are known to be rich enough to have ten diſhes every day for dinner, would invite their friends only to two or three, it might perhaps ſhame thoſe who cannot afford two, from having conſtantly ten, and ſo it would be in every other circumſtance of life: But luxury is our ruin. This grave ſtuff that I have written, looks like preaching; but I may venture to ſay to you it is not, for I ſpeak from the ſincerity of my heart. We are told a peace is made; if it be true, I am ſatisfied; our miniſters did not ſo much as know of the negociation: The articles, which are the oſtenſible ones, are better than could be expected; but I doubt there are

ſome ſecret ones that may coſt us dear, and I am fully convinced the fear of theſe will furniſh our miniſters a pretence for not reducing a ſingle man of our army. I have juſt room to tell you a ridiculous ſtory has happened here. In the dioceſe of Wells, the Biſhop and his Chancellor have quarrelled: The conſequence has been, the Biſhop has excommunicated the Chancellor, and he in return has excommunicated the two Archdeacons. A viſitation of the clergy was appointed; the Biſhop not being able to go himſelf, directed his Archdeacons to viſit for him. The Chancellor alledges from the conſtitution of him, this cannot be, and that the Biſhop can delegate his power to nobody but himſelf; ſo that probably all the clergy who attend on the Chancellor will be excommunicated by the Biſhop, and all who obey the orders of the Archdeacons will be excommunicated by the Chancellor. The Biſhop in the cathedral, when the ſentence of excommunication was going to be read, ſent for it, and tore it in the open church; the Chancellor afterwards affixed it on the church-doors. There are a great many more very ridiculous circumſtances attending this affair, which I cannot well explain: But upon a reference of the whole to my Lord High Chancellor, I am told he has declared his opinion in ſupport of his brother Chancellor. I am glad I have left no ſpace to put my name to the bottom of my letter; after ſome things I have ſaid it may be improper, and I am ſure it is needleſs, when I aſſure

you,

you, no man can be with more ſincerity and regard than I am your moſt obedient humble ſervant.

LETTER DCLXX.

MRS WHITEWAY TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

I RECEIVE as a high favour your juſt reprimand for not anſwering your letter by the firſt poſt; nay, I will add another fault to it, by endeavouring to excuſe myſelf. It was out of the higheſt reſpect I did not write, leſt you ſhould think me too forward in giving trouble. But ſince I have your licence, I will not miſs an opportunity of paying my moſt humble duty, and of acknowledging the greateſt obligations I ever lay under to any mortal. I have had the very ill fortune to come late under your care; yet even theſe diſadvantages do not hinder you from acting the moſt friendly part, of endeavouring to enlarge my mind, and mend my errors; you ſee how induſtriouſly I avoid mentioning the word *faults*. When you left us, I did not think it would be poſſible for me to dread getting a letter from you; but the account of your leg, which I find worſe and worſe, alarms me to that degree, that I tremble for the conſequence. I conjure you, dear Sir, not to truſt any longer to country-helps: Your appetite, your

your health, is in the greateſt danger, by ſitting ſo much as you muſt be obliged to do, till that is well. I know life is as little regarded by you as any one; but to live in miſery, is what I am ſure you ought to avoid. The wine was packed up on Tueſday laſt in a hogſhead: I thought that was ſafer than a hamper: Mr Kenrick and Laud were by all the time: They and Mr Shale were here with me that night: They tell me they got large bottles, of which I gave a great charge. Mr Shale deſires the wine may be kept in the ſame manner it is now packed, and taken out by half dozens as it is uſed: The numbers taken out may be chalked on the head of the veſſel, to ſee that juſtice is done: He thinks it will keep better that way than perhaps in a cellar. I think you came off ſcandalouſly cheap with treating ſixteen gentlemen for a moidore. Pray, Dr Sheridan, when the Dean next uſes you ill, tell him of his pitiful doings. My ſon is greatly obliged to you, Sir, for your care and advice; and aſſures me your word ſhall be an oracle to him. He has not had a return of his diſorder: yet his ſtomach is gone, and of conſequence his ſpirits. Mr and Mrs Morgan have commanded me to ſend you their moſt obedient reſpects, and are much concerned about your leg. Pray, Sir, date your letters. I believe both you and Dr Sheridan hate writing the word November; for not one of them have been dated. I only hate the day of the month: The truth was, in my laſt I could not recollect it,

(for

(for I think I forgot it), and watched for ſome of the brats to tell me. Leſt I ſhould do the ſame now, be pleaſed to remember I write this Nov. 22. 1735. I am, Sir, your moſt obedient and moſt obliged humble ſervant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

If you are pleaſed to direct to me under cover to Mr Morean. I ſhall get your letters. Perhaps Mr Rochfort may go out of town, and then I ſhould be long without them.

LETTER DCLXXI.

DR SWIFT AND DR SHERIDAN TO MRS WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, *Nov.* 22. 1735.

HAVING anſwered your long letter, which was improved by the Doctor's * additions, I now tell you that a Monday next, which will be the 24th inſtant, a carrier will go from hence, and is directed by another letter to you, to manage the buſineſs of ſending the twelve dozen of wine, which Mr Shale has ready bottled, and muſt ſee it packed up in his beſt manner in hampers or hogſheads, as I mentioned in my laſt, and that the wine was bottled (as he ſays) two months before I came away. Kenrick and Laud, and the woman, will be your aſſiſtants.

The

* Mr Harriſon's.

The fellow will be with you by Wedneſday night or Thurſday morning, and I will write by him. I cannot ſay my ſhin is yet better, although our apothecary and the barrack-ſurgeon attend me; but they ſee no danger, and promiſe I ſhall recover in a few days. Mean time, I dare neither walk nor ride; and yet I think my ſtomach is better, and ſo may continue until I grow weary of ſnipe, teal, widgeon, woodcock, hare, leveret, wild-duck, field-fare, &c. My ſervice to your He and the brats. Let Kenrick, my verger, know what I write about the wine, that he and Laud, and the woman, may be prepared; this will ſave me a letter to him. I am ever *entierment vous*.

Cavan, Nov. 22. 1735.

I ſhall never be quiet; a country-author, unknown, hath ſent me a manuſcript of 200 pages for my judgment. Pray ſend me the three quires of paper in quarto; for the Doctor hath ſwallowed up mine, and we have none left.

"I can aſſure you, dear Madam, with pleaſure, "that the Dean begins to look healthier and "plumper already; and I hope will mend "every day. But to deal plainly with you, I "am a little afraid of his good ſtomach, though "victuals are cheap, becauſe it improves every "day, and I do not know how far this may in-"creaſe my family-expences. He pays me but

"two

" two crowns a-week for his ordinary: And I " own that I am a little too modeſt to grumble " at it; but if you would give him a hint about " wear and tare of goods, I make no doubt but " his own diſcretion would make him raiſe his " price. Pray do this (as you do all other things) " in the handſomeſt manner you can. I am, to " you and your's, as much your's as the Dean " aforeſaid."

I deſire you will hint to the Doctor that he would pleaſe to abate four ſhillings a-week from the ten, which he moſt exorbitantly makes me pay him; but tell him you got this hint from another hand, and that all Dublin cries ſhame at him for it.

LETTER DCLXXII.

MRS WHITEWAY TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *Nov.* 25. 1735.

I HAVE not known, for ſome years, the pleaſure of a poſt-day, till within theſe three weeks. I read your letters twenty times over. I tell you this to induce you to continue me in your favour; for I know it is your ſtudy to make the wretched happy. The wine is ready for the carman, and all the caution taken that you commanded. If I durſt, I would repine that you could think I ſhould require your orders three times

times repeated to take care of what you told me your health depended on. I rejoice to find your ſtomach is better, but grieve to hear your leg continues ſo long bad. I ſhall deſpiſe your ſurgeon and apothecary, if they do not cure it immediately. Apollo hath always waited on you, when it was not half ſo material. Where the vengeance is he now? After all, he juſtly quits you, ſince you have left off invoking him. Idleneſs is your crime; to puniſh you, he confines you to a chair, and the penance he enjoins, is to employ your pen once more: If not, there are vultures to prey on legs as well as livers: I wiſh you were ſafe out of their hands. Mr ———, Dr ———'s curate, laſt week committed another fine exploit: He way-laid his wife, who was going home from a neighbour's, about eleven at night, with two ſervant-maids with her, and would have perſuaded her to have gone to his lodging; ſhe refuſing, he called the watch, and put her and her maids into the watch-houſe as ſtrollers, with orders to keep them there till morning. Mrs ——— got off by ſome means or other, but the women were kept all night. Mrs Sican told me the news, and withall that the Doctor is at laſt very angry with him. Mr ———'s great fondneſs to get his wife home, was to ſtop a proſecution ſhe had begun againſt him in the Biſhop's court, for cruel uſage; and if he had prevailed on her to have gone with him, the affair muſt have dropped. I was at the deanry on Saturday, though I forgot to mention it in

my

my laſt letter. My ſon was there yeſterday, and I would have been there to-day, if a ſwelled face had not prevented me. I have ſent for Mr Kenrick or Mr Laud, to let them know your commands. I muſt beg the favour of you to deliver the incloſed to Dr Sheridan, and to pardon my ſealing it. You are ſenſible there are ſecrets that the neareſt friends muſt not ſee. As you have nothing to do, be pleaſed to write me the heads of the two hundred pages in manuſcript, and I will give my opinion about it. I muſt now intreat you to think of coming to town; I truſt in God your ſhin will not require it; but conſider how it is poſſible for me to ſpend the winter evenings, who have been ſo delightfully entertained all ſummer at the deanry. I have ſtaid till the laſt moment before I ſealed this, in expectation of ſeeing ſomebody from your houſe, but am diſappointed. I promiſe to take care to ſee the wine leave this place ſafe, and to ſend the paper by the carman. My ſon and daughter are your moſt obedient ſervants. I am, Sir, with the higheſt reſpect, your moſt obliged and moſt obedient humble ſervant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

LETTER DCLXXIII.

DR SWIFT AND DR SHERIDAN TO MRS WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, *Cavan, Nov.* 28. 1735.

I TAKE advantage a day before the poſt to write to you: And this is the firſt day I have ventured to walk this fortnight paſt, except yeſterday, when I dined with my ſurgeon at the barrack. This morning I viſited four ladies in the town, of which your friend Mrs Donaldſon was one. My whole journey hath been diſappointed by this accident; for I intended to have been a conſtant rider, and as much a walker as this dirty town would allow. Here are a thouſand domeſtic conveniencies wanting; but one pair of tongs in the whole houſe; the turf ſo wet, that a tolerable fire is a miracle: The kitchen is a cabin a hundred yards off and a half; the back and fore-door always left open, which in a ſtorm (our conſtant companion) threatens the fall of the whole edifice: Madam as croſs as the devil, and as lazy as any of her ſiſter ſows, and as naſty. Theſe are ſome of our blind ſides. But we have a good room to eat in, and the wife and lodgers have another, where the Doctor often ſits and ſeems to eat, but comes to my eating room, (which is his ſtudy), there finiſhes the meal, and hath ſhare of a pint of wine. Then we have an honeſt neighbour, Mr Price, who

who fits the evening, and wins our money at backgammon, though the Doctor ſometimes wins by his blundering As to meat, we are hard put to it. 'Tis true, our beef and mutton are very good; but for the reſt, we are forced to take up with hares, partridges, teal, grouſe, ſnipes, wood-cocks, plover, ſilver-eels, and ſuch traſh; which, although they be plentiful and excellent in their kinds, you know are unworthy of a refined Dublin Dean. I expect, before this letter goes, that the carrier will be here with the wine, and that I ſhall have time to chide you for five dozen of bottles broke by the ill packing up. He ſet out from hence on Tueſday, but I ſuppoſe cannot return till next week. I had, ſeveral days ago, a letter from Mrs Sican, and another from her French ſon *, an excellent good one; when you go that way, tell her of this, with my ſervice, and that I will write to her ſoon. Your letters have been ſo friendly, ſo frequent, and ſo entertaining, and oblige me ſo much, that I am afraid in a little time they will make me forget you are a couſin, and treat you as a friend. If Apollo hath entirely neglected my head, can you think he will deſcend to take care of my ſhin? Earthly ladies forſake us at forty, and the Muſes at fifty-five. I have

* The Doctor calls young Dr Sican her French ſon, becauſe he was then travelling in France, This young gentleman was at laſt unfortunately murdered, as he was travelling in Italy in a poſt-chaiſe, by a perſon who fired his piſtol at him from another poſt-chaiſe upon ſome diſpute between the drivers contending for the way.

mentioned that raſcal——to Dr Delany, who defended him as well as he could, but very weakly; if the Doctor will not caſt him off, he will juſtly expoſe himſelf to cenſure.

I wiſh you would ſpeak to your dearly beloved monſter Mr ———, when he comes to town, about my Laracor agent, to pay me ſome money, and to reproach——for his infamous neglect of my affairs. He is one of your favourites, and —— another; I hope I am not the third.

I have juſt ſpoken about the thread to Mrs Sheridan, who tells me, that what you deſire is to be had here every market day; and that Mrs Donaldſon underſtands it very well. "To carry on the thread of the diſcourſe, I diſcovered "the little dirty b——h, the fire-maker, to be "the opener of the doors, and the leaver of them "ſo; for which the Dean had her lugged this "evening by the cook-maid; for which he paid "her a threepence *, and gave the little girl a "penny for being lugged: And becauſe the cook "did not lug her well enough, he gave her a "lugging to ſhew her the way. Theſe are ſome "of our ſublimer amuſements. I wiſh you "were here to partake of them. The only thing "of importance I can tell you is."——(Ay, what is it? He ſhall be hanged rather than take up any more of this paper. It is true that the Legion Club is ſinking the value of gold and ſilver to

* A little piece current in thoſe days, but the ſpecies has been long worn out.

to the ſame with England, and are putting 4 l. a hogſhead more duty on wine? The curſed vipers uſe all means to encreaſe the number of abſentees. Well I muſt go to the market about this thread. It is now Nov. 29th; I fear the Doctor will hedge in a line. I have now got Mr Morgan's heatheniſh Chriſtian name, and will direct my letters to him. I am to finiſh a letter to Mrs Sican: I deſire you will call on her ſometimes. My love to your brats. I have ſettled with Mrs Donaldſon about the thread; but will order a double quantity, that you may knit ſtockings for your dear ſelf. Let the Doctor conclude. I am ever, *&c.* "Madam, I "have only room to tell you that I will ſee you "the 12th or 13th of Dec.) excuſe a long pa-"renthesis: Your moſt obedient and"

LETTER DCLXXIV.

MRS WHITEWAY TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *Dublin, Nov.* 29. 1735.

I NEVER was more out of temper in my life than I have been theſe two days; yeſterday that I did not hear from you, and to-day at the rogue that brought your letter to Mr Kenrick at ten laſt night, and the diſappointment we have met with from him that was to carry the wine to Cavan. The incloſed letter gives ſo full an account, that I need add nothing to it, but his

being a right county of Cavan man. I deſire Dr Sheridan will take care for the future not to employ them about your buſineſs; I owe him this reflection for truſting ſuch rogues. Pray, Sir, tell me what I ſhall do in this buſineſs? ſhall I get Mr Sheridan or Mr Kenrick to look out for an honeſt carman, and agree as cheap as we can to carry it to you? for I find there is no depending on the Doctor's countrymen. Had you aſſured me, as you ſay the ſurgeon does, that your leg was better, my joy would be equal to the uneaſineſs I have ſuffered on that occaſion. I fear I ſhall never have the pleaſure of being with you on your birth-day; were my purſe as heavy as my heart is, though I cannot be with you to-morrow, I would this night have been at Cavan, and have left it on Monday morning.

I ſhall make a great entertainment to-morrow for my family, to celebrate the Drapier's birth-day, and drink his health. My two eldeſt cubs (match me that) preſent you their moſt humble and obedient reſpects, with their hearty wiſhes of long life, health and happineſs to attend you. They durſt not take the liberty to ſend this with their hands, but do it with their heart. I ſend you their own words: but where ſhall I find any that can expreſs what I would ſay on the ſubject? the moſt ſincere would be what I deſire for myſelf whilſt I continue in this world, which is health and quietneſs. This I pray God grant you in the largeſt portion, and life as long as you ſhall deſire it!

Mr

Mr Morgan's heatheniſh name is Marcus Antonius; I ſaw him and his Lady yeſterday, who both ſay they ſhould be glad to kiſs your hand, his eldeſt ſon is in the meaſles. Laſt night died the Biſhop of Oſſory of an inflamation on the lungs: He caught cold on Sunday at the the Caſtle chaple. We have provided one of the biſhopricks for Dr Marlay

I am told by ſome people that Lord Orrery intends to make you and Dr Sheridan a viſit; if ſo, I fear it will be a long time before you will think of returning here. I expect a long letter from Dr Sheridan, in anſwer to all that I have ſaid to him in this.

I think this is ſo well written that it needs no apology for a bad pen.

I am, Sir, your moſt humble and moſt obedient ſervant,

M. WHITEWAY.

LETTER DCLXXV.

MRS WHITEWAY TO DR SWIFT.

Dublin, Dec. 2. 1735.

I WADED this morning through dirt and rain to the Deanry; but I place no more to your account than from High-ſtreet. I found every thing in great order, your bed and window-curtains cleaned, and, to my ſatisfaction, the great chairs covered; the dogs in high ſpirits, the woman

man in good humour, and Mr Kenrick and Mrs Ridgeway on duty. I am quite aſhamed of my entertainment on Sunday. The Drapier's birth-day was celebrated by Mr Laud with a dinner of wild-duck, plover, turkey, and pullet; two bowls of punch, and three bottles of claret. At night Mr Kinreck gave a ſupper, with an ocean of punch. Their houſes were illuminated, and the bells rung. Several other houſes followed their example.

I am almoſt reconciled to your ſurgeon; the next letter, I hope, will finiſh our quarrel. When he has ſet you firmly on your legs, if making gods were not out of faſhion, I would tranſlate him; however he ſhall be my ſaint.

As you have been remarkable for never being ſevere on the ladies, I am ſurprized you ſhould ſay that we forſake the men at forty. I deny the fact, while they ſing our praiſes, we continue to hold them in admiration. For an example of this, I give the author of *The Lady's Dreſſing-Room*, and *Strephon and Cloe*, who, by writing theſe poems, gained the hearts of the whole ſex.

I heartily pity you for want of meat; I wiſh I could ſend you a large ſhoulder of mutton, freſh killed: how pure and ſweet it would eat! I have juſt left part of one in the parlour; the very thoughts of it make me hungry again: I think

I will go down, and take the other ſlice *. I know it is not to any purpoſe to reproach you with avarice, for a poor pint of wine among three of you. Whatever you do at home, I am aſhamed to find you ſhew it at Cavan: I ſuppoſe your excuſe will be at the expence of the poor carman; but if you had any generoſity, you would live on the public, as I do, till your rents came in. Dr Sheridan ſays, you gave private orders, and countermanded the wine, to ſpunge on him. I own I think it looks like it, or you would not have let the man come to town without a car.

I ſee you are proof againſt ſtorms within and without doors, or you would not think of ſtaying in the country when the Doctor leaves it. There is no occaſion for you to convince the world that you want but one trial to out-do Socrates in every thing: Let not this keep you, for I promiſe to provide one for 3s. 4d. that ſhall out-ſhine Solomon's brawler,

Molly and young Harriſon are grown ſo ſaucy at ſeeing their names ſo often in your letters, that I cannot govern them: Pray be pleaſed to take them down a little. All that I can do to vex them, is not to ſend you their compliments. My ſon intreats you will finiſh your Latina Anglia

* Here Mrs Whiteway is merry with the Doctor, who could not endure mutton which had not been killed three or four days before: On the contrary, Mrs Whiteway liked her's ſo freſh, that Dr Swift uſed pleaſantly to ſay of her, That ſhe liked mutton that was killed to-morrow.

glia treatiſe; which he deſires you will immediately ſend him a copy of.

Dr Sheridan's laſt letter is ſo long and full of particulars, that I cannot anſwer it till I ſee him. I am ſo proud of being diſcarded from being a couſin, that for the future I ſhall not own either Eſq;—— or Mr —— for relations; nor ever dare to think you a favourite. But I hope you will allow me to term you my Oracle, and to acknowledge myſelf, Sir, your moſt humble and moſt obedient ſervant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

LETTER DCLXXVI.

DR SWIFT TO MRS WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, *Cavan, Dec.* 6. 1735.

I HAVE your's of Nov. the 29th. The Doctor, who is always ſanguine, reckoned upon the wine as ſure as if it had been in his cellar under the ſtairs; but I, who am ever deſponding, told him I was ſure there would be ſome diſappointment. I matter it not, for we have enough ſtill to hold us a reaſonable term, at one bottle a-day between us, at leaſt if he would leave off inviting young Mr Price, Parſon Richardſon, Mr Naſh, Mr Jacob, Surgeon of the troop, Squire Fleming of Balhaynockhye, Dr O'Neil, Dr Fludd, Parſon Charlton of Evackthonyeul, beſide the reſt of our Cavan gentry and neighbourhood.

bourhood. I will not have the wine ſent by any carrier on purpoſe: It would be a confounded expence: But we will wait until a further opportunity by Marcus Tully, the genuine orator and carrier of our city. I refuſed a long time to ſhew the Doctor that part of your letter which reflects upon not only his countrymen, but his townſmen, and fifty to one, but upon one of his own or Madam's couſins; yet there is no danger of kindred, for our town agrees that Tully is an honeſt carrier. I was in hopes your great entertainment had been for your tenant, with his half year's rent. I am ſorry it was on account of ſome ſcrub Drapier, of whom I never heard. Only I know they are all rogues, and I ſhall not pay for their extravagance. I forgot to tell you that the barrack-ſurgeon preſcribed the very ſame medicine that you adviſed for my ſhin. My leg is ſo well, that I have been twice riding, and walk in the town, that is to ſay in the dirt every day. We have now a fine froſt, and walk ſafe from dirt; but it is like a life at court, very ſlippery. I do not like to ſee my money laid out in cleaning curtains, and covering chairs; but ſince, as you ſay, you are pleaſed to be at that expence, I thankfully ſubmit. The Doctor will be with you on Friday next. He goes to ſee the Grand Monde, and beg ſubſcriptions to build a ſchool-houſe. He taxes you only at ten guineas. I am to ſtay with Madam and his daughter until his return, which will be about a month hence, when days grow

longer

longer and warmer. Pox take country ladies dinners. In ſpite of all I could ſay, I was kept ſo late by their formality on Thurſday laſt, that I was forced to ride five miles after night-fall, on the worſt road in Europe, or county of Cavan. The Doctor cannot have time to write a word, he expects a rogue of an agent this evening, who will not come, with two or three hundred pounds arrears, by which means I ſhall be kept here for want of money, which I was fool enough to expect to get from him to bear my charges back. My ſhin coſt me three guineas, and I brought but twenty pounds. I deſire the room and bed I lie in may be often aired. The Doctor will not lie at the deanry, becauſe it is far from his friends, and he is afraid of robbers. I approve your name of Cub; but may your male cub never ſit in the club. I will not pay the three ſhillings and four-pence for a wife, as you propoſe, becauſe I can get one here for two thirteens. Mrs Donaldſon is making the thread with her own fair fingers. I dare not come to town till Miſs Harriſon gives me a general diſcharge. I deſire to know her utmoſt demands. My chief amuſement here is at backgammon. Dr Sheridan is a peeviſh bungler, and I ſometimes win his money. Mr Price is an expert civil gameſter, and I always loſe to him. This is the ſtate of my affairs. The Doctor is come up, and ſays he will not write a word, becauſe he is buſy and will ſee you ſoon. *Entre nous* I will not ſtay when the Doctor is gone; but this is a ſecret:

cret: And if my health and the weather will permit, I will be in town two or three days after him. So I close this letter, and remain *entirement a vous*, &c.

My humble service to the bearer * and his Lady. God ever bless you and your fireside.

LETTER DCLXXVII.

DR SWIFT TO THE DUKE OF DORSET.

MY LORD, *December* 30. 1735.

YOUR Grace fairly owes me one hundred and ten pounds a-year in the church, which I thus prove. I desired you would bestow a preferment of one hundred and fifty pounds a-year to a certain clergyman. Your answer was, that I asked modestly; that you would not promise, but you would grant my request. However, for want of good intelligence in being (after a cant word used here) an expert king-fisher, that clergyman took up with forty pounds a-year; and I shall never trouble your Grace any more in his behalf. Now, by plain arithmetic, it follows, that one hundred and ten pounds remain: And this arrear I have assigned to one Mr John Jackson, who is vicar of Santry, and hath a small estate, with two sons, and as many daughters, all grown up. He hath lain some years as a weight upon me, which I voluntarily took up, on ac-

* Mr Morgan, to whom this letter was enveloped.

count of his virtue, piety, and good ſenſe; and modeſty almoſt to a fault. Your Grace is now diſpoſing of the *debris* * of two biſhopricks, among which is the deanry of Ferns, worth between eighty and one hundred pounds a-year, which will make this gentlemen eaſier, who, beſides his other good qualities, is as loyal as you could wiſh.

I cannot but think, that your Grace, to whom God hath given every amiable quality, is bound, when you have ſatisfied all the expectations of thoſe who have power in your club †, to do ſomething at the requeſt of others, who love you on your own account, without expecting any thing for themſelves. I have ventured once or twice to drop hints in favour of ſome very deſerving gentlemen, who I was aſſured had been recommended to you by perſons of weight; but I eaſily found by your general anſwers, that although I have been an old courtier, you know how to ſilence me by diverting the diſcourſe, which made me reflect that courtiers reſemble gameſters, the latter finding no arts unknown to the other; and one of them aſſured me, that he has loſt fourteen thouſand pounds ſince he left off play, merely by daubling with thoſe who had contrived new refinements.

My Lord, I will, as a divine, quote ſcripture: Although the childrens meat ſhould not be given to dogs, yet the dogs eat the ſcraps that fall from

* The ſhattered remains.

† The parliament of Ireland.

from the childrens table. This is the ſecond requeſt I have ever made your Grace directly. Mr Jackſon is condemned to live on his own ſmall eſtate, part whereof is in his pariſh about four miles from hence, where he hath built a family-houſe, more expenſive than he intended. He is a clergyman of long ſtanding, and of a moſt unblemiſhed character; but the misfortune is, he hath not one enemy to whom I might appeal for the truth of what I ſay.

Pray, my Lord, be not alarmed at the word deanry, nor imagine it a dignity like thoſe we have in England; for, except three or four, the reſt have little power, rather none as a Dean and Chapter, and ſeldom any land at all. It is uſually a living conſiſting of one or more pariſhes, ſome very poor, and others better endowed; but all in tythes.

Mr Jackſon cannot leave his preſent ſituation, and only deſires ſome very moderate addition. My Lord, I do not deceive your Grace, when I ſay, you will oblige great numbers even of thoſe who are moſt at your devotion, by conferring this favour, or any other, that will anſwer the ſame end. *Multa—veniet manus auxilio quæ—Sit mihi, (nam multo plures ſumus), ac veluti te—Judæi cogémus in hanc concedere turbam.*

I would have waited on your Grace, and taken the privilege of my uſual thirteen minutes, if I had not been prevented by my old diſorder in my head; for which I have been forced to confine myſelf to the precepts of my phyſicians.

LETTER DCLXXVIII.

EARL OF ORRERY TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Jan.* 3. 1735-6.

I HAVE thought it more than a century ſince I ſaw you. I crawled out to you on Saturday, but was forced to come from your houſe and go to bed; ſince which time I have not ſtirred out of my chamber. My cold continues ſtill bad; and has been hanging upon me now for above a fortnight. Pray tell me when I may hope to ſee you again: *et notas audire et reddere voces.* I dine at home to-morrow: Will you ſhare a fowl with me? I am ſcarce able to hold up my head; but the ſight of you will go a great way towards recovering your ever obliged and faithful ſervant,

ORRERY.

LETTER DCLXXIX.

MRS PENDARVES TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *Bath, Jan.* 9. 1735-6.

I AM told you have ſome thoughts of coming here in the ſpring. I don't think it proper to tell you how well pleaſed I am with that faint proſpect; for ſuch I muſt call it till the report is confirmed with your own hand. I write in all

all haſte to know if you really have any ſuch deſign; for if you have, I ſhall order my affairs accordingly, that I may be able to meet you here. The good old cuſtom of wiſhing a happy new-year to one's friends, is now exploded amongſt our refined people of the preſent age; but I hope you will give me leave to tell you, without being offended, that I wiſh you many years of happineſs. The phyſicians have at laſt adviſed my ſiſter to the Bath-waters. We have been here a fornight: They do not diſagree with her; that is all can be ſaid of them at preſent. I wrote to you from Paradiſe, and hope there is a letter of your's travelling towards me: I think I have uſed you to a bad cuſtom of late, that of writing two letters for one of your's. I am often told I have great aſſurance in writing to you at all, and to be ſure I muſt do it with great fear and trembling. I am not believed when I affirm I write to you with as much eaſe as to any correſpondent I have; for I know you as much above criticiſing a letter of mine, as I ſhould be below your notice, if I gave myſelf any affected airs: You have encouraged my correſpondence, and I ſhould be a brute if I did not make the beſt of ſuch an opportunity.

Bath is full of people ſuch as they are; none worth giving you any account of: My ſolace is Mrs Barber, whoſe ſpirit and good countenance cheers me whenever I hear or ſee her; ſhe is at preſent pretty well. Company is this moment

coming up ſtairs, and I can only add that I am, Sir, your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

M. PENDARVES.

LETTER DCLXXX.

LORD CASTLEDURROW TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *Caſtledurrow, Jan.* 11. 1736.

I RECEIVED the honour of your letter with that pleaſure which they have always given me. If I have deferred acknowledging longer than uſual, I ſhould not be at a loſs to make an excuſe, if I could be ſo vain as to imagine you required any. Virtue forbids us to continue in debt, and gratitude obliges us at leaſt to own favours too large for us to pay; therefore, I muſt write rather than reproach myſelf, and bluſh at having neglected it when I wait upon you; though you may retort, bluſhes ſhould proceed rather from the pen than from ſilence; which pleads a modeſt diffidence, that often obtains pardon. I am delighted with the ſketch of your Imperium, and beg I may be preſented to your firſt miniſter, Sir Robert *. Your puddings I have been acquainted with theſe forty years, they are the beſt ſweet thing I ever eat. The œconomy of your table is delicious; a little, and perfectly good, is the greateſt treat; and that elegance in ſorting company puts me in mind of Corelli's

* Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Earl of Oxford.

Corelli's *orcaſtro* *, in forming which, he excelled mankind. In this reſpect no man ever judged worſe than Lord Chancellor Middleton; his table the neateſt ſerved of any I have ſeen in Dublin, which, to be ſure, was entirely owing to his Lady. You really ſurpriſe me when you ſay you know not where to get a dinner in the whole town. Dublin is famous for vanity this way; and I think the miſtaken luxury of ſome of our grandees, and feaſting thoſe who come to laugh at us from the other ſide of the water, have done us as much prejudice as moſt of our follies. Not any Lord Lieutenant has done us more honour in magnificence than our preſent Vice-roy †. He is an old intimate of my youth, and has always diſtinguiſhed me with affection and friendſhip. I truſt mine are no leſs ſincere for him. I have joy in hearing his virtues celebrated. I wiſh that he had gratified you in your requeſt. Thoſe he has done moſt for, I dare affirm, love him leaſt. It is pity there is any allay in ſo beneficent a temper; but if a friend can be viewed with an impartial eye, faults he has none; and if any failings, they are grafted in a puſilanimity, which ſinks him into complaiſance for men who neither love nor eſteem him, and has prevented him buoying up againſt their impotent threats, in raiſing his friends. He is

* 'His Lordſhip probably uſes this word for *orcheſtre*. Corelli, the famous muſician and compoſer, being eminent for his ſkill in forming and diſpoſing the ſeveral muſicians in a concert.'

† The Duke of Dorſet.

is a moſt amiable man, has many good qualities, and wants but one more to make him really a great man.

If you can have any commands to England for ſo inſignificant a fellow as I am, pray prepare them againſt the beginning of next month. At my arrival in town, I ſhall ſend a meſſage in form for audience: But I beg to ſee you in your private capacity; not in your princely authority; for, as both your miniſtry and ſenate are full, and that I cannot hope to be employed in either, I fear your revenue is too ſmall to grant me a penſion. And as I am not fit for buſineſs, perhaps you will not allow me a fit object for one, which charity only prompts you to beſtow. Thus, without any view of your Highneſs's favour, I am independent, and, with ſincere eſteem, your moſt obedient and humble ſervant,

CASTLEDURROW.

LETTER DCLXXXI.

DR SHERIDAN TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Cavan, Jan* 17. 1735-6.

I RECEIVED your letter of reproaches with pleaſure; and as I know you hate excuſes, I ſhall make none. Whoever has informed you that I was not in my ſchool at the right time appointed, has not done me juſtice; for whatever

ever elſe I may diſappoint, that ſhall be inviolably and punctually obſerved by me. * *
* * * * * *

As for my Quondam friends, as you ſtyle them Quon-dam them all. It is the moſt decent way I can curſe them: for they lulled me aſleep till they ſtole my ſchool into the hands of a blockhead, and have driven me towards the latter end of my life to a diſagreeable ſolitude, where I have the miſery to reflect upon my folly in making ſuch a perfidious choice, at a time when it was not in my nature to ſuſpect any ſoul upon earth. * * * * *

Now to think a little for myſelf. The Duke of Dorſet does certainly owe me a ſmall living for the expenſive entertainment I gave him from Terence *. I only want a proper perſon to dun him; and I know it will be done if my Lord Orrery will undertake it. Do not think me ſanguine in this; for more unlikely and leſs reaſonable favours have been granted. God knows whether, during my life, we ſhall have another ſcholar ſent us for a Lord Lieutenant. * * *
* * * * * *

I wiſh you as much happineſs as I have plague, which is enough for any honeſt man. I am, dear Sir, your moſt obedient and very humble ſervant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

LETTER

* This was a play of Terence acted by the Doctor's ſcholars for the entertainment of the Duke.

LETTER DCLXXXII.

DR SWIFT TO LADY B—— G——.

MADAM, *January* 29. 1736.

I OWE your Ladyſhip the acknowledgment of a letter I have long received, relating to a requeſt I made to my Lord Duke. I now diſmiſs you Madam, for ever from your office of being a go-between upon any affair I might have with his Grace. I will never more trouble him, either with my viſits or application. His buſineſs in this kingdom is to make himſelf eaſy; his leſſons are all preſcribed him from court: and he is ſure, at a very cheap rate, to have a majority of moſt corrupt ſlaves and idiots at his devotion. The happineſs of this kingdom is of no more conſequence to him, than it would be to the great Mogul; while the very few honeſt or moderate men of the Whig-party, lament the choice he makes of perſons for civil employments, or church-preferments.

I will now repeat, for the laſt time, that I never made him a requeſt out of any views of my own; but intirely after conſulting his own honour, and the deſires of all good men, who were as loyal as his Grace could wiſh, and had no other fault than that of modeſtly ſtanding up for preſerving ſome poor remainder in the conſtitution of church and ſtate.

I had long experience, while I was in the world,

world, of the difficulties that great men lay under, in the point of promiſes and employments; but a plain honeſt Engliſh farmer, when he invites his neighbours to a chriſtening, if a friend happen to come late, will take care to lock up a ſcrap for him in the cup-board.

Henceforth I ſhall only grieve in ſilence, when I hear of employments diſpoſed of to the diſcontent of his Grace's beſt friends in this kingdom; and the rather, becauſe I do not know a more agreeable perſon in converſation, one more eaſy, or of a better taſte, with a greater variety of knowledge, than the Duke of Dorſet.

I am extremely afflicted to hear that your Ladyſhip's want of health hath driven you to Bath, the ſame cauſe hath hindered me from ſooner acknowledging your letter. But, I am at a time of life to expect a great deal worſe; for I have neither fleſh nor ſpirits left: While you, Madam, I hope and believe, will enjoy many happy years, in employing thoſe virtues which heaven beſtowed on you, for the delight of our friends, the comfort of the diſtreſſed, and the univerſal eſteem of all who are wiſe and virtuous.

I deſire to preſent my moſt humble ſervice to my Lady Suffolk, and your happy brother.

I am with the trueſt reſpect, Madam, your, &c.

LETTER

LETTER DCLXXXIII.

FROM DR SWIFT.

Feb. 7. 1735-6.

IT is ſome time ſince I dined at the Biſhop of Derry's, where Mr Secretary Cary told me with great concern, that you were taken very ill. I have heard nothing ſince: Only I have continued in great pain of mind: Yet for my own ſake and the world's, more than for your's; becauſe I well know how little you value life both as a philoſpher, and a Chriſtian, particularly the latter, wherein hardly one in a million of us heretics can equal you. If you are well recovered, you ought to be reproached for not putting me eſpecially out of pain, who could not bear the loſs of you; although we muſt be for ever diſtant as much as if I were in the grave, for which my years and continual indiſpoſition are preparing me every ſeaſon. I have ſtaid too long from preſſing you to give me ſome eaſe by an account of your health; pray do not uſe me ſo ill any more. I look upon you as an eſtate from which I receive my beſt annualrents, although I am never to ſee it. Mr Tikel was at the ſame meeting under the ſame real concern; and ſo were a hundred others of this town who had never ſeen you.

I read to the Biſhop of Derry the paragraph in your letter which concerned him, and his Lordſhip

Lordſhip expreſſed his thankfulneſs in a manner that became him. He is eſteemed here as a perſon of learning, and converſation, and humanity; and he is beloved by all people.

I have nobody now left but you. Pray, be ſo kind to outlive me; and then die as ſoon as you pleaſe, but without pain; and let us meet in a better place, if my religion will permit, but rather my virtue, although much unequal to your's. Pray, let my Lord Bathurſt know how much I love him; I ſtill inſiſt on his remembering me, although he is too much in the world to honour an abſent friend with his letters. My ſtate of health is not to boaſt of; my giddineſs is more or leſs too conſtant; I ſleep ill, and have a poor appetite. I can as eaſily write a poem in the Chineſe language as my own: I am as fit for matrimony as invention; and yet I have daily ſchemes for innumerable eſſays in proſe, and proceed ſometimes to no leſs than half a dozen lines, which the next morning become waſte paper. What vexes me moſt is, that my female friends, who could bear me very well a dozen years ago, have now forſaken me; although I am not ſo old in proportion to them, as I formerly was; which I can prove by arithmetic; for then I was double their age, which now I am not. Pray, put me out of fear as ſoon as you can, about that ugly report of your illneſs; and let me know who this Cheſeldon is, that hath ſo lately ſprung up in your favour. Give me alſo ſome account

of your neighbour * who writ to me from Bath. I hear he reſolves to be ſtrenuous for taking off the teſt; which grieves me extremely, from all the unprejudiced reaſons I ever was able to form, and againſt the maxims of all wiſe Chriſtian governments †, which always had ſome eſtabliſhed religion, leaving at beſt a toleration to others.

Farewel, my deareſt friend! ever, and upon every account that can create friendſhip and eſteem.

LETTER DCLXXXIV.

FROM DR SWIFT.

Feb. 3. 1735-6.

I CANNOT properly call you my beſt friend, becauſe I have not another left who deſerves the name; ſuch a havock have time, death, exile, and oblivion made. Perhaps you would have fewer complaints of my ill health and lowneſs of ſpirits, if they were not ſome excuſe for my delay of writing even to you. It is perfectly right what you ſay of the indifference in common friends, whether we are ſick or well, happy or miſerable. The very maid-ſervants in a family have the ſame notion: I have heard them often ſay, Oh I am very ſick, if any body cared for

* Lord Bolingbroke.

† The author of the Diſſertation on Parties appears to be of the ſame opinion. *Warb.*

for it! I am vexed when my viſitors come with the compliment uſual here, Mr Dean, I hope you are very well. My popularity, that you mention, is wholly confined to the common people, who are more conſtant than thoſe we miſcal their betters. I walk the ſtreets, and ſo do my lower friends; from whom, and from whom alone, I have a thouſand hats and bleſſings upon old ſcores, which thoſe we call the gentry have forgot. But I have not the love, or hardly the civility, of any one man in power or ſtation; and I can boaſt that I neither viſit nor am acquainted with any Lord temporal or ſpiritual in the whole kingdom; nor am able to do the leaſt good office to the moſt deſerving man, except what I can diſpoſe of in my own cathedral upon a vacancy. What hath ſunk my ſpirits more than even years and ſickneſs, is reflecting on the moſt execrable corruptions that run through every branch of public management.

I heartily thank you for thoſe lines tranſlated *Singula de nobis anni*, &c. You have put them in a ſtrong and admirable light; but, however, I am ſo partial, as to be more delighted with thoſe which are to do me the greateſt honour I ſhall ever receive from poſterity, and will outweigh the malignity of ten thouſand enemies. I never ſaw them before; by which it is plain that the letter you ſent me miſcarried.———I do not doubt that you have choice of new acquaintance, and ſome of them may be deſerving: For youth is the ſeaſon of virtue; corruptions

grow with years, and I believe the oldeſt rogue in England is the greateſt. You have years enough before you to watch whether theſe new acquaintance will keep their virtue, when they leave you, and go into the world; how long will their ſpirit of independency laſt againſt the temptations of future miniſters and future kings. ——As to the new Lord Lieutenant *, I never knew any of the family; ſo that I ſhall not be able to get any job done by him for any deſerving friend.

LETTER DCLXXXV.

LADY B—— C—— TO DR SWIFT.

Feb. 10. 1735-6.

I AM ſorry to hear your complaints ſtill of giddineſs. I was in hopes you would have mended, like my purblind eyes, with old age. According to the cuſtom of all old women, I muſt recommend to you a medicine, which is certainly a very innocent one, and they ſay does great good to that diſtemper, which is only wearing oil-cloth the breadth of your feet, and next to your ſkin. I have often found it do me good for the head-ach.

I don't know what offences the Duke of Dorſet's club, as you call them, commit in your eyes; but, to my apprehenſion, the parliament cannot

* The Duke of Devonſhire.

cannot but behave well, ſince they let him have ſuch a quiet ſeſſion. And as to all ſorts of politics, they are now my utter averſion, and I will leave them to be diſcuſſed by thoſe who have a better ſkill in them.

If my niece has been humbled by being nine years older, her late inherited great fortune will beautify her in the eyes of a great many people; ſo ſhe may grow proud again upon that. The Counteſs of Suffolk is your humble ſervant. Mr Pope and ſhe appear to have a true value for one another, ſo I ſuppoſe there is no doubt of it; I will anſwer for my friend's ſincerity, and I do not queſtion Mr Pope's acquaintance: But perhaps, if I ſeek it too much, I might meet with a rebuff, as you ſay her M. did. However, we do often dine together at third places; and, as to my own houſe, though he would be extremely welcome, he has too numerous friends and acquaintance already to ſpare me a day, unleſs you will come to England, and then he might be induced to meet you here. Mrs Biddy Floyd has paſſed thus far of the winter in better health than uſual, though her cough will not forſake her. She is much your humble ſervant, and ſo is moſt ſincerely your old friend,

B—— G——.

LETTER DCLXXXVI.

DR SWIFT TO MRS WHITEWAY.

MY DEAR MADAM, *Feb.* 18. 1735-6.

I PITY you and your family, and I heartily pray for both: I pity myſelf, and my prayers are not wanting; but I pity not him *. I count already that you, and I, and the world, muſt loſe him; but do not loſe yourſelf. I was born to a million of diſappointments: I had ſet my heart very much upon that young man; but I find he has no buſineſs in ſo corrupt a world. Therefore pray take courage from Chriſtianity, which will aſſiſt you when humanity fails: I wiſh I were in his condition, with his virtues. I am a little mending, to my ſhame be it ſpoken. I ſhall alſo loſe a ſort of a ſon as well as you: Only our caſes are different; for you have more, and it is your duty to preſerve yourſelf for them. I am ever your moſt affectionate and obedient, *&c.*

J. SWIFT.

LETTER

* Theophilus Harriſon, Eſq; a young gentleman of three and twenty, who was then upon his death-bed.

LETTER DCLXXXVII.

THE BISHOP OF KILMORE * TO DR SWIFT.

REV. SIR, *Feb.* 19. 1735-6.

I SEND you the whole piece †, ſuch as it is: I fear you will find the addition, purſuant to your hint, heavy; for I could not get my imagination warmed to the ſame degree as in the former part. I hope you will ſupply what ſhall be wanting of ſpirit; and when you have pruned the rough feathers, the Ands and Thats, *&c.* you will ſend the Kite to the faulconer, to ſet it a-flying. I am your very faithful and obedient ſervant,

J. K.

May not I claim three or four copies when printed?

LETTER DCLXXXVIII.

DR SHERIDAN TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Feb.* 20. 1735-6.

I AM extremely concerned to find your old diſorder has got hold of you again, which would

* Dr Joſiah Horte, afterwards Archbiſhop of Tuam.

† A ſatire on quadrille, for which Mr Faulkner the printer was ſent to Newgate. Vide Johnſton's edition of Swift's works, printed 1765, letter N. 65.

would not have happened, if you had taken my advice to continue here, where you are well. I cannot help retorting, that I never knew any perſon ſo unadviſeable as you are, eſpecially when it comes from me, who am famous for giving the beſt advice, and following the worſt. Surely Mr ——— cannot be ſo unjuſt as to let me be above ——— pounds a ſufferer for that profligate brute he ſhaked off upon me: If he does perſevere in it, I will let all mankind know, that he acts rather like a little raſcally Iriſh ſolicitor than a man of honour. I have already almoſt finiſhed a dialogue between Lady Betty Tattle and John Solemn (if my money be not paid, neceſſity muſt make me write for bread) upon a ſubject they will not much like; which I vow to God ſhall be publiſhed. As I do not wear a ſword, I muſt have recourſe to the weapon in my hand, It is a better method than a law-ſuit. My ſchool only ſupplies me with preſent food, without which I cannot live. I hope, if I have any friends left, it may increaſe, and once more put me out of a miſerable dependence upon the caprice of friendſhip. This year has been to me like ſteering through the Cyclades in a ſtorm, without a rudder; I hope to have a leſs dangerous and more open ſea the next; and as you are out of all danger to feel the like ſuffering, I pray God you may never feel a dun to the end of your life; for it is too ſhocking to an honeſt heart. It grieves me much to hear poor Mr Harriſon is in ſuch a dangerous way. I pray

God

God preſerve him, not only for his poor mother's ſake, but the good of mankind; for I think I never knew ſo valuable a young man. I beſeech you to let me know, by the next poſt, how he is. I fear the worſt of that horrid treacherous diſtemper. I am, dear Sir, with all reſpect, your moſt obedient and very humble ſervant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

I loſt ſixty-ſix pounds by a rogue who run off Drumcor laſt year.

LETTER DCLXXXIX.

DR SHERIDAN TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Feb.* 23. 1735-6.

I SINCERELY condole with you for the unſpeakable loſs of Mr Harriſon, which cannot be repaired in any other of his age in this world. It wounds my heart every moment I recollect him. I do verily believe no man living has met with ſuch ſevere trials in loſſes of this kind as you have; and for this laſt, I muſt own, that I have great compaſſion for you, as he was every day growing more and more into a friend and companion; eſpecially at a time of life which requires ſuch a comfort. God Almighty ſupport his poor mother *; for none elſe

* Mrs Whiteway.

elſe can give her conſolation under ſuch a dreadful affliction.

Poor old Mr Price cannot hold out a fortnight; and his ſon claims your promiſe of getting him ſomething from the Concordatum: if it overtakes him alive, it may be a legacy for a worthy ſuffering perſon, who has fallen a ſacrifice to his principles. I am, dear Sir, with all reſpect, your moſt obedient and very humble ſervant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

LETTER DCLXC.

DR SWIFT TO MISS HARRISON.

DEAR MISS HARRISON, *Feb.* 23. 1735-6.

I AM in all poſſible concern for your preſent ſituation: I heartily wiſh you could prevail on your mother to remove immediately to ſome friend or neighbour's houſe, that ſhe may be out of the ſight and hearing of what muſt be done to-day. I wiſh your eldeſt brother Whiteway would take care to carry her to ſome part of the town, where ſhe might continue until your houſe may be put in order, and every thing that might renew the memory of the melancholy object be removed. Let your brother Whiteway write to me, that I may know how you all are, particularly your poor mother. I am ever, *&c.*

J. SWIFT.

LETTER

LETTER DCXCI.

DR SWIFT TO MRS WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, *Feb.* 25. 1735-6.

IN the midſt of your grief and my own for the ſame misfortune, I cannot forbear complaining of your conduct through the whole courſe of your affliction, which made you not only neglect yourſelf, but the greater part of thoſe who are left, and by the ſame law of nature have an equal title to your care. I writ on Monday to Miſs Harriſon, that ſhe would beg you, in my name, to remove ſome hours to a neighbour, that your ears might not be haraſſed with the preparations for what was then to be done. She told me you would not yield; and, at the ſame time, ſhe much feared ſhe muſt loſe you too. Some degree of wiſdom is required in the greateſt calamity, becauſe God requires it; becauſe he knows what is beſt for us; becauſe he never intended any thing like perfect happineſs in the preſent life, and becauſe it is our duty as well as intereſt to ſubmit. I will make you another propoſal, and ſhall take it very unkindly if you do not comply. It is, that you would come hither this day immediately, where you will have a convenient apartment, and leave the ſcene that will be always putting you in mind of your loſs. Your daughter can manage the houſe, and ſometimes ſtep to ſee you. All care ſhall be taken

ken of you, and Dr Robinſon will viſit you with more eaſe, if you have occaſion for him. Mrs Ridgeway ſhall attend you, and I will be your companion. Let Miſs Harriſon return me an anſwer, and things ſhall be ready for you. I am ever, with true eſteem and affection, dear Madam, your moſt obedient ſervant and couſin,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER DCXCII.

DR SWIFT TO MR PULTENEY.

SIR, *March* 7. 1736.

I MUST begin, by aſſuring you, that I did never intend to engage you in a ſettled correſpondence with ſo uſeleſs a man as I here am; and ſtill more ſo, by the daily increaſe of ill health and old age; and yet I confeſs, that the high eſteem I preſerve for your public and private virtues urgeth me on to retain ſome little place in your memory, for that time I may expect to live.

That I no ſooner acknowledged the honour of your letters is owing to your civility, which might have compelled you to write, while you were engaged in defending the liberties of your country with more than old Roman ſpirit, which hath reached this obſcure enſlaved kingdom, ſo far as to have been the conſtant ſubject of diſcourſe

and

and of praiſe among the whole few of what unproſtituted people here remain among us.

I did not receive the letter you mentioned from Bath; and yet I have imagined, for ſome months paſt, that the meddlers in the poſt-offices here, and in London, have grown weary of their curioſity, by finding the little ſatisfaction it gave them. I agree heartily in your opinion of phyſicians; I have eſteemed many of them as learned ingenious men; but I never received the leaſt benefit from their advice and preſcriptions. And poor Dr Arbuthnott was the only man of the faculty who ſeemed to underſtand my caſe; yet could not remedy it. But to conquer five phyſicians, all eminent in their way, was a virtue that Alexander and Cæſar could never pretend to. I deſire that my preſcription of living may be publiſhed (which you deſign to follow) for the benefit of mankind; which, however, I do not value a ruſh, nor the animal itſelf as it now acts; and neither will I ever value myſelf as a Philanthropus, becauſe it is now a creature (taking a vaſt majority) that I hate more than a toad, a viper, a waſp, a ſtork, a fox, or any other that you will pleaſe to add.

Since the date of your letter, we underſtand there is another Duke to govern here. Mr Stopford was with me laſt night: He is as well provided for, and to his own ſatisfaction, as any private clergyman. He engaged me to preſent his beſt reſpects and acknowledgments to you. Your modeſty, in refuſing to take a motto, goes

too far. The ſentence is not a boaſt, becauſe it is every man's duty in morality and religion *.

Indeed we differ here from what you have been told of the Duke of Dorſet's having given great ſatisfaction the laſt time he was with us. I wrote to a lady in London, his Grace's near relation, an intimate †, that ſhe would no more continue the office of a go-between (as ſhe called herſelf) betwixt the Duke and me, becauſe I never deſigned to attend him again; and yet I allow him to be as agreeable a perſon in converſation as I have almoſt any where met. I ſent my letter to that lady under a cover addreſſed to the Duke; and in it I made many complaints againſt ſome proceedings, which I ſuppoſe he hath ſeen. I never made him one requeſt for myſelf; and if I ſpoke for another, he was always upon his guard; which was but twice, and for trifles.

The father of our friend in France ‡ may outlive the ſon; for I would venture a wager, that if you pick out twenty of the oldeſt men in England, nineteen of them have been the moſt worthleſs fellows in the kingdom. You tell me with great kindneſs as well as gravity, that I ought, this

* "Amicis prodeſſe, nemini nocere." See Mr Pulteney's letter, dated Dec. 21. 1736.

† See his laſt letter to Lady B—— G——, dated Jan. 29. 1736

‡ 'The friend in France appears to be Lord Viſcount Bolingbroke, whoſe father, Sir Henry St John, Bart. had been created baron St John of Batterſea, and Viſcount St John, 2d July 1716.'

this ſpring, to make a trip to England; and your motive is admirable, that ſhifting the ſcene was of great ſervice to you, and therefore it may be ſo to me. I anſwer as an Academic, *Nego conſequentiam.* And beſides, compariſons are odious. You are what the French call *plein du vic.* As you are much younger, ſo I am a dozen years older than my age makes me, by infirmities of mind and body; to which I add the perpetual deteſtation of all public perſons and affairs in both kingdoms. I ſpread the ſtory of Mrs Mapp while it was new to us: There was ſomething humorous in it throughout, that pleaſed every body here. Will you engage your friend Carteret to oppoſe any ſtep towards arbitrary power? He hath promiſed me, under a penalty, that he will continue firm; and yet ſome reports go here of him, that have a little diſconcerted me. Learning and good ſenſe he hath, to a great degree, if the love of riches and power do not overbalance.

Pray God long continue the gifts he hath beſtowed you, to be the chief ſupport of liberty to your country, and let all the people ſay, *Amen.* I am, with the trueſt reſpect and high eſteem, Sir, your, *&c.*

LETTER DCXCIII.

THE HONOURABLE THOMAS CARTER TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *Henrietta-ſtreet, March* 11. 1735-6.

I WOULD have waited on you, when I ſent my ſervant with a meſſage, but was informed you did not ſee company.

I have no doubt the printer will have occaſion for a great many cargoes from our friend Mr Jarvis.

I am very glad I had an opportunity of doing any thing agreeable to you. I have long wiſhed for ſome inſtance of aſſuring you that I am, with great reſpect, your moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant,

THOMAS CARTER.

LETTER DCXCIV.

THE EARL OF O——— TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Corke, March* 15. 1736-7.

I RECEIVED your commands, by Faulkner, to write to you. But what can I ſay? The ſcene of Corke is ever the ſame; dull, inſipid, and void of all amuſement. His ſacred Majeſty was not under greater difficulty to find out diverſions at Helvoetſluys, than I am here. The butchers

butchers are as greaſy, the Quakers as formal, and the Preſbyterians as holy, and full of the Lord as uſual: All things are in *ſtatu quo*; even the hogs and pigs gruntle in the ſame cadence as of yore. Unfurniſhed with variety, and drooping under the natural dulneſs of the place, materials for a letter are as hard to be found, as money, ſenſe, honeſty, or truth. But I will write on; Ogilby, Blackmore, and my Lord Grimſtone *, have done the ſame before me.

I have not yet been upon the 'Change; but am told, that you are the idol of the the Court of Aldermen. They have ſent you your freedom. The moſt learned of them having read a moſt dreadful account, in Littleton's dictionary, of Pandora's gold box, it was unanimouſly agreed, not to venture ſo valuable a preſent in ſo dangerous a metal. Had theſe ſage counſellors conſidered that Pandora was a woman, (which, perhaps, Mr Littleton forgets to mention), they would have ſeen that the enſuing evils aroſe from the ſex, and not from the ore. But I ſhall ſpeak with more certainty of theſe affairs, when I have taken my ſeat among the grey-beards.

My letters from England ſpeak of great combuſtions there. Abſalom continues a rebel to royal David: The Achitophels of the age are numerous and high-ſpirited. The influence of the comet ſeems to have ſtrange effects already. In the mean time, here live we, drones of Corke,

* The author of a play called "Love in a Hollow Tree."

wrapped up in our own filth, *procul a Jove et procul a fulmine.* Heaven and all good ſtars protect you! For, let the thunder burſt where it will, ſo that you are ſafe and unſinged; who cares whether Perſia ſubmits its government to the renowned Kouli Khan, or that beardleſs and unexperienced youth, the Sophi. At leaſt, the Vicar of Bray and I ſhall certainly be contented.

LETTER DCXCV.

THE EARL OF O—— TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Corke, March the 18th, 1736.*

THIS is occaſioned by a letter I have * received from Mr Pope, of which I ſend you a copy in my own hand, not caring to truſt the original to the accidents of the poſt. I likewiſe ſend you part of a fifth volume of Curll's Thefts, in which you will find two letters to you, (one from Mr Pope, the other from Lord Bolingbroke), juſt publiſhed, with an impudent preface by Curll. You ſee Curll, like his friend the devil, glides through all key-holes, and thruſts himſelf into the moſt private cabinets.

I am much concerned to find that Mr Pope is ſtill uneaſy about his letters; but, I hope, a letter I ſent him from Dublin, which he has not yet received, has removed all anxiety of that kind. In the laſt diſcourſe I had with you on this

* See the next letter.

this topic, you remember you told me, he ſhould have his letters; and I loſt no time in letting him know your reſolution.

I have ſaid ſo much on this ſubject, in the late happy hours you allowed me to paſs with you at the deanry, that there is little occaſion for adding more upon it at preſent; eſpecially as you will find, in Mr Pope's letter to me, a ſtrength of argument that ſeems irreſiſtible. As I have thoughts of going to England in June, you may depend upon a ſafe carriage of any papers you think fit to ſend him. I ſhould think myſelf particularly fortunate, to deliver to him thoſe letters he ſeems ſo juſtly deſirous of. I intreat you, give me that pleaſure: It will be a happy reflection to me in the lateſt hours of my life; which, whether long or ſhort, ſhall be conſtantly ſpent in endeavouring to do what may be acceptable to the virtuous and the wiſe. I am, dear Sir, your very faithful and obliged humble ſervant,

LETTER DCXCVI.

MR POPE TO THE EARL OF O———.

MY LORD,

AFTER having condoled ſeveral times with you on your own illneſs, and that of our friends, I now claim ſome ſhare myſelf; for I have been down with a fever, which yet confines me

me to my chamber. Juſt before I wrote a letter to the Dean full of my heart; and among other things, preſſed him (which I muſt acquaint your Lordſhip I had done twice before, for near a twelvemonth paſt) to ſecure me againſt that raſcal printer, by returning me my letters, which (if he had valued ſo much) I promiſed to ſend him copies of, merely that the originals might not fall into ſuch ill hands, and thereby a hundred particulars to be at his mercy; which would expoſe me to the miſconſtruction of many, the malice of ſome, and the cenſure, perhaps, of the whole world. A freſh incident made me preſs this again, which I incloſe to you, that you may ſhew him. The man's declaration, 'That 'he had theſe two letters of the Dean's from 'your ſide the water,' with ſeveral others yet lying by, (which I cannot doubt the truth of, becauſe I never had a copy of either), is ſurely a juſt cauſe for my requeſt. Yet the Dean anſwering every other point of my letter, with the utmoſt expreſſions of kindneſs, is ſilent upon this; and the third time ſilent; I begin to fear he has already ſent them out of his hands: And in whatever hands, while they are Iriſh hands, allow me, my Lord, to ſay, they are in dangerous hands. Weak admirers are as bad as malicious enemies, and operate in theſe caſes alike, to an author's diſparagement or uneaſineſs. I think this I made the Dean ſo juſt a requeſt, that I found myſelf obliged to publiſh an edition of letters to my great ſorrow; that I wiſhed to make

uſe

uſe of ſome of theſe: Nor did I think any part of my correſpondencies would do me a greater honour, and be really a greater pleaſure to me, than what might preſerve the memory how well we loved one another. I find the Dean was not quite of the ſame opinion, or he would not, I think, have denied this. I wiſh ſome of thoſe ſort of people always about a great man in wit, as well as a great man in power, have not an eye to ſome little intereſt in getting the whole of theſe into their poſſeſſion: I will venture, however, to ſay, *they* would not add more credit to the Dean's memory, by *their* management of them, than *I* by *mine:* And if, as I have a great deal of affection for him, I have with it ſome judgment, at leaſt, I preſume my conduct herein might be better confided in.

Indeed, this ſilence is ſo remarkable, it ſurpriſes me: I hope in God it is not to be attributed to what he complains of, a want of memory. I would rather ſuffer from any other cauſe, than what would be ſo unhappy to him. My ſincere love for this valuable, indeed incomparable man, will accompany him through life, and purſue his memory, were I to live a hundred lives, as many as his works will live: Which are abſolutely original, unequalled, unexampled. His humanity, his charity, his condeſcenſion, his candour, are equal to his wit; and require as good and true a taſte to be equally valued. When all this muſt die, (this laſt I mean), I would gladly have been the recorder of ſo great a part of it, as

ſhines

ſhines in his letters to me, and of which my own are but as ſo many acknowledgments. But, perhaps, before this reaches your hands, my cares may be over; and Curll, and every body elſe, may ſay and lie of me as they will: The Dean, old as he is, may have the taſk to defend me.

LETTER DCXCVII.

LORD C——— TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *Arlington-ſtreet, March* 24. 1736.

I THIS day attended the cauſe you recommended to me in your letter of the 3d of January: The decree was affirmed moſt unanimouſly, the appeal adjudged frivolous, and 100 l. coſts given to the reſpondent. Lord Bathurſt attended likewiſe. The other lords you mention, I am very little acquainted with; ſo I cannot deliver your meſſages, though I pity them in being out of your favour. Since you mention Greek, I muſt tell you, that my ſon, not ſixteen, underſtands it better than I did at twenty, and I tell him ſtudy Greek, Και ουδεν ουδεποτε ταπεινον ενθυμηθεση ουτε αλαν επιθυμεσεις τινος. He knows how to conſtrue this, and I have the ſatisfaction to believe he will fall in to the ſentiment; and then, if he makes no figure, he will yet be a happy man.

Your late Lord Lieutenant * told me, ſome time ago, he thought he was not in your favour.

I

* The Duke of Dorſet.

I told him I was of that opinion, and ſhewed him the article of your letter, relating to himſelf: I believe I did wrong. Not that you care a farthing for princes or miniſters; but becauſe it was vanity in me, to produce your acknowledgments to me for providing for people of learning, ſome of which I had the honour to promote, at your deſire, for which I ſtill think myſelf obliged to you. And I have not heard that ſince, they have diſturbed the peace of the kingdom or been Jacobites, in diſgrace to you and me.

I deſire you will make my ſincere reſpects acceptable to Dr Delany. He ſent me potted woodcocks in perfection, which Lady Granville, my wife, and children, have ate, though I have not yet anſwered his letter. My Lady Granville, reading your poſtſcript, bids me tell you, that ſhe will ſend you a preſent; and if ſhe knew what you liked, ſhe would do it forthwith. Let me know, and it ſhall be done, that the firſt of the family may no longer be poſtponed by you to the third place. My wife and Lady Worſley deſire their reſpects ſhould be mentioned to you rhetorically; but as I am a plain peer, I ſhall ſay nothing, but that I am, for ever, Sir, your moſt humble and obedient ſervant,

C——.

When people aſk me, how I governed Ireland? I ſay, that I pleaſed Dr Swift.

Quæſitam meritis ſume ſuperbiam.

LETTER

LETTER DCXCVIII.

March 25. 1736.

IF ever I write more epiſtles in verſe, one of them ſhall be addreſſed to you. I have long concerted it, and begun it; but I would make what bears your name as finiſhed as my laſt work ought to be, that is to ſay, more finiſhed than any of the reſt. The ſubject is large, and will divide into four epiſtles, which naturally follow the Eſſay on Man, *viz.* 1. Of the extent and limits of human reaſon and ſcience. 2. A view of the uſeful, and therefore attainable; and of the unuſeful, and therefore unattainable arts. 3. Of the nature, ends, application, and uſe of different capacities. 4. Of the uſe of *learning*, of the *ſcience* of the *world*, and of *wit*. It will conclude with a ſatire againſt the miſapplication of all theſe, exemplified by pictures, characters, and examples.

But alas! the taſk is great, and *non ſum qualis eram!* My underſtanding indeed, ſuch as it is, is extended rather than diminiſhed. I ſee things more in the whole, more conſiſtent, and more clearly deduced from, and related to each other. But what I gain on the ſide of philoſophy, I loſe on the ſide of poetry: The flowers are gone when the fruits begin to ripen, and the fruits perhaps will never ripen perfectly. The climate (under our heaven of a court) is but cold and uncertain: The winds riſe, and the winter comes on.

on. I find myſelf but little diſpoſed to build a new houſe; I have nothing left but to gather up the relics of a wreck, and look about me to ſee how few friends I have left. Pray, whoſe eſteem or admiration ſhould I deſire now to procure by my writings? Whoſe friendſhip or converſation to obtain by them? I am a man of deſperate fortunes, that is, a man whoſe friends are dead, for I never aimed at any other fortune than in friends. As ſoon as I had ſent my laſt letter, I received a moſt kind one from you, expreſſing great pain for my late illneſs at Mr Cheſelden's. I conclude you was eaſed of that friendly apprehenſion in a few days after you had diſpatched your's, for mine muſt have reached you then. I wondered a little at your quære, who Cheſelden was? It ſhews that the trueſt merit does not travel ſo far any way as on the wings of poetry; he is the moſt noted, and moſt deſerving man, in the whole profeſſion of chirurgery; and has ſaved the lives of thouſands, by his manner of cutting for the ſtone.——I am now well, or what I muſt call ſo.

I have lately ſeen ſome writings of Lord B's, ſince he went to France. Nothing can depreſs his genius: Whatever befals him, he will ſtill be the greateſt man in the world, either in his own time, or with poſterity.

Every man, you know or care for here, inquires of you, and pays you the only devoir he can, that of drinking your health. I wiſh you had any motive to ſee this kingdom. I could

keep you; for I am rich, that is, I have more than I want. I can afford room for yourſelf and two ſervants. I have indeed room enough, nothing but myſelf at home; the kind and hearty houſe-wife is dead! The agreeable and inſtructive neighbour is gone! Yet my houſe is enlarged, and the gardens extend and flouriſh, as knowing nothing of the gueſts they have loſt. I have more fruit-trees and kitchen-garden than you have any thought of; nay, I have good melons, and pine-apples of my own growth. I am as much a better gardener, as I am a worſe poet, than when you ſaw me: But gardening is near a-kin to philoſophy; for Tully ſays, *Agricultura proxima ſapientiæ.* For God's ſake, why ſhould not you (that are a ſtep higher than a philoſopher, a divine, yet have too much grace and wit than to be a biſhop) e'en give all you have to the poor of Ireland, (for whom you have already done every thing elſe), ſo quit the place, and live and die with me? And let *Tales animæ concordes* be our motto and our epitaph.

LETTER DCXCIX.

DR SHERIDAN TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *March* 27. 1736.

I HAD a pleaſure and grief at once in your letter, to find you had not forgotten me, put to find you uneaſy at a thing which God only

only can mend. The dream, which I had before the receipt of your's, was ſo odd and out of the way, that if Artemidorus were living, he would confeſs it to be out of all methods of interpretation; yet I cannot avoid imparting it to you, becauſe if you be not much changed, no man ever could ſift a matter to the truth beyoud you. Thus it was;

Imprimis, I fell aſleep, (or I could not dream), and what was the firſt thing I ſaw, but honeſt Cato in a cock-boat by himſelf, engaging not only a large fleet of foreigners, but now and then obliged to tack about againſt ſome dirty ſhattered floats, filled with his own countrymen. All were his enemies, except a very few, who were preſſed and carried on againſt their will by the arbitrary power of the rowers. I would give a ſhilling, as low as money is reduced, to know the meaning of it. * * * *

LETTER DCC.

DR SHERIDAN TO MRS ALBA VIA.

DEAR MADAM,

I THANK my dear friend the Dean and you for your kind warning againſt a cold, which, I thank God, is not among us, as I told you in my laſt. Whiſky, of which I take half a pint in the twenty-four hours, with an agreeable mixture of garlick, bitter orange, gentian-root,

ſnakeroot, wormwood, &c. hath preſerved me from the aſthma for three weeks paſt to any violent degree. I am happy when my gaſpings are no quicker than thoſe of a very quick walker. So much for myſelf.

Now for your jewel of a ſon. I never met with any boy of his age of ſuch thorough good ſenſe, and ſo great a thirſt for improving himſelf. I thank God, he is as you and I could wiſh. The Dean will have pleaſure to examine him. Adieu.

LETTER DCCI.

DR SHERIDAN TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *April* 3. 1737.

I WOULD have written laſt poſt, but I had ſuch a violent head-ach, that I could no more think than a cabbage. And now all the buſineſs I have is to make you a paper viſit, only to aſk you, how you do? You may think me impertinent for the queſtion; but when I tell you that I have not above three friends, you will not wonder that I ſhould be afraid of loſing one of them; and therefore I muſt give you ſome rules of regimen.

1. Walk little and moderately.

2. Ride ſlow and often.

3. Keep your temper even with my friend Mrs Whiteway.

4. Do

4. Do not ſtrain your voice.
5. Fret not at your ſervants blunders.
6. Take a chearful glaſs.
7. Study as little as poſſible.
8. Find out a merry fellow, and be much with him.

Get theſe precepts by heart, and obſerve them ſtrictly, and my life for your's we ſhall ſee better times in the next century.

I am now ſowing ſome peaſe and beans, and writing a ſatire upon Mr Fairbrother, whom I ſtyle Fowlbrother the pariſh-boy. It beings thus:

Thou loweſt ſcoundrel of the ſcoundrel kind.
Extract of all the dregs of all mankind.

And ſhall end thus:

I'll make thy dunghill reputation ſ——k,
Write the to death with thy own pens and ink.

If you can think of any hints, of a ſofter kind, I beg you may ſend them by the next poſt; for I am in haſte to whip the raſcal through Dublin. Preſent my very humble ſervice to Mrs Whiteway. May angels protect and keep you for the ſake of your friends, is the ſincere wiſh of your moſt obedient and very humble ſervant.

While footman like he walts in every hall,
His ill-match'd wife is well receiv'd by all,
Graceful and comely ſhe, he ſcarce a man,
A dire contraſt of ſcald-crow with a ſwan.

LETTER DCCII.

FROM DR SWIFT.

Dublin, April 22. 1736.

MY common illneſs is of that kind which utterly diſqualifies me for all converſation; I mean my deafneſs: And indeed it is that only which diſcourageth me from all thoughts of coming to England; becauſe I am never ſure that it may not return in a week. If it were a good honeſt gout, I could catch an interval to take a voyage, and in a warm lodging get an eaſy-chair, and be able to hear and roar among my friends. "As to what you ſay of your letters, ſince you have many years of life more "than I, my reſolution is to direct my executors "to ſend you all your letters, well ſealed and "packeted, along with ſome legacies mentioned "in my will, and leave them entirely to your "diſpoſal. Thoſe things are all tied up, indorſed, and locked in a cabinet; and I have "not one ſervant who can properly be ſaid to "write or read. No mortal ſhall copy them, "but you ſhall ſurely have them when I am no "more." I have a little repined at my being hitherto ſlipped by you in your epiſtles, not from any other ambition than the title of a friend; and in that ſenſe I expect you ſhall perform your promiſe, if your health, and leiſure, and inclination will permit. I deny your loſing on the ſide

of

of poetry; I could reaſon againſt you a little from experience: You are, and will be, ſome years to come, at the age when invention ſtill keeps its ground, and judgment is at full maturity; but your ſubjects are much more difficult when confined to verſe. I am amazed to ſee you exhauſted the whole ſcience of morality in ſo maſterly a manner. Sir W. Temple ſaid, that the loſs of friends was a tax upon long life. It need not be very long, ſince you have had ſo great a ſhare, but I have not above one left: And in this country I have only a few general companions of good nature and middling underſtandings. How ſhould I know Cheſelden? On your ſide men of fame ſtart up and die, before we here (at leaſt I) know any thing of the matter. I am a little comforted with what you ſay of Lord B's genius ſtill keeping up, and preparing to appear by effects worthy of the author, and uſeful to the world.—Common reports have made me very uneaſy about your neighbour Mr P. It is affirmed, that he hath been very near death. I love him for being a patriot in moſt corrupted times, and highly eſteem his excellent undeſtanding. Nothing but the perverſe nature of my diſorders, as I have above deſcribed them, and which are abſolute diſqualifications for converſe, could hinder me from waiting on you at Twickenham, and nurſing you to Paris. In ſhort, my ailments amount to a prohibition; although I am, as you deſcribe yourſelf, what I muſt call well, yet I have not ſpirits left to ride out, which (excepting walking) was

my

my only diverſion. And I muſt expect to decline every month, like one who lives upon his principal ſum, which muſt leſſen every day, and indeed I am likewiſe literally almoſt in the ſame caſe, while every body owes me, and nobody pays me. Inſtead of a young race of patriots on your ſide, which gives me ſome glimpſe of joy, here we have the direct contrary, a race of young dunces and Atheiſts, or old villains and monſters, whereof four fifths are more wicked and ſtupid than Chartres Your wants are ſo few, that you need not be rich to ſupply them; and my wants are ſo many, that a king's ſeven millions of guineas would not ſupport me.

LETTER DCCIII.

MRS PENDARVES TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *Brook-ſtreet, London, April* 22. 1736.

I AM ſorry you make uſe of ſo many good arguments for not coming to Bath. I was in hopes you might be prevailed with. And though one of my ſtrongeſt reaſons for wiſhing you there was the deſire I had of ſeeing you, I aſſure you the conſideration of your health took place of it. I left Bath laſt Sunday ſe'en-night, very full and gay. I think Bath a more comfortable place to live in than London; all the entertainments of the place lie in a ſmall compaſs, and you are at your liberty to partake of them or let them alone,

juſt

juſt as it ſuits your humour. This town is grown to ſuch an enormous ſize, that above half the day muſt be ſpent in the ſtreets, going from one place to another. I like it every year leſs and leſs.

When I went out of town laſt autumn, the reigning madneſs was Farinelli *; I find it now turned on Paſquin, a dramatic ſatire on the times †. It has had almoſt as long a run as the Beggar's Opera; but, in my opinion, not with equal merit, though it has humour. Monſtrous preparations are making for the Royal wedding ‡. Pearl, gold, and ſilver, embroidered on gold and ſilver tiſſues. I am too poor and too dull to make one among the fine multitude. The news-papers ſay, my Lord Carteret's youngeſt daughter is to have the Duke of Bedford ‖. I hear nothing of it from the family; but think it not unlikely. The Duke of Marlborough and his grand-mother are upon bad terms. The Duke of B——, who has been ill treated by her, has offered the Duke of M—— to ſupply him with ten thouſand pounds a-year,

* A celebrated Italian ſinger.

† This was written by the late Henry Fielding, and was a rehearſal of a comedy and a tragedy; the comedy was called The Election; and the tragedy, The Life and Death of Queen Common-ſenſe. This, and ſome other dramatic ſatires by the ſame author, levelled againſt the adminiſtration of the late Lord Oxford, produced an act of parliament for licenſing the ſtage, and limiting the number of play-houſes, which was paſſed in 1737.

‡ Of Frederic, Prince of Wales.

‖ His Grace married Miſs Gower, daughter of the Lord Gower by his firſt wife, on the firſt of April 1737.

year, if he will go to law and torment the old Dowager. The Duke of Chandois's marriage has made a great noiſe; and the poor Dutcheſs is often reproached with her being bred up in Burr-ſtreet, Wapping *.

Mrs Donnellan, I am afraid, is ſo well treated in Ireland, that I muſt deſpair of ſeeing her here. She is ſo good to me in her letters, as always to mention you.

I hope I ſhall hear from you ſoon: You owe me that pleaſure for the concern I was under when I heard you were ill. I am, Sir, your faithful and obliged humble ſervant,

M. PENDARVES.

I beg my compliments to all friends that remember me, but particularly to Dr Delany.

LETTER DCCIV.

DR SWIFT TO DR SHERIDAN.

† *April* 24. 1736.

I have been very ill for theſe two months paſt with giddineſs and deafneſs, which laſted me till about ten days ago, when I gradually recovered; but ſtill am weak and indolent, not thinking

* She was Lady Daval, widow of Sir Thomas Daval, and had a fortune of 40,000l.

† The paragraphs in Italic in this and the following letter, were written by Mrs Whiteway, a couſin german of Dr Swift's.

thinking any thing worth my thoughts; and although (I forget what I am going to ſay, ſo it ſerves for nothing) I am well enough to ride, yet I will not be at the pains. Your friend Mrs Whiteway, who is upon all occaſions ſo zealous to vindicate, is one whom I deſire you to chide: For, during my whole ſickneſs, ſhe was perpetually plaguing and ſpunging on me; and though ſhe would drink no wine herſelf, yet ſhe increaſed the expence, by making me force it down her throat. Some of your eight rules I follow, ſome I reject, ſome I cannot compaſs, I mean merry fellows. Mr J. R—— never fails. I did within two days paſt ring him ſuch a peal in relation to you, that he muſt be the d—l not to conſider it. I will uſe him the ſame way, if he comes to-morrow (which I do not doubt) for a pint of wine. I like your project of a ſatire on Fairbrother *, who is an arrant raſcal in every circumſtance.

Every ſyllable that is worth reading in this letter, you are to ſuppoſe I writ it; the Dean only took the hints from me; but he has put them ſo ill together, that I am forced to tell you this in my own juſtification. Had you been worth hanging, you would have come to town this vacation, and I would have ſhewn you a poem on the legion-club. I do not doubt but that a certain perſon will pretend he writ it, becauſe there is a copy of it in his hand, lying on his table; but do not mind that, for there are ſome people in the world will ſay any thing. I wiſh you would give ſome

* See the next letter.

ſome account of poor Dr Sheridan. I hear the reaſon he did not come to town this Eaſter, is, that he waited to ſee a neighbour of his hanged.

Whatever is ſaid in this page by Goody Whiteway, I have not read, nor will read; but aſſure you, if it relates to me, it is all a lie: For ſhe ſays you have taught her that art; and as the world goes, and ſhe takes you for a wiſe man, ſhe ought to follow your practice. To be ſerious, I am ſorry you ſaid ſo little of your own affairs, and of your health; and when will you pay me any money? for, upon my conſcience, you have half ſtarved me.

The plover eggs were admirable, and the worſted for the Dean's ſtockings ſo fine, that not one knitter here can knit them.

We neither of us know what the other hath writ; ſo one anſwer will ſerve, if you write to us both, provided you juſtly give us both our ſhare, and each of us will read our own part. Pray tell us how you breathe, and whether that diſorder be better

If the Dean ſhould give you any hint about money, you need not mind him; for, to my knowledge, he borrowed twenty pounds a month ago, to keep himſelf alive.

LETTER

LETTER DCCV.

DR SHERIDAN TO DR SWIFT AND MRS WHITEWAY.

DEAR SIR,

I SEND you an encomium upon Fowlbrother incloſed, which I hope you will correct; and if the world ſhould charge me with flattery, you will be ſo good as to explain the obligations I lie under to that great and good bookſeller.

MADAM,

How the plague can you expect that I ſhould anſwer two perſons at once, except you ſhould think I had two heads; but this is not the only giddineſs you have been guilty of. However, I ſhall not let the Dean know it.

SIR,

I wonder you would truſt Mrs Whiteway to write any thing in your letter. You have been always too generous in your confidence. Never was any gentleman ſo betrayed and abuſed. She ſaid more of you than I dare commit to this paper.

MADAM,

I have let the Dean know all the kind things you ſaid of him to me, and that he has not ſuch a true friend in the world. I hope you will make him believe the ſame of me.

SIR,

I wiſh you would baniſh her your houſe, and take my wife in her ſtead, who loves you dearly,

and would take all proper care, if any ſickneſs ſhould ſeize you. She would as infallibly take as much care of you as ever ſhe did of me: And you know her to be a good-natured, chearful agreeable companion, and a very handy woman; whereas Mrs Whiteway is a moroſe, diſagreeable prater, and the moſt aukward devil about a ſick perſon, and very ill-natured to the bargain.

MADAM,

I believe it will not require any proteſtations to convince you that you have not a more ſincere friend upon the earth than I am. The Dean confeſſes that he had ſome little diſlikings to you, (I fancy he hears ſome whiſpers againſt you), but I believe his ſhare of this letter will ſet all things right. I know he has too much honour to read your part of it, and therefore I may venture to ſpeak my mind freely concerning him. Pray, between ourſelves, is he not grown very poſitive of late? He uſed formerly to liſten to his friends advice, but now we may as well talk to a ſea-ſtorm. I could ſay more, only I fear this letter may miſcarry.

SIR,

I beg that impertinent woman, who has unaccountably got your ear, may not interrupt you while you read the encomium, and while you give it a touch of your bruſh; for I fear the colours are not ſtrong enough. Cannot you draw another picture of him? I wiſh you would; for he is a ſubject fit for the fineſt hand. What a glorious thing it would be to make him hang himſelf!

As

As to buſineſs, I have nothing to ſay about money, yet a while; but by the next poſt you ſhall have two ſcholars notes, which will amount to about fourteen or fifteen pounds; and if Mr —— can force himſelf to do me juſtice, it will put about twenty-five pounds in your pocket. But then you muſt remark, that you will put twenty of it out again, and ſend it to Mrs ——. I have nobody after that to gather for but you; and if money comes in as I expect, you may borrow from, Sir, your's. My tenants are as poor as Job, and as wicked as his wife, or the dogs would have given me ſome money before this. Mr Jones ſwears he will not pay you the bond which I gave you, except you come down to receive it; for he thinks it but reaſonable that you ſhould honour Belturbet as well as Cavan. Mr Coote would give three of his eyes to ſee you at Coote-hill. All the country long for you. My green geeſe, *&c.* are grown too fat. I have twenty lambs, upon honour, as plump as puffins, and as delicate as ortolans. I eat one of them yeſterday. A bull, a bull! hoh! I cry mercy. As I return from the county of Galway next vacation, I intend to make Dublin my way, in order to conduct you hither. Our country is now in high beauty, and every inch of it walkable. I wiſh you all happineſs till I ſee you; and remain, with all reſpect, your moſt obedient and very humble ſervant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

END OF VOL. XVII.

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